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Hearst's International

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Cosmopolitan

April

Cents

Beginning —

a Novel *of* Mayfair

by ROBERT HICHENS

"Rogers" is a national home-beauty habit

Anyone can apply it — Dries while you wait

Rogers Brushing Lacquer is *an inspiration* to refinish shabby things in newest, smartest colors *at trifling expense.*

Rogers Brushing Lacquer is *the modern way* of *making,* at small cost, stylish decorative pieces that one would not *buy.*

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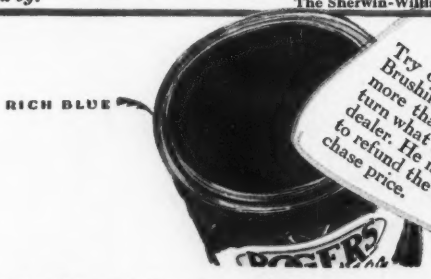
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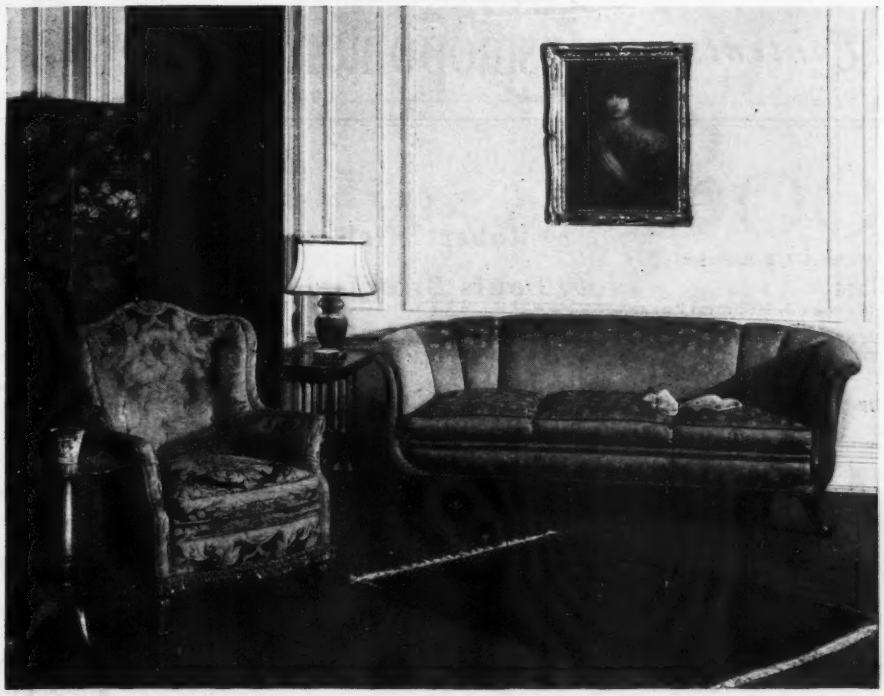
ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY
BRUSHING LACQUER



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VOL. LXXXVIII NO. 4

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First of Several Vivid Short Stories *by the* Man *who brought the* War home to you—

Laurence Stallings

author of

"The Big Parade"

and co-author of

"What Price Glory?"

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APRIL
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Hearst's International
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RAY LONG
Editor

Shaw's views on BOOZE

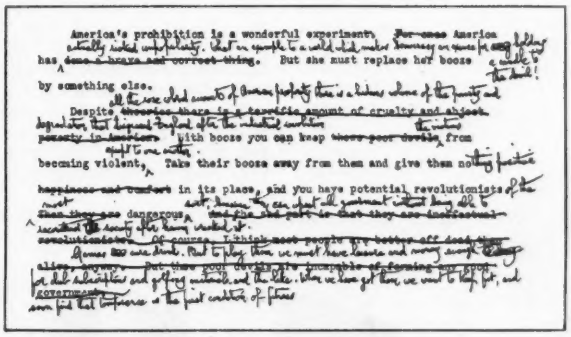
As G. B. S. told them to FRAZIER HUNT

ONE day while George Bernard Shaw and I were chatting in his apartment in Whitehall Court, in London, we fell to talking of liquor and Prohibition and America. When I went back to my office that afternoon I typed out what he had said and the next day took it back to him. When I came for it a few days later he had hen-tracked it with corrections in his fine old-fashioned Spencerian hand.

Here it is just as Shaw gave it to me:

To the poor man liquor is the chloroform that allows him to endure the painful operation of living.

His Saturday-night drunk enables him for a little while to forget his awful poverty and the cruelty of his lot. If you take his booze away from him you must give him some pleasurable activity in return.



America's prohibition is a wonderful experiment. For once America actually risked unpopularity. What an example to a world which makes Democracy an excuse for holding a candle to the devil! But she must replace her booze by something else.

Despite all the rose-colored accounts of American prosperity there is a terrific amount of cruelty and abject poverty in America. With booze you can keep these poor devils from becoming violent. Take their booze away from them and give them nothing positive in its place, and you have potential revolutionists of the most dangerous sort, because they can upset all government without being able to reconstruct society after having wrecked it.

Games cure drink. But to play them we must have leisure, and money enough for club subscriptions and golfing materials and the like. When we have got them we want to keep fit, and soon find that temperance is the first condition of fitness. Some people are bored by athletic sports. They need theaters.

Give men plenty of theaters, and they won't want saloons. Give them happy homes with radio on tap and plenty of books, and they won't want theaters, even.

¶ AN EXCERPT from Mr. Hunt's manuscript showing Mr. Shaw's corrections.

Sobriety is not a negative condition: it is positive, active, and enjoyable. Mere inhibition and prohibition can by themselves produce nothing but a miserable and morose idleness. That is why, when a drunkard's wife persuades him to swear off drink she has presently to make him drink again because he becomes too morose to live with.

America's Prohibition is a wonderful experiment. America has actually risked unpopularity. What an example to a world which makes Democracy an excuse for holding a candle to the devil! But she must replace her booze by something.

DESPITE all the rose-colored accounts of American prosperity there is a hideous volume of the poverty and degradation that disgraced England after the industrial revolution. With booze you can keep the victims from becoming violent except to one another. Take their booze away from them and give them nothing positive in its place, and you have potential revolutionists of the most dangerous sort, because they can upset all government without being able to reconstruct society after having wrecked it.

I REMEMBER once, down in the country, I cured a wife-beater by buying a drum for him and putting him in the village band. Once he could beat his drum he didn't want to beat his wife. And once life is so good that men want to enjoy every moment of it, they won't need the opiate of booze to make them forget it.

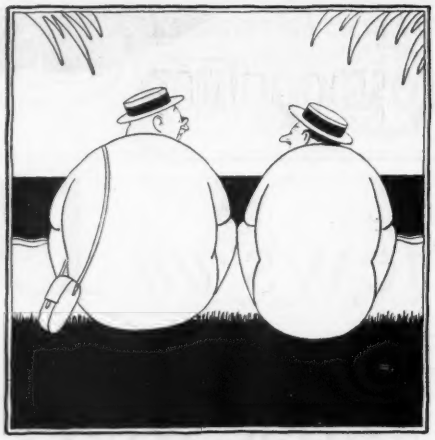
There is nothing in the whole world so revolting as the kisses of a drunken woman or the courage of a drunken man. The only way you can fight booze is by ceasing to make life chronically painful for the masses. Temperance lectures are wasted on the unsatisfied.

Despite all the state control and state liquor stores and iced water on the tables in Canada, there is a terrific amount of bedroom drinking there by Americans. The Canadians point to their roads and claim that American drinking made them. But when winter lasts from October to May in lonely pioneer lands without culture, without art, without real civilization, many people would go mad without artificial self-satisfaction from the distillery. Hence the enormous importance of wireless.

The world will get rid of booze when it gets rid of poverty and cruelty, and satisfies our souls as well as our bodies. Such satisfaction will cure the drink problem, just as it will cure most of the ills of the rest of the world.

4 *new* By George Ade

The Fable *of the* Two Migratory Birds



TWO SELF-MADE CITIZENS

ONCE upon a Time two self-made Citizens were rigged out in White Clothing of Stylish Cut.

They were two Hickory Knots trying to look like Cream Puffs.

They squatted on a Coral Strand in the Commonwealth of Florida, sizing up the One-Piece Suits and other Developments, mostly tall, turreted, mustard-colored Hotels.

Finally one spoke to the Other in friendly Fashion, and inquired:

"First Time here?".

"Right! How did you guess?"

"I spotted your high-priced Camera with a Bellows Attachment and a Socket for the Eyes. You are going to take a lot of dandy Snaps and paste them into a Book and show them to your Dinner Guests? Stop me if I'm wrong."

"Not only that but I thought some of having Lantern Slides made and fixing up a Lecture for the Booster Club. It would be called 'Sunshine Rambles in Happy Land.' What do you think of it?"

"Immense! I think it's better than the one I delivered to Kiwanis the first year of the Boom. It was called 'Chasing Tarpon through the Orange Groves.' The Audience had been shoveling Snow all Winter. It went to Sleep on me before I got around to Miami Beach."

"These Pictures will be great to see in After Years."

"Yes, if you can remember where you hid them. It must be wonderful to get fresh Impressions of America's Playground. What are the Things that hit you most forcibly?"

"The most interesting Observation I have recorded to Date is that Sport Shoes, in order to look Natty, must be at least one Size smaller than the Airedales. I came to look at the Royal Palms and find another Variety known as Outstretched. It is an Error of Judgment for any Gal weighing over 165 pounds to put on Beach Pajamas. The Folks who built the Roulette Wheels forgot to put on any Number Seventeen."

"I thought it was Five."

"No, Seventeen. The intelligent Visitor to these Parts is compelled to wonder, more and more, how the Scotch manage to insert that Smoky Taste. Sometimes the Importation is so excellent that it is all Smoke. Why do they put Beds into the Rooms and then hire Maxie Bedlam and his Maniac Noise-Makers to keep you awake Day and Night?

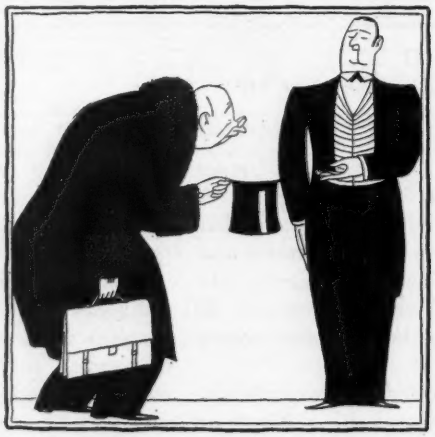
"More Ambulances should be provided about three A. M. for Cases of Infantile Paralysis in the Ballroom. Why do the American-plan Hotels charge for Breakfast when Nobody shows up to Claim it?"

"Brother, you are beginning to get Next, but stick around. If you watch the Animals perform Winter after Winter you will begin to think that they get their Money from a Pump or pick it off a Bush. Also, you will get so that you want Bicarb of Soda every time you size up a Cluster of our Rotogravure Aristocrats."

MORAL: Recreation is for Athletes only.

The Fable *of an* Old Story *with the* Reverse English

ONCE upon a Time there was a haggard Captain of Industry whose Nerves stood out like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine, and who was getting ready to matriculate at a nice Sanitarium with a High Wall around it—for the simple Reason that he had been slaving at the Desk every Day and then trying to take the Hurdles with Genevieve every Night. Genevieve had been a Schoolma'am when he married her but she couldn't remember that far back. Now she was President of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Female Party-Throwers.



THE STOOP-SHOULDERED MEAL TICKET

The stoop-shouldered Meal Ticket would check in at the Palatial Home about Sundown, looking as if he had been run through a Mangle, and would feebly call for the Carpet Slippers and announce that he was In for the Night and proposed to crawl among the Husks not later than nine P.M.

Whereupon the Little Woman, who was just beginning to sniff the Night Air and whinny and paw the Dirt, would emit Silvery Laughter and say: "How do you get that way, you poor Mackerel? Beat it up them there Stairs and back into your Soup and Fish. Tonight's the Big Night. Mama is going to give her Boy a Touch of High Life. Oil up your Ankles and get ready to Step Out, and if I find you asleep in the Corner instead of dancing with all my Girl Friends, I'll get a Divorce."

So the Neurasthenic would hobble out on the Track and try to stay in the Running, although he was limping in all of his Feet and had the Blind Staggers, and usually threw a Shoe at the first Turn.

In the Morning, just when Genevieve was getting all flattened out for her Beauty Sleep, he wouldn't have Gimp enough to break his Egg or lift the Sugar into the Coffee. He began to understand why the Cemeteries are packed with successful Business Men and the Cafés with well-preserved Widows.

Finally the Worm tried to turn, and got about halfway over.

"You don't realize how hard-worked I am," he whimpered. "I'm on the Jump for Hours and you haven't

Fables *in the Slang of* 1930

20 BELOW WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL

Illustrations by Gluyas Williams

a blame Thing to do except play Double Canfield and have your Nails rubbed up."

"Is that so?" she demanded, flaring up like a Torch. "Don't I supervise this Household? Who makes out the Orders and sends them in?"

"Somebody—judging from the Bills."

"Ha! All you do is sit at a Desk and put up a Front."

"If you had to go through what your poor suffering Husband goes through every blessed Day, you'd understand why I crave Repose instead of Revelry."

"Listen! Tomorrow I'll go down to the Office and do your Work and you stay and look after the House."

He said it was a Bet.

Next Evening she came Home in a vibrating Condition. It seemed that Mr. Wulzifer, of Omaha, and Mr. Glotz, of Quincy, had come in and ordered Carload Lots and then all three had gone to a Picture Show. Then she wanted to know if he had interviewed the Cook and he admitted that Such was the Case.

"Well, did you order Everything for Over Sunday?" she asked.

"How could I? I didn't have any Stenographer."

MORAL: What is Sauce for the Goose may be Pepper Sauce for the Gander.

The Fable *of the* Frigid Long-Ago *or* "Now I'll Tell One"

Once upon a Time the Frisbies sat down to Supper just when all their City Neighbors were dolling up for Dinner. This Fact will date them for any intelligent Reader. They had camped among the Bright Lights for quite a Spell but they were still Small-Towners.

They had some Guests in to partake of the Tea Biscuits, pounded Steak with Flour Gravy, and Punkin Pie with Herkimer Cheese. One was Uncle Ez, the Family Crab; also Mr. and Mrs. Butler, who had grown up with the Frisbies back at Grigsby Station.

DOING HUSBAND'S WORK

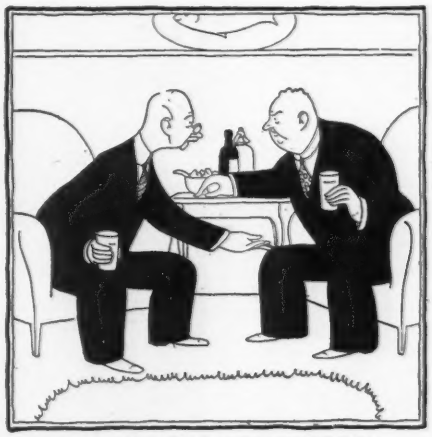
In a Side Pocket and out of the Picture was Ernest Frisbie, Jr., a Chip off the Old Block who had developed into a Lumberyard.

"Ain't the Weather terrible?" asked Mrs. Butler. "I can remember when we never had Rain in the Winter Time."

"You took the Words right out of my Mouth," replied Frisbie, Sr. "I rickollect when we'd get a good Fall of Snow early in December and it'd lay on the Ground until—oh, purty well into March."

"That's right," put in Mr. Butler. "We'd get out the old Bobsled an' the Sleigh Bells an' the Buffalo Robes before Christmas an' have an Oyster Supper or Taffy Pull every blamed Night until it was Time to sow Oats."

That was the Cue for much reminiscing and digging into Ancient History, with glowing Tributes to a happy Era which had not been corrupted by Motors, Grapefruit, Silk Hosiery and Sex Problems. Frisbie, Jr., was amazed to learn that:



THE SCOTCH-LABEL SKEPTICS

Out in the Country the Drifts were always four feet deep.

Twenty below was nothing unusual.

The Stock used to freeze stiff standing up in the Pastures.

Travelers across the Prairie would be lost for a week at a time in the Blizzards.

The Boys were more rugged in them Days and thought nothin' of goin around in their Shirt Sleeves when the old Thermom was around Zero.

The Crick used to freeze plumb to the Bottom, so that the Ice was too thick to saw up and put in the Ice House.

Farmers couldn't get along the Roads for a month at a Stretch.

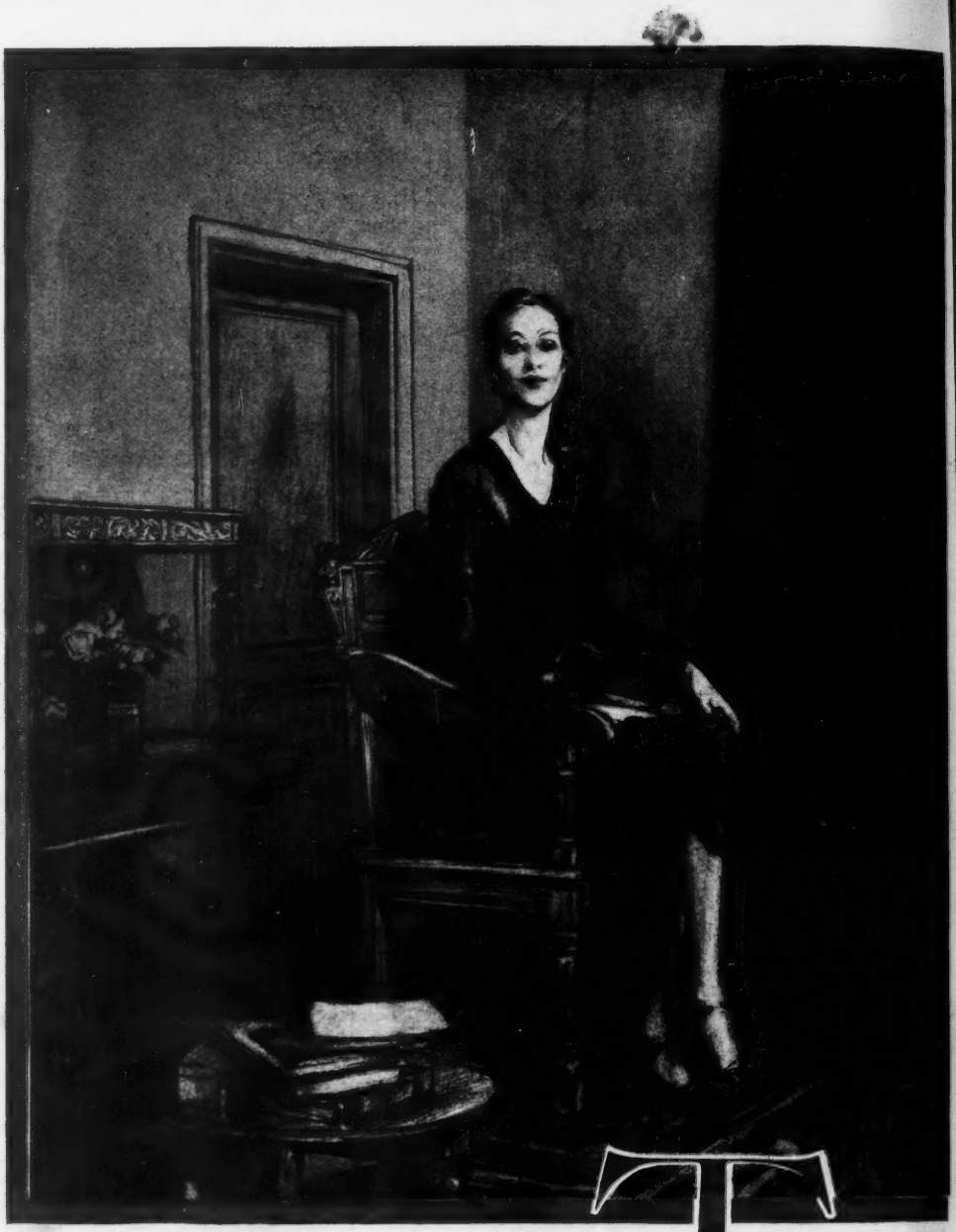
After he had been hunting Rabbits all day, Irve Cusack used to come Home with Icicles four inches long pendent from the Walrus Adornment on his Upper Lip.

And so on.

When they got back into the Front Room and the Checker Games were in Full Blast, the younger Frisbie took Uncle Ez aside and asked, "How do you account for the Fact that the old-fashioned Winters were so much more Severe than any we have now'days?"

"The Explanation is Simple. Every Mortal beyond the Age of Fifty is a Liar by the Clock when he starts to blat about anything that happened previous to 1900. These Has-Beens can't be (*Continued on page 174*)

THIS NOVEL tells the story of two women who were as close friends as women can be—until a man came between them. Both women loved him, yet he was a man neither could respect.



The

A Novel *of Mayfair*

by Robert hichens

AT FOUR o'clock on an afternoon of May, Olivia Mansfeld, the only child of Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld, of Credon, Sussex, and Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park, was standing on a short stepladder, knocking a nail into the whitewashed wall of the studio which she had recently taken, against her parents' wishes, in Clarence Lane, Regent's Park.

Olivia's people pretended to be rich but were always in difficulties about money. Her father and her mother were incurably extravagant. They cherished the ideas of a pre-war past, and believed that it was absolutely incumbent upon them to do, with little money, all the expensive things they had done when money was worth much more.

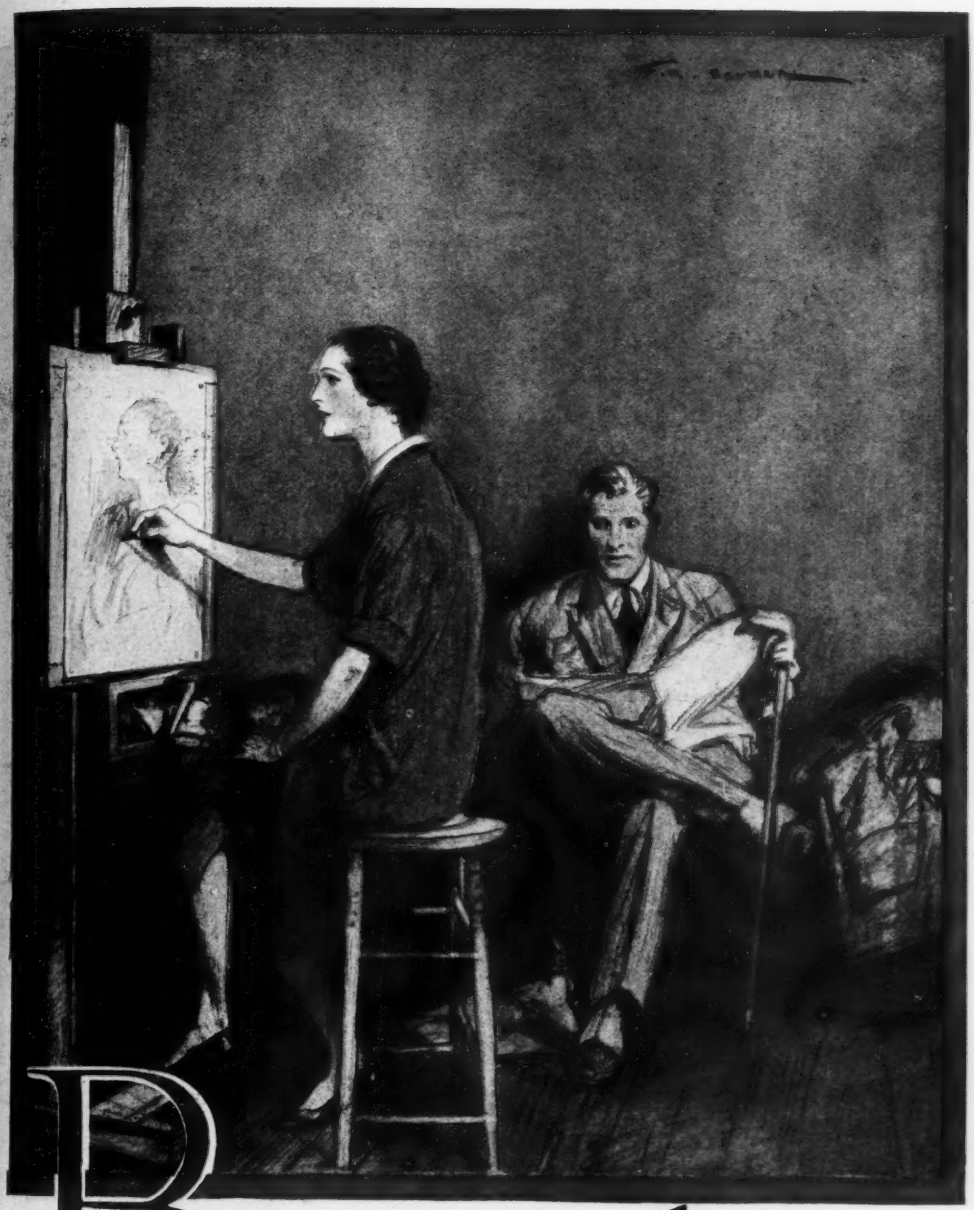
Credon had been in Sir Leith's family for over two hundred years. He was the eighth baronet. How could he let his ancestral home? Olivia, who was now twenty-four, had very nearly been born in Great Cumberland Place.

Sir Leith had the house on a long lease. They must keep it for the season and to "run up to" from time to time for the dentist and shopping. Hotels were abominably expensive. A high-powered limousine was really a saving of money, as otherwise one would be perpetually spending on railway tickets.

And as Olivia was undoubtedly a beauty she was sure to make "a great match." Then things would be easier.

But at twenty-four Olivia had not made a great match, and now she had rented a studio and told her parents that she was going to earn money for herself by drawing portraits of well-known women for an illustrated paper at five pounds apiece, rising gradually, if she "caught on," to ten pounds.

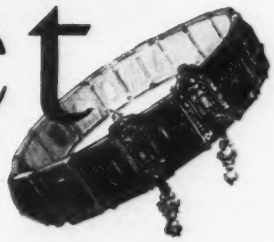
"What on earth is the good of a fiver?" said Sir Leith,



Illustrations by
F. R. Gruger

HE LIED to both of them; as, for instance, when he accompanied Lady Bettine to Olivia's studio she had no idea this was not his first visit there.

Bracelet



pushing out his pointed gray beard and staring hard at nothing with his fine brown eyes. "How far can one go with a fiver?"

"If Olive begins trying to earn her living, everybody will suppose that she's a complete social failure," said Lady Mansfeld. "The right type of man, the sort of man Olive ought to have married six years ago, doesn't care for the working woman. Why, only the night before last young Lord Barnwell said to me at Aksley House that he thought hard work dehumanized women. That was the word he used, 'dehumanized.' Poor Olive! She hasn't the right outlook."

"Dehumanized—for a five-pound note!" said Sir Leith, with a poignant note in his tenor voice.

And then they got into the limousine and went to a charity matinée at which royalties were expected. Stalls were two guineas each. They sat in the stalls.

Meanwhile Olivia, in a khaki-colored smock with sleeves drawn in at the wrists, was knocking a nail into the studio wall and expecting a visit from Anne Marie.

For many years Anne Marie had been the personal maid of Lady Bettine Fayne, the wife of Colonel Fayne, formerly in the Life Guards, and Olivia's greatest woman friend. Anne Marie called herself a Breton and had been discovered—she really was a discovery—by Lady Bettine's parents, Lord and Lady Cranwell, at Dinard when they were staying in a hotel there with Bettine, then a child. She was a *femme de chambre*. They were struck by her intelligence and power of work, and eventually, when they took a villa at Dinard,

engaged her as housemaid. Later on she became Bettine's own maid.

She had now been with Lady Bettine for about seventeen years and had become indispensable.

As a rule, her manner was that of the typical trustworthy person. In appearance, however, she suggested more than mere trustworthiness.

Anne Marie was no beauty. She was of medium height, thin and wiry, with a large round head covered with tightly drawn hair the color of a primrose. She had a low forehead with bumpy temples, small bright gray eyes set deeply in her head, and high, prominent cheek bones which always looked flushed. Her chin was heavy and round.

Her lips, which closed so conspicuously over her teeth that they had a furled, sometimes a tightly puckered appearance, were very red. She had large pink ears with long lobes, in which she wore tiny gold earrings. There were wrinkles around her eyes and these wrinkles looked satirical. She was always exquisitely neat and trim, had nice hands and small feet, but thick ankles.

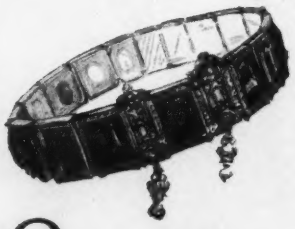
Some faithful maids obviously try to rule their mistresses. Anne Marie never showed blatantly any desire of that kind. Nor did she weary her mistress with jealousy of other servants. No doubt she knew exactly where she stood. She had gained a good deal of influence over Lady Bettine, who believed that Anne Marie was devoted to her. Lady Bettine insisted that Anne Marie was also devoted to Olivia, "because you're my greatest friend."

This explanation of Anne Marie's supposed devotion to Olivia was characteristic of Lady Bettine, who had a way of bringing everything into connection with herself. This was perfectly natural to her, so natural that those who liked her found it inevitable and seldom troubled to criticize it.

The intensity and almost savage frankness of Lady Bettine's interest in herself made it impressive and won ready acceptance of it. Olivia accepted it contentedly enough. Who isn't full of self-interest? Bettine's frankness had always appealed to Olivia.

These two were really great friends. They had totally different natures which nevertheless got on together.

Lady Bettine looked like a tall rickety boy, though she was thirty-four, ten years older than Olivia. She was abnormally thin, with irregular features and a skittish, rascally expression that suggested the streets. Her language was often free and easy.



OLIVIA'S PEOPLE, Sir Leith and Lady Mansfeld, were incurably extravagant. They had expected Olivia to make a great match which should make things easier for them, and when she rented a studio they saw it as a confession of social failure.

MARRIED to a sportsman much older than herself, she lived instinctively for pleasure. She was quick-witted, and to the love of sport inherent in her husband she added a passion for gambling and dancing and a certain amount of interest in the arts, in literature, and in whatever was the rage of the moment.

Worn and cadaverous-looking, she was untiring and never had been ill. Her vitality was remarkable.

There was a certain dignity in Olivia, who was also tall, but not lean like Lady Bettine, and who had a certain stillness which suggested depths. In repose Olivia often looked grave; at moments almost sad and certainly earnest. Lady Bettine, though she could be a great lady when she thought it worth while, was often startlingly undignified, cared little, or not at all, what impression she made on "the outsiders," as she called those who were not in her particular world, and took little care of her reputation, which to tell the truth was none of the best.

Even as a young girl, long before she married, people had talked about her, and not without reason. Her escapades had been many. And it was generally believed that marriage had not put a stop to them. She looked a rascal and was believed to be a rascal. But she fascinated in spite of being an outstanding egoist and ugly rather than pretty.

Her death's-head appearance and impudent, gay and boyish manner won over all sorts of people. Someone had christened her "The Laughing Skull." The name stuck. She knew it and did not mind it. Did she really mind anything? She seemed a light-hearted cynic endowed with a persistent passion for life. But she was certainly devoted to Olivia.

THEIR friendship was now six years old, having begun when Olivia was eighteen and Bettine twenty-eight. And it had begun in an unorthodox way: the grave débutante having helped the experienced married woman out of a mess with a man. Being "in a hole," Lady Bettine, drawn by an instinctive certainty that here was actually a woman whom she could trust, had confided her difficulty with scarifying frankness to Olivia and had asked her to undertake a delicate "mission," which involved a trip abroad and an interview concerning some letters with a young French racing man who had stables at Auteuil.

Although much astonished at the request Olivia had agreed to go. Her straightforward manner had come to the rescue of her youth and inexperience. Her mission had been a success. From that moment Lady Bettine had been her sworn friend.

The Faynes had a hunting box in Leicestershire, and every hunting season found Olivia with them for several weeks, mounted by them and often in the first flight. She had a passion for horses, but even Sir Leith Mansfeld, with all his insouciant extravagance, could not "run to" a hunting box and stables for his disappointing daughter . . .

A knock came on the orange-colored door of Olivia's studio. She turned her glossy brown head and called in a strong voice:

"Come in! The door isn't locked."

She heard the door pushed, a soft step in the uncarpeted passage, and a woman, dressed neatly in black and white with a closely fitting black hat, presented herself—Anne Marie.

As Olivia saw her she saw also, from her height on the ladder, a section of a laburnum tree in her tiny bit of garden moving beyond the window in the soft breeze of spring. She was scarcely conscious of noticing the slight movement of the branches with their drooping yellow blossoms, but long afterwards, in a dying winter twilight of London, near the Thames, when she saw through the lattice window of a house in Chelsea a streak of faint yellow in the muffling gray of the evening sky, she remembered that laburnum, and the oddly pink cheek bones and sunken shining eyes of Anne Marie.

"Hullo!" she said, with friendly familiarity. "Come to help me get into my new quarters? That's good of you. There's still plenty to be done. But Anne Marie, I'm afraid to put you to anything. You look so wonderfully neat, and we're still in the dust here."

As she spoke she gave a final tap of the hammer on the head of the nail, then descended the ladder and held out her hand to Anne Marie.

"Thank you for coming."

"Milady wished me to come, Mademoiselle. And it is a pleasure to do anything for you. *Comme c'est joli ici.*"

She had begun in careful English, spoken with what sounded like a German accent. The conversation was continued in French which, oddly enough, Anne Marie also spoke with an accent that vaguely suggested the Fatherland.

"And the little garden and so quiet! Mademoiselle will surely make good portraits here."

The wrinkles moved about the small gray eyes, and, as sometimes before that moment, Olivia found herself wondering whether Anne Marie had not, perhaps, a slightly satirical mind. Those wrinkles, and occasionally a fleeting expression in the eyes when they were smiling, suggested a decidedly detached personality observing closely and taking cold note of what was observed. But only when Anne Marie was smiling!

"I shall try," said Olivia doubtfully.

"And now how can I help Mademoiselle? I am ready to do anything."

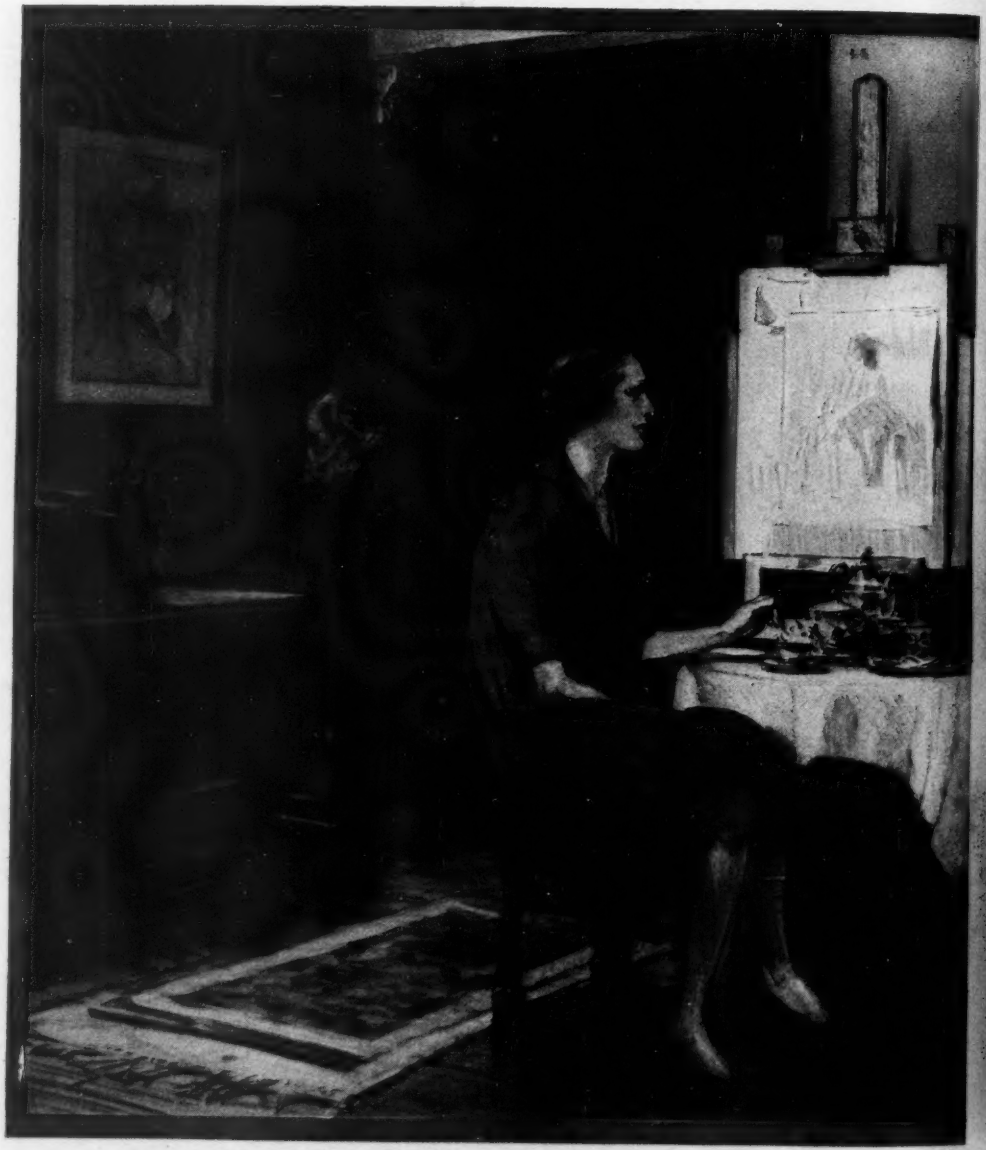
Anne Marie had a staccato voice, brisk and decidedly alive, which went well with those wrinkles. As she spoke she pulled off her black suède gloves quickly, showed her nice hands with the shining nails and lifted them to her hat.

"If Mademoiselle will permit! I can work better so."

The large round head appeared, covered with the tightly drawn primrose-colored hair.

"I'll have to put you into a smock. Luckily I have an extra one. It's in the cubby-hole. Wait a minute."

Olivia went away through a doorway in a corner of the studio. Anne Marie stood quite still waiting. As she did so the afternoon sun shone on her through the large window. She faced it without blinking. Her high cheek bones seemed to catch and focus the light. The redness on them for the moment looked feverish, almost maladive. Her red lips were tightly furled over her large white teeth. A capable, even a remarkable woman she looked as she stood there.



¶ *Olivia had not thought of Anne Marie as a human being until she was struck by the fact that her best friend's faithful maid had the head of a criminal.*

When the studio had begun to look "homy," Olivia said that Anne Marie must join her in a cup of tea. Anne Marie consented gratefully, but when Olivia made for the cubby-hole she protested.

"Mademoiselle must allow me to prepare the tea!"

"*Mais non, mais non!* For once, as I'm hostess, I'll wait on you."

But this Anne Marie wouldn't allow. With respectful firmness she insisted. If Mademoiselle would show her where the tea things were she would have the tea ready in a moment. And she penetrated, full of definite intention, into the cubby-hole, and soon emerged with the tea tray, the tea smoking in the brown earthenware teapot and bread carefully cut and buttered. She placed the tray on the table Olivia indicated and, when she was asked to, sat opposite Olivia in a wicker chair.

When she did that Olivia began to think about her, to "feel" her in a new way. Although she had known Anne Marie for six years she had known her only as a woman may know the maid of another woman; had seen her as a quiet, soft-footed acolyte, moving usually among pretty clothes and toilet accessories. She had often spoken to Anne Marie but she had never really talked to her, had never been sharply conscious of her as a personality in contact with her own personality. Always she had been aware of Anne Marie as the faithful Breton maid of her friend, Betty Fayne. Now she felt Anne Marie as an individual human being, a woman detached from all other women.

"Let me give you some tea, Anne Marie."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

A silence. What to say? What topic would interest Anne Marie? What type of mind was hers? Olivia wondered.

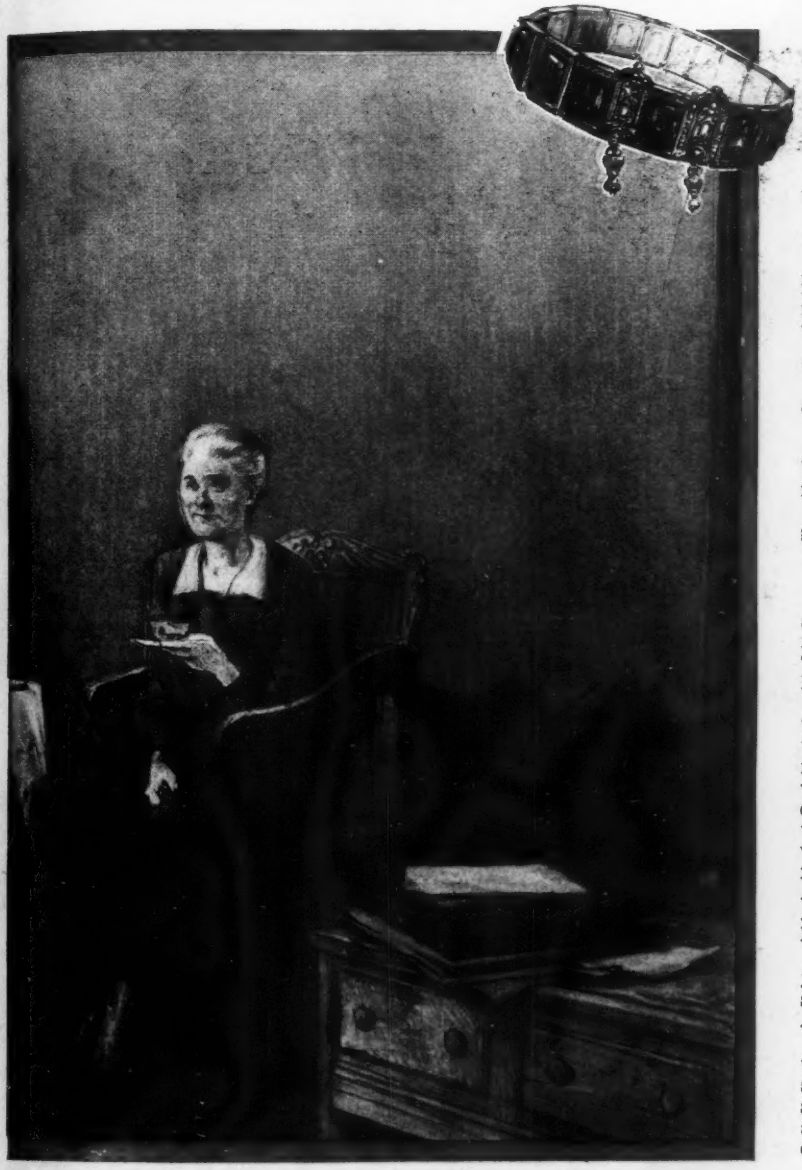
"Are you going for a holiday this year? Have some bread and butter."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. Oh, no, Mademoiselle, I don't think so. Milady can't do without me."

"But don't you ever long for Dinard? Don't you miss your native country?"

"But I am often in Paris with milady."

"To be sure. I had forgotten." Olivia looked with her steady dark eyes at her extraordinarily neat visitor—Anne Marie had discarded the smock—and realized worldly knowledge in Anne Marie, much worldly knowledge concealed. There could certainly be little Breton simplicity here, unless Anne Marie were possessed of that curious native simplicity, that root-simplicity which no amount of contact with life can destroy.



¶A COMPLETE composure was Anne Marie's. Now and then she said a sharp thing, and there was satire in her smile. But she was always respectful.

And she wasn't. Looking at those curious wrinkles, those small shining eyes, those oddly folded red lips, Olivia was certain of that. And Olivia partially closed her eyes and saw Anne Marie as a head, a remarkable head which she would like to try to put on paper.

And then—that was strange and disagreeable—she saw Anne Marie's head as the head of a criminal. That large, round, pale yellow head; those prominent, strongly flushed cheek bones—the head of a criminal? Yes, surely!

But all that was mere structure, bony structure and color, the action of blood. Ridiculous! Good, faithful, devoted, intelligent Anne Marie. Yes, this neat woman sitting respectfully at tea was eminently intelligent.

That was borne in upon Olivia.

"Paris is unlike Brittany, though," she said. "I thought Breton people always had a passion for the sea, for their sea. Haven't they?"

"They have, Mademoiselle. But I am only half Breton."

"Oh, yes. Your mother was Polish, wasn't she?"

"She was, Mademoiselle, from what they called German Poland."

"How did she come to marry a Breton?"

"Like me she was in service, Mademoiselle. She was maid to a rich Polish lady who took a fine villa in Dinard. My father met her there."

"Is she still alive? Your father's dead, Lady Bettine told me."

"I don't know, Mademoiselle, whether she is dead or alive."

"You don't know!"

"When my father died she went back to relatives in Poland. I have not heard from her since the war."

There was no sound of regret, of grief or wonder in the staccato voice.

"How extraordinary servants are!" Olivia thought. But immediately her mind corrected itself. "What an extraordinary person Anne Marie is!"

And she felt a strong inclination to "get at" her. Impossible to number this woman among the crowd of ministering angels, or devils, who people with strangers the houses of the rich, carrying the unknown with them into that peculiar intimacy which is alive with ignorance and frigidity. And she forced the conversation, made it flow. And all the time she continued to see Anne Marie as a head, a criminal head, and to wish to draw that head.

Evidently Anne Marie had no objection to conversation. She never seemed shy, though always respectful. A complete composure was hers.

Now and then she said a sharp thing, and whenever she smiled there seemed to be satire in her smile. But she was always respectful. This woman would surely never take a liberty or need to be reminded of her place!

"I hope Mademoiselle will succeed with her portraits," she said presently.

"Oh, I'm no genius. But I expect to make enough to pay the rent of the studio and have a little bit over. We are not rich, you know."

Anne Marie looked sympathetic, but Olivia had the feeling that the information just given had been unnecessary. Anne Marie must have known about the situation in Great Cumberland Place.

"Did you know it?" she asked bluntly.

"No, indeed, Mademoiselle. I am sorry if it is so. Money——" She paused. "Living as I do with milady I have no cause to think about money, but it must be very necessary for a lady here in London where life costs so much. And Paris is the same."

The words were ordinary, but (*Continued on page 218*)

The Patience

The Private Life of a Wife whose Fame has Lived for Centuries

SHE was, for all time, a model wife. When the Marquis of Saluces, her self-appointed husband, could invent no further proofs of docility in the home, he put her to a last and public torment—he led her to the spot in the road where he had first discovered her charms, the day she was tending her father's sheep, and he ordered her, in so many words, to get out of the fine clothes she was wearing, which didn't become a peasant woman, and cover herself again with the rough thing he had found her in, a one-piece garment.

Since he had brought along the court to witness the ordeal, and a local crowd had gathered besides, there were enough eyes on her, but she did as she was told, knowing it must be for the best if he said so; she stripped then and there, but with forethought, so that no one of her lovely things touched the dust, and she folded each separately and handed it to the nearest lord for safe-keeping. Then she slipped the tattered frock over her head and stood barefoot, looking up at the marquis on his horse, to see what he wished her to do next.

"You may now go home to your father's hut and stay there," said he, enunciating the words in his most cultivated tone. "I've given you a fair trial, but you're no wife for a gentleman."

"You are my lord," said she, starting up the road. "It is my happiness to obey."

With that, of course, he called her back, and in a tender speech pointed out to the gentry that none of them had a wife so perfect, and then he invited her to resume the raiment she had just got out of, and they all rode home to the castle, much gratified. From that hour she has been called Patient. Which beyond doubt she was.

The best of it was, the virtue never left her, not even now when her position was secure. Another kind of woman might have tried to get even with him for his temporary lack of faith, but she paid him if possible a sweeter deference than before.

That evening, for example, when dinner was prepared she came to him in the hall, where he was talking with his men; she waited till he was quite at the end of what he was saying, till his glance gave her leave to interrupt, and then only she asked:

"Will your lordship please to eat?"

He had never found fault with her previous formula, a simple announcement that the meal was served, but the new refinement crowned a happy day, and benevolence welled up in him as he walked toward the roast beef.

From that day forth she perfected the art of consulting a husband's wishes. Not that she always questioned him. She was at times most considerate when she said nothing. One emphatic illustration will suffice.

He ordered her, in so many words, to get out of the fine clothes she was wearing, which didn't become

# of Griselda

Decorations by Erté

By John Erskine

who made you familiar with the

Private Life of Helen of Troy

The marquis had long striven, like his father before him, to stamp out all robbery in the neighborhood, whether of the highway or of the household, or at least to regulate the industry; the thief was hanged whenever possible, or persuaded to surrender the best of the plunder. The first step toward the cure of vice, the marquis believed, was to make it unprofitable, and he practiced his theory with such vigor that whereas rascals within his influence barely made a living, honest folk like himself had always something extra coming in.

Hardly a month from the reinstatement of Griselda, he was riding alone, of an afternoon, in the general direction of the bishop's palace, not because his thoughts were on religion, but it was a soft road and good for his horse's feet. There, without warning, he was all but run down by a wild fellow in a gallop, holding on to a sack slung over his shoulder. His hair was shaggy and his eyes wicked, but the marquis had looked into worse, and now he pulled his charger athwart the path, to make conversation inevitable.

"What's in the sack?" said he.

"Ah," said the fellow, growling like a dog in the bear pit, "still after the gold, eh?"

"I'll thank you to open the sack," said the marquis. "From your irregular manner, I fear you've been at your old trade. Didn't I tell you you'd hang the next time, for an example to the district?"

"And didn't I say I'd fight you for it? Get out of my way or I'll crack your skull!"

With that he spurred his horse, but the beast was winded and got up little headway, and the thief could do no damage with his hands unless he let go of his prize.

"Softly, my dear fellow! Before coming to blows, let us discuss the situation in the large. It is decided that you shall hang, the next time I happen to ride abroad with sufficient company to persuade the rope around your neck. The date, however, is not yet fixed, and it might be postponed if I found evidence of contrition."

The robber had his head on one side, listening to a faint noise far behind him. The marquis leaned his own head parallel, and heard what might very well be the thump of horses on a hard run.

"There's the evidence!" shouted the thief, and flung the sack in his face.

By the time the marquis had picked himself out of the road and had climbed up again with the heavy bundle over his shoulder, the man was half a mile on the way to safety, and the thump of the pursuers sounded close at hand. The marquis plunged his horse into the bushes and followed a modest bridle path through the woods to his castle gate.

a peasant woman, and cover herself again with the rough thing he had found her in.

So the Marquis picked his way barefoot through the streets, in nothing but

He would have preferred to deposit the unwieldy burden in his private room before resuming his duties in general society, but on the terrace Griselda was leaning over the parapet, talking gracefully with the gentleman who had held her clothes for her on the day of her triumph.

"Ah," she said, "it's a sweet day for riding. Did you enjoy yourself, my lord?"

"Enjoy isn't the word," said he, conscious of what he was carrying, and making unsteadily for the tower door. What with the weight, he staggered every step or two.

"I noticed," she said, "you were trying out your new boots today, and you'll find your slippers handy in the middle of the floor. I thought you'd be lame by the time you got back."

She looked at his feet as though nothing else about him was conspicuous; then she turned to the gentleman by her side, and the pleasant words she spent on him caused his eyesight to yearn rhapsodically across the forest toward the horizon, and the marquis, unobserved, hoisted the bundle upstairs.

He got his boots off himself, being reluctant at that moment to call for aid. Then he stuck his feet into the slippers, took the dagger from his belt, cut the string from the neck of the sack, and sorted out the plunder around the room so you'd think he was setting up a bazaar.

There were three golden cups with the bishop's seal on them, and whether they came off the altar or off the bishop's table the marquis couldn't be sure at sight, never having approached either high place, but he felt he had done the burglar a good turn by separating him from this fatal testimony. And there was a fine silver platter, large enough for a boar's head or a pig. The marquis knew the church had nothing necessarily to do with that, since you wouldn't find a platter in a sacristy, and the bishop didn't like to eat off silver.

And here was a gold chain for a lady's neck with a green stone hanging from the end of it, and two buckles to match—they weren't large enough for slippers, and where else could they be worn? He would ask Griselda. Whatever they were, like the necklace they must have belonged to a lady; further evidence, he hoped, that the thief had been exploring other houses besides the bishop's. And here were two candlesticks—that's what had made the bundle heavy. Solid gold, if he was any judge, and with the bishop's seal on them. He stood them up side by side and backed off to admire the effect.

Griselda slipped in through the door, with her most unobtrusive gentleness, and cast an amiable eye upon the exhibition. He turned upon her, ready to indicate woman's proper place in the home. The way she looked at him, however, he could tell there was nothing but innocence, patience and discretion in her unique heart.

"Do your feet feel easier now?" she said. "I wonder you men don't have your boots made of softer leather. Foolish as we women are, we know enough not to dress in sheet iron."

Not a reference to the plunder on the floor! He paused a moment to thank God for his happy marriage.

"I came in," she said, "just to ask whether you're dining at home this evening, and if there's anything special you'd like to eat."

"Don't I always dine at home?"

"So far, thank goodness! But I ask in case some day you should have a different program."

"When I have, I'll let you know," said he, unreasonably testy. "And when someone invents a better dish than young pork, I'll let you know that too."

She bowed slightly, and smiled with a radiance most wives reserve for special occasions. Having done her errand, she was about to leave him. He was sorry his words had been rough.

"By the way," he said, "you're a wonderful woman. I

doubt if a more obedient wife has yet been trained, and if I occasionally fall into sharpness, it's only because you overdo your patience. As an act of friendship, let me point out that you bear down on the excess of the virtue. You ask me if I intend to dine at home. Where else should a man dine, unless he's absent from home entirely?

"Later on in the evening you'll wish to know whether I intend to go to bed. What else is a bed for? You know as well as I that no gentleman sleeps on the ground unless he is in a war, or on a hunt, or otherwise is out late. It's a beautiful excellence in you to consult my wishes, but pay a little respect also to my brains—don't ask if I like to breathe."

With every sentence of his lecture he felt more at ease with the stolen things grouped around his feet, and Griselda never took her gaze off his.

"Thank you, my lord," said she, "for this helpful hint. I understand that from now on your wishes are to be consulted as usual, but I am not to ask questions."

"Well," said the marquis, "ask only when it's important. In matters of routine use your sense."

She gave him a parting glance of warm affection. "Thank you again, my lord, and may I go now? No, I withdraw that question—it's of little importance whether I go or stay."

Not wishing to be drawn into subtleties, the marquis made no reply, and she was halfway down the staircase when he called her up again.

"Have a look at these buckles," said he, holding out the pair on his right hand, "and show me what they're used for."

She gave one brief look and began lifting up her skirts, well above the instep, well above the calf, much too far above the knee.

"Why this exposure, woman?" he said.

She was pointing to two ribbons around the left leg and around the right. "I believe, my lord, they are worn one on each in place of the ordinary pin."

Now that his attention was directed to it, they really were fastened with pins, but the one on Griselda's left leg was not as she had described it, of the ordinary variety; it was a massive brooch such as gentlemen like himself stuck in their coats near the heart when they appeared before fine company.

"Where did you get that?" said he.

"It's a loan from a friend," said Griselda. "The ordinary pin gave way, and he fixed it for me."

"Will you repeat that?" said the marquis.

Griselda said it over again more explicitly. "Without his aid the stocking would not have stayed up. He lent me this pin. He is at the present moment fixing or mending the other."

"Be more careful in your use of language," said the marquis, "and perhaps it would be as well if you put these buckles to a practical use. And if you need further aid of this sort, please call on me. I'll return the brooch to your friend. Who is he?"

Griselda tried to remember. "Several of them offered," she said, "and I forget whose brooch I accepted. I'll tell you as soon as I recall, or you can keep it till he asks for it."

At a modest computation the brooch appeared twice as valuable as the pair of buckles. The marquis laid it on the floor, alongside the other plunder.

"I'll keep it till he asks for it," said he. "Let dinner be on time. I am hungry, and delay might make me irritable."

"It shall be precisely on the hour, my lord. And since most of the gentlemen are dining with us, shall I ask them at table which one fixed my garter?"

"You will not! In fact, you and I will dine alone."

She showed her pleasure. "You are gracious, my lord."

When he came that evening (*Continued on page 96*)

his shirt, and in each hand he carried a lighted candle, but no candlestick.

By the COUNTESS of

I *prophesy* that George V will be *the* LAST King *of* England

International Newsreel

¶ *The King*

THE wisest people are those who carefully consider facts; and the bravest are those who face the consequences. One of the most obvious facts in the world today is that the monarchical system of government has come to the end of its road.

It has reached the last few steps in a *cul-de-sac*, and the people who continue to keep their eyes shut in a *cul-de-sac* sooner or later finish against a brick wall or some other disagreeable surface.

It is not a question of whether we want hereditary kingship to cease or to continue. It is ceasing, whether we like it or not.

History has all the inevitableness of a Greek tragedy: it seems like the inexorable Fate which stalks along the road of destiny. The more one reads the records of the past, the more certain it appears that the evolution of mankind pursues its stately march through the ages without paying much attention to the opinions of the people who are swept away in the current.

Since the Great War there has been a large increase in the writing and reading of history; and the more one reads the history of the past the easier it is to see what is likely to happen in the future. I can modestly claim to have some experience with the ruling institutions of Great Britain, and the ruling classes that control them; and I prophesy with no small amount of confidence that King George V—or maybe his successor—will appear in history as the last monarch of his nation.

I can claim entire impartiality in this matter of monarchy versus republicanism; for on one side I am descended from Charles Stuart, King of England, and from the other family tree I have inherited the blood of Oliver Cromwell, who cut off that king's head. I have therefore, by heredity, quite an open mind on the subject.

When I say that the monarchy will soon come to an end in England, I am not influenced because I happen to be one who is convinced of the justice and wisdom of the policy of the present Labor Government. There is really no definite reason why a Socialist should like a republican constitution better than a monarchical one. For example, plutocracy is much more powerful and successful in the Republic of the United States of America than it is in Great Britain, which is now the oldest surviving monarchy in the world.

Neither do I make this prophecy because I think that the fall of the powerful empires of Germany and Russia, as a result of the Great War, must mean that all the other ruling monarchs must crash after them. The fact that Germany and Russia are now republics instead of autocracies (for pre-war Germany, with all its parliamentary assemblies, was really a military despotism) would not of itself be convincing proof of the superiority of the republican form of government over the monarchical. For the utter folly of the ruling emperors of both Germany and Russia (who were apparently equally responsible for the Great War) would have driven any people to revolt and overthrow their rulers.

© Keystone

¶ *The Prince*

EVEN if the Emperors William and Nicholas had been presidents of republics, it is probable that their peoples would have revolted and demanded a monarchy. When a nation is goaded to despair by the stupid rule of half-blind sovereigns and their quarter-witted generals and policemen, it is ready to try any change which has a remote chance of improving the position.

We must never forget that when Rome, the greatest republic the world has ever seen, became hopelessly

S of WARWICK:

The Prince *of* Wales *would make an* Admirable FIRST President

corrupt and tyrannical, the remedy they tried was to make it an autocratic empire. The interesting thing is that the experiment was a success for many years. Rome was, perhaps, never so well governed as during part of the period of imperial rule.

The collapse of the recent German, Russian and Austrian empires in itself may be merely a temporary incident of the chaos of the Great War.

MY PROPHECY that Great Britain may soon follow their republican example is based on the whole trend of human history. I do not prophesy that there will be a republic in Great Britain because we have any excuse that we are ruled by tyrants or foolish kings. Our recent monarchs have been the most scrupulously constitutional sovereigns in history, and the present king is the most rigid constitutionalist of them all. The principles of this limited monarchy have at last been reduced to the narrowest procedure. King George always has been ready to offer his advice as a man of the world, but equally he has been ready to give way immediately his ministers have made up their minds to a course of action which was not in agreement with the royal suggestions.

A king of England now never ventures to go beyond a gentle suggestion to the officers of his kingdom. The king, in short, has become just a figurehead: a symbol of a power that has been seized by more grasping hands. This is one of the commonest events in history. For example, the Merovingian dynasty in eastern France allowed the mayors of the palace to pull the strings that made the puppet Merovingian monarchs dance. The day came when it was no longer worth anybody's while to pull the strings of lifeless figures; so the Carolingian mayors themselves became the kings who sat on the throne and governed as well.

To tell the truth, the king on the throne has not governed nearly so often as the casual observer imagines.

As Lord Hewart, the present Chief Justice of England, recently has been telling us in his book on the new despots of the bureaucracy, it is the silent official who, concealed and quiet in his office in Whitehall, is trying to rule us—not without success.

But if the alive Carolingian mayors became kings in place of the half-dead Merovingians, this may seem a proof of the eternal vitality of the monarchical system. "The King is dead! Long live the King!" But the reason for the early disappearance of modern kingship is different from the cause of the catastrophe of the Merovingian time.

E. O. Hoppé

¶ *The Countess*

Then, kings had become corrupt in body and mind. It was not only that these early degenerate kings did no good. They did positive harm, and were swept away as an evil that could not be tolerated.

Today, however, if the present King of England is the last of his line, it will be because he and his few immediate ancestors have been such admirable monarchs that they have made their kingship entirely superfluous. They have ruled so democratically that the people have learned the art of governing themselves; the guiding hand of a monarch no longer seems necessary.

IT IS as if a medical officer arranged the sanitation and health of a town so perfectly that no one was ill and there was no longer any need for doctors. A future professional paradoxer of the brand of Mr. G. K. Chesterton will one day, a few centuries hence, write another History of England to prove that the Hanoverian dynasty had such good kings that they made royal institutions a waste of public money!

I began by saying that all wise people face the facts, and it is absurd to ignore any longer the weakening of the monarchical system. The king today is not allowed to govern. He is kept as the chief figure in state processions. He is compelled to appear dressed in all the gaudy remnants of military and naval glory, while his ministers, who really do govern, promenade in black silk hats and frock coats. It is true that these statesmen on a few occasions are still required to put on court dress, but it is every day becoming more usual to find a minister of the state in a lounge suit and a bowler hat.

Now, the art of government is no longer a pageant but a serious profession. It was all very well to dress up in uniforms when kings really fought, and did little else. Today the kingship must be serious or it will go the way of all idle shows. Perhaps human nature will always demand its pageantry, but it will be for its lighter pastimes and not for its grave moments.

The art of governing has now become the most solemn duty of man. This is where we come to the chief disability of the modern monarchy. The more intelligent democracy is revolted when its king is paraded for applause, dressed in all the trappings of generals and admirals, who represent that very evil of War which is now recognized as one of the most terrible blots on the human race.

With an astonishing childishness, the die-hard Tories raise shrieks of indignation when there is any attempt to replace the military spectacle by a more peaceful appeal. So the monarch is compelled to play down to their barbaric instincts. In this way the royal function has been degraded to represent the worst element in public life.

It is this ruling-class foolishness which has brought the institution of monarchy to face the end of its career. For the ordeal by battle is now being denuded of its last power. No longer allowed to govern in civil affairs, the king was left as the chief figure of the army and navy, and now that these warriors are no longer regarded by intelligent persons as a possible part of a decent state, a powerless sovereign, dressed as a fighting man, remains a thing without meaning.

Let it be noted with all possible emphasis that it is the old aristocrats and the new plutocrats who have degraded the monarchy they have always pretended to worship with enthusiastic loyalty. If the kingship ends, it will be the work of the noble and the millionaire, not the design of a humble democracy.

AT THE first glance this may seem a paradox. It is, on the contrary, a sober historical fact. Consider the evidence. It was the Whig aristocrats of the eighteenth century who turned the Stuart rule into a close oligarchy of landlords.

The most scientific economic historians have proved that the poor were more sympathetically helped during the years of Charles the First's despotism than they were during the Commonwealth of Cromwell or during the horrors of the Industrial Revolution, which was the climax of the Whig system. It was the oligarchs of blood and money who persistently tore the robes of real power from their monarch's back; they filled the House of Commons and the House of Lords with themselves and their agents; and now, when they have reduced the crown to impotence, they are seeking to dress it up as a pageant, behind which they can hide their own power.

Of course, the monarchy never can be a suitable instrument for a completely free and well-trained people; but it is the Whigs and the Tories who have brought it to a premature end by converting it into a pantomime.

Think for a moment of what has happened during these last few years in Italy and Spain. There the ruling classes have practically dispossessed their kings and have replaced them with despots. There are some ardent die-hards who openly declare that they would like something of this sort in England.

They never will be content until their king is a figure of fun.

THEY have almost succeeded in this by making the king into an ornament that works hard doing routine matters which are of no particular importance. It is for this reason that I prophesy that King George V may be the last King of England, Scotland and northern Ireland.

There is one comment to make. He has proved the most loyally constitutional monarch in our history. He inherited the growing democratic sympathies of his father, King Edward VII. If the monarchy falls, it will be in the midst of its virtues, not its faults.

It only remains to add the final paradox, that if the Prince of Wales never is a king it will not be because of unpopularity. He is the most popular figure in public life at this moment—that is obvious to all. But it is not so completely realized that this heir to a throne, who hitherto, with the vigor of youth, may have followed all the sports and pleasures with untiring zest, is every day showing more clearly that he is a self-conscious and deliberate democrat.

He is a democrat, not because he is playing for popularity, but because he believes in it.

It is reported on the best authority that he telegraphed, "Good luck," to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald just before the last elections. He has recently sold his hunters.

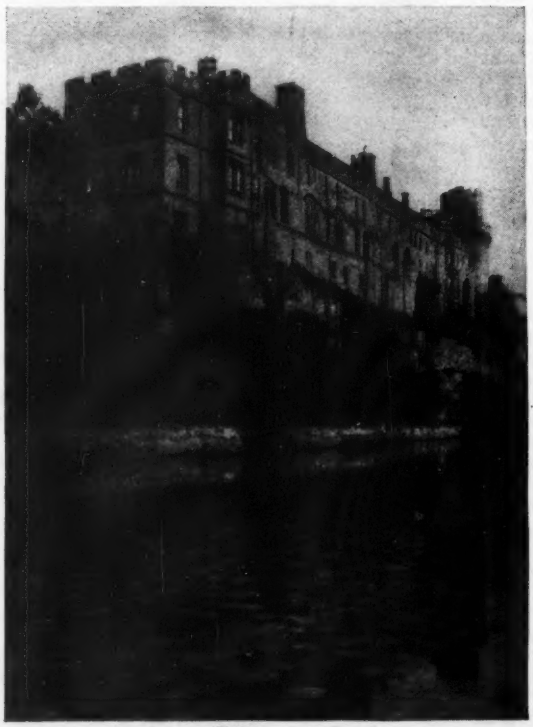
It is rarely that he is seen in the gaudy dress of the state pageant. He is, in short, far too wise a man to claim the empty title of a puppet king.

He would make an admirable first president of a new republic.

But it will NOT be the kind of republic which the old oligarchs and plutocrats have been trying to build for their own ends.

DESCENDED on one side from Nell Gwyn and on the other from Oliver Cromwell, Lady Warwick has always been one of the most fascinating contradictions in English life. As a child she was a favorite of good Queen Victoria; as a young woman an intimate friend of the late King Edward VII; and as a woman of mature years a confidante of Ramsay MacDonald and all the great men of the Labor Party.

From an assured position in English court life she had the courage and independence two decades ago to turn to the then despised and ridiculed labor movement and become one of its most inspiring leaders.



Warwick Castle

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz

HE *knew Women*

by E. Barrington

who told what she knew about The Divine Lady

WHEN Massareene married a second time he meant to be master and more. That was the condition on which his comfort had always rested. He was fond of saying that the life in which he could have shone would have been adventurous, with large opportunity for the command of men.

Fate and his father, forming possibly a different opinion of his powers, condemned him to the routine of a prosperous office in London and a life without distinction; but with comfort, perfect freedom to do as he pleased, and abundant popularity, especially with women. But, as these were the things he really liked, he might think himself successful.

He had married young and for the usual reasons, and had his ideas about marriage. He liked to think of himself as a good Englishman with a sense of duty, who had an attractive home, a compliant wife and handsome healthy children about him. That his marriage before long offered a background of home comfort to several easy amourettes was the natural consequence of his good looks and a facile geniality which would always be mistaken for a good heart. They did not affect his sense of well-doing in the least.

In a way he cared for his wife and children. They were to have every advantage, for they were his. He was a man who would provide for them comfortably in life and death, of whom men would say when he died: "So Massareene's gone! A sound, reliable fellow, steady as a church in business. A good level-headed conservative. Sort of man that keeps the country on an even keel. Wish we had more like him! I hear the widow's very comfortably left."

That would be the epitaph of his choice, and he deserved it from those who had never looked behind the curtain of his private life. But there are different points of view.

Caroline Massareene's would not have been that of the Stock Exchange, and there was a lady, a Mrs. Welstead, who knew him better than either of those authorities.

It was a game in London at the time to fit one's acquaintance with such spiritual parentage as brought out the points of their characters, and she held that in view of his strong sense of propriety combined with quite other proclivities his spiritual mother must have been the late Queen Victoria and his father Don Juan. But she did not announce this in the drawing-room where they were playing the game. She only smiled to herself.

Starting from the nineteenth-century assumption that whatever a husband chooses to do must be submitted to after one fashion or another without open clamor, Mrs. Massareene got through her life somehow, opposed a fretful drizzle of temper to his angers, came even to be thankful for the amourettes because they meant holidays when he was away, and found a sort of

compensation in the luxuries which his good income made her due.

She died when he was forty-six and he did her the fullest justice in the epitaph he chose for her expensive monument. "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

He really did, although he poignantly recalled some of the discomforts of her disposition. His loss was loud on his lips, and the Parkers, friends of long standing, discussing it on the rose-hung veranda of the Parker house above the Thames, nearly convinced themselves that it seemed improbable Massareene would marry again. Mrs. Harding, an attractive widow, who was also a friend, listened with interest, thinking her own thoughts. She had known him a shorter time than the Parkers, but she knew things which escaped them.

BEHOLD Gwynne Massareene in the days of his widowerhood. A man of forty-six may look a young man still, and he did. His light brown hair showed scarcely a touch of gray over the ear. His face, clean-shaven except for the big mustache which hid a telltale mouth, was alert and fresh; his handsome eyes still potent. He had no encumbrances, for the pretty daughters, Ella and Adelaide, had married from the schoolroom and he saw just as little of them as he chose.

It will readily be understood that by the banks of the Thames at Tenshott there were hopeful speculations among Massareene's friends who were rich in daughters, and anxious speculations among some ladies who had none.

It was about this time that he began to take his business more easily and make trips abroad. He wished for solitude and to be quit of the world for a while, he said. His friends would understand that. To these it was an intense astonishment when a year after his bereavement his engagement to Alison Shere was announced.

Parker came home simmering with excitement to tell the news to his wife, who was sitting with Jenifer Harding.

"By George! I've a bit of news for you, Marian. You'll sit up when you hear it. Massareene's going to be married."

"No, Alec. I don't believe it. It's spiteful gossip. He's too—*far* too faithful to his wife's memory."

No one noticed Mrs. Harding. Her lips paled under the leap which her heart made, but only an acute feminine observer might have detected a little quiver in her voice when she spoke.

"Really? That *is* news. Who is she?"

"A girl called Alison Shere. He met her in the Engadine last time he was abroad. He told me himself, so shut up about gossip, Marian! He says she's perfectly delightful and has a sweet gentle disposition. He deserves it, I will say! A good steady fellow."

"IS SHE pretty?" All womanhood flashed out in the sharp note of that question.

"He never said. I fancy, poor fellow, that the loss of his wife is still fresh, though he felt he couldn't stick to loneliness any longer. It must be precious dull in that big house."

"Is it to be soon?" Mrs. Parker asked.

"Yes, quite soon. She's an orphan and lives with her uncle and aunt in Chesterton Square. Her uncle is the great lawyer, Sir Philip Shere. It's a good match, even for Massareene. They're in Devonshire now and he's going down tomorrow. He said the wedding was to be very quiet. He felt it would be indecent in the circumstances to make any parade. I thought that showed nice feeling. It isn't every man who makes so much of his wife's memory, and rather a disagreeable woman at that."

Mrs. Parker agreed. She had never cared for Mrs. Massareene. And then the subject vanished in Jenifer Harding's farewells.

She walked slowly back to the charming little house

"MASSAREENE'S GOING to be *married*," *announced said his wife. Mrs. Harding's heart leaped, but she*

where she had lived since her husband's death two years before, and after dinner a headache which had been hanging about her all day got so much worse that she was obliged to go up to bed. It must have been a bad headache, to judge by the passionate weeping smothered in the pillow.

It seemed to Jenifer that all shame, all agony, all desertion had come upon her that day. Her mind swept in a dreary circle of misery about the one central thought—how could she see him to plead against this unbearable anguish? She could not, for he was going away next day to see this woman, to forget her, to be glad with a happiness in which she had no share. The torture of the memories which tore her in that thought! When he was lonely, weary, restless at home, it was to her he had turned and she had put forth every power of mind and body to make a healing joy for him.

That mood passed, and now she raged against a woman's helplessness. A man could face another and demand an explanation. A woman must lie and weep, knowing that which she felt to be her own in a tie stronger than any marriage was slipping, slipping away to another.

And then her eye fell on the telephone by her bedside. He might—he might be at home, busy with his preparations. Her heart beat so violently that it turned her sick as she sat up and laid her hand on the telephone and then drew it back. Madly as she loved him, she feared him quite as much. She had always known that she must not trouble him, or bring any disturbance into his home and the outward propriety of his life. But then, his fidelity was her reward, and now —now, despair urged her as it might a wild creature with a pursuer behind to leap into the flames. Surely he must recognize the claim of a love which for six long years had broken down all sanctions.

Trembling, she spoke the number and heard the far-off vibration of the bell.

"Yes. Who's speaking?"

"Jenifer."

Silence. Had he heard?

"Gwynne—I must speak to you."

"I am extremely busy." The voice was cold, angry. Terror gave her courage.

"Gwynne, what the Parkers told me today—is it true?"

"Certainly."

"But it can't be. It can't. You must remember——" A sob choked her.

"I don't intend to remember. Nor must you. All that nonsense must be over."

She could have flung down the receiver, but her need was too terrible. "I must see you. I shall go mad if I don't. You don't realize——"

The voice in reply was more conciliatory. A jealous woman may be capable of disagreeable outbursts.

"Don't be silly, Jenifer. You have always shown common sense. That was one of the things I liked. If you made yourself an annoyance now I should only end by hating you. Let us part in a friendly way."

Each word stung her to madness. She clung frantically to her one hope. "I must see you. I must. I tell you I shall go mad if I don't. That will do you no good, I warn you."

"The fools women are!" She could hear the angry impatience and did not care, though she knew she was running the knife into her own heart. "I can spare a quarter of an hour at half past ten in Singlewood by the pool as I walk to the train. But since you've warned me, I warn you. I shall stand no scenes, no nonsense. It will be the worse for you."

He rang off abruptly and she sank back on her pillow. No need to describe that night. The fall from happy hope now that he was free; her misery tossing and turning as the leaden-footed hours brought the dim dawn to her window. Dignity, decency lay in the dust. She had poured her great gifts at his feet, love, honor, peace of mind, and the rest, and if he cast them away she was beggared indeed.

Yet, if she saw him things would come right. A woman *could* not be condemned to such agony. There was a way out if they met.

She looked at herself with terror in the glass next day. The face that stared back at her was drawn and wearied, with violet stains under the blue eyes and fibrous lines of pain about the mouth. A woman of thirty should not look like that even after such a blow and she must be at her best to make him realize that he could not part with her.

A man could never understand the piteousness of that toilet. She could eat no breakfast, but swallowed a cup of tea and then set to work in earnest. The morning was fresh and sunny with a heavenly scent of wet leaves and earth and dew. She put on a faint pink frock with her favorite black velvet about the slim throat, and a straw hat wreathed with roses, and stared into the glass.

A cruel scrutiny. No—impossible. It faded her lips and cheeks and she knew she depended for beauty upon her coloring far more than on feature. The time was racing on. What on earth should she do? He hated made-up women, and she had never needed more than a touch to the eyebrows.

"O God, make me beautiful this once—this once!" she sobbed in agony. She brushed a delicate touch of rouge on the round of the cheek, dashing the tears angrily away when they blinded her.

Then again she studied herself cruelly. It was successful. Yes, she was pretty, (*Continued on page 194*)

Parker. "I don't believe it," said, "Really? Who is she?"

They *were* Bad *and they were*

Illustrations by
Frank Hoffman

Faith hope & Charity

JUST outside a sizable New Mexico town the second section of the fast through train coming from the Coast made a short halt. Entering the stretch leading to the yards, the engineer had found the signal set against him; the track ahead was temporarily blocked.

It was a small delay though. Almost at once the semaphore like the finger of a mechanical wizard made the warning red light vanish and a green light appear instead; so, at that, the Limited got under way and rolled on into the station for her regular stop.

But before she started up, four travelers quitted her. They got out on the off side, the side farthest away from the town, and that probably explains why none of the crew and none of the other passengers saw them getting out. It helps also to explain why they were not missed until quite some time later.

Their manner of leaving her was decidedly unusual. First, one of the vestibule doors between the third sleeping car and the fourth sleeping car opened and the trap in the floor flipped up briskly under the pressure of an impatient foot on the operating lever. A brace of the departing ones came swiftly into view, one behind the other. True, there was nothing unusual about that. But as they stepped down on the earth they faced about and received the figure of a third person whose limbs dangled and whose head lolled back as they took the dead weight of him into their arms. Next there emerged the fourth and last member of the group, he being the one who had eased the limp figure of Number Three down the car steps into the grasp of his associates.

For a fractional space their shapes made a little huddle in the lee of the vestibule. Looking on, you might have guessed that there was a momentary period of indecision touching on the next step to be taken.

However, this muddle—if that was what it was—right away straightened itself out. Acting with movements which seemed difficult and awkward, the two burden-bearers carried their unconscious load down the short embankment and deposited it on the cindery underfooting close against the flank of the slightly built-up right of way.

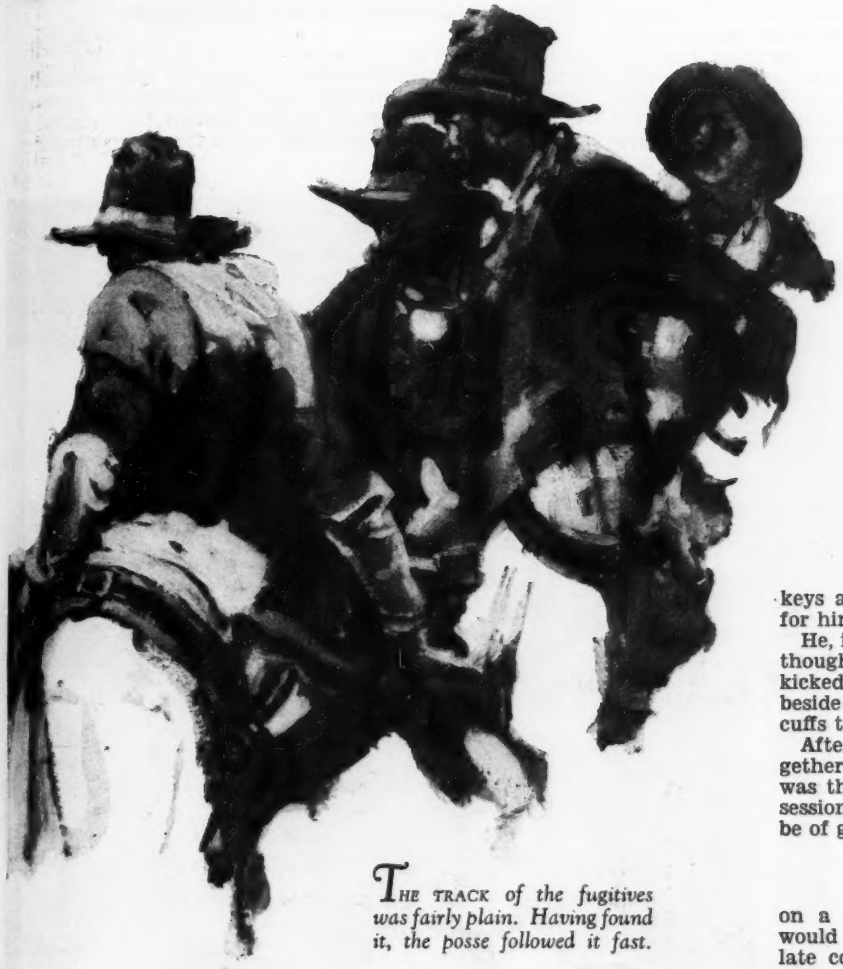
Number Four bent over the sprawled form and fumbled at it, shoving his hands into first one pocket and then another. In half a minute or less he straightened up and spoke to the remaining pair, at the same time using both hands to shove some article inside the vent of his waistcoat.

"I have got them," he said, speaking with a foreign accent. They pressed toward him, their hands extended.

Bold, *but they* couldn't Bluff Fate

by

Irvin S. Cobb



The track of the fugitives was fairly plain. Having found it, the posse followed it fast.

"Not here and not yet, Señores," he said sharply. "First we make sure of the rest. First you do, please, as I do."

Thereupon he hopped nimbly up the shoulder of the roadbed and headed toward the rear of the halted train, slinking well in under the overhang of the Pullmans. His mates obeyed his example. They kept on until they had passed the tail coach, which was a combination coach, and then they stepped inward between the rails, still maintaining their single-file formation. Immediately the dusk swallowed them up.

There was something peculiar about the way each one of these three plodding pedestrians bore himself. The peculiarity was this: He bore himself like a person engaged in prayer—in a silent perambulating act of piety. His head was tucked in, his face turning neither to the right nor left; his eyes were set steadfastly forward as though upon some invisible goal, his hands clasped primly together in front of him.

Thus and so the marching three plodded on until the train, having got in motion, was out of sight beyond a curve in the approach to the station. Then they checked and came together in a clump, and then, had you been there, you would have understood the reason for their devotional pose. All three of them were wearing handcuffs.

The man who had spoken before unpalmed a key ring which he was carrying. Working swiftly even in the half-darkness, he made tests of the keys on the ring until he found the proper keys. He freed the wrists of his two fellows. Then one of them took the keys and unlocked his set of bracelets for him.

He, it would seem, was the most forethoughted of the trio. With his heel he kicked shallow gouges in the gritty soil beside the track and buried the handcuffs therein.

After that they briefly confabbed together, and the upshot of the confab was that, having matched for the possession of some object evidently held to be of great value, they separated forces.

One man set off alone on a detour to the southeast, which would carry him around the town. His late companions kept on in a general westerly direction, heading toward the desert which all that day they had been traversing. They footed it fast, as men might foot it who were fleeing for their lives and yet must conserve their strength. As a matter of fact, they were fleeing for their lives. So likewise the one from whom they had just parted was fleeing for his life.

It was partly by chance that these three had been making the transcontinental journey in company. Two of them, Lafitte the Frenchman, and Verdi the Italian who had Anglicized his name and called himself Green, met while lying in jail at San Francisco awaiting deportation to their respective countries. Within a space of a month each had been arrested as a refugee from justice; the formalities for extraditing the pair of them were swiftly completed.

So, to save trouble and expense; to kill, as it were, two birds with one stone, the authorities decided to send them together across to the eastern seaboard where, according to arrangements made by cable, they would be surrendered to police representatives coming from abroad to receive them and transport them back overseas. For the long trip to New York a couple of city detectives had them in custody.

When the train bearing the officers and their charges reached a junction in lower California where the main line connected with a branch line running south to the Mexican border, there came aboard a special agent of the Department of Justice who had with him a prisoner.

This prisoner was one Manuel Gaza, a Spaniard. He also recently had been captured and identified; and he also was destined for return to his own land. It was

not by prior agreement that he had been retransferred at this junction point to the same train which carried the Italian and the Frenchman. It just happened so.

It having happened so, the man who had Gaza in tow lost no time in getting acquainted with his San Francisco brethren. For a number of reasons it seemed expedient to all the officers that from here on they should travel as a unit. Accordingly the special agent talked with the Pullman conductor and exchanged the reservations he previously had booked for a compartment adjoining the drawing-room in which the four from the city were riding.

It was on a Friday afternoon that the parties united. Friday evening, at the first call for dinner, the three officers herded their three prisoners forward to the dining car, the passage of the sextet through the aisles causing some small commotion. Their advent into the diner created another little sensation.

Since it was difficult for the handcuffed aliens to handle knife and fork, they were given such food as might readily be eaten with a spoon or with the fingers—soups and omelets and soft vegetables and pie or rice pudding. The detectives ate fish. They shared between them a double order of imported kippers.

Presumably they were the only persons on the train who that day had chosen the kippered herrings. Shortly, the special agent was giving private thanks that his church prescribed no dietetic regulations for Friday, because within an hour or two after leaving the table, the San Francisco men were suffering from violent cramps—ptomaine poison had them helpless.

One seemed to be dangerously ill. That night near the border between California and Arizona he was taken off the train and carried to a hospital. During the wait at the station, a local physician dosed the second and lesser sufferer, whose name was McAvoy, and when he had been somewhat relieved, the doctor gave him a shot of something in the arm and said he ought to be up and about within twenty-four hours.

Through the night McAvoy slept in the lower berth of the compartment and the special agent sat up, with the communicating door open, to guard the aliens, who were bedded in the so-called drawing-room.

Their irons stayed on their wrists; their lone warden was accepting no foolish odds against himself. He had taken the precaution to transfer the keys of the Frenchman's handcuffs and the Italian's handcuffs from McAvoy's keeping to his own, slipping them on his key ring, but this had been done in case McAvoy should become seriously ill en route and it should devolve upon him to make a lap of the journey single-handed.

Next morning McAvoy was much easier but he felt weak, he said, and drowsy. Given a full twelve hours of rest, though, he thought he would be able to go on guard when the nightfall came.

In one of his calculations the the hut where he was tethered

So he lay in his berth, and the special agent occupied an end of the drawing-room sofa. The trapped fugitives sat smoking cigarets, and when the officer was not too near, talking among themselves.

Mainly they talked in English, a language which Gaza the Spaniard and Lafitte the Frenchman spoke fairly well. Verdi or Green, as the case might be, had little English at his command but Gaza, who had spent three years in Naples, spoke Italian; and so when Verdi used his own tongue, Gaza could interpret for the Frenchman's benefit. They were allowed to quit the drawing-room only for meals.

When dinner hour came on that second evening of their trip, McAvoy was in a doze. So the Department of Justice man did not disturb him.

"Come on, boys," he said to the three aliens; "time to eat again."

He lined them up in front of him in the corridor and they started the regular processional. It was just at that moment that the train broke its rhythmic refrain and began to clack and creak and slow for that unscheduled stop outside that New Mexico town. By the time they had reached the second car on ahead, she'd almost stopped and was lurching and jerking.

In the vestibule beyond that second car the special agent was in the act of stepping across the iron floor lip of the connection when a particularly brisk joggle caused him to lose his hat. He gave a small exclamation and bent to recover it. Doing so, he jostled Gaza, the third man in the line and therefore the next to him.

Spaniard had been wrong. By his system the searchers should reach within five hours. But it was nearer thirty before they appeared.

THE agile Spaniard was quick to seize his chance. He half turned, and bringing his chained wrists aloft, sent them down with all his might on the poll of the officer's unprotected skull. The victim of the assault never made a sound—just spraddled on his face and was dead to the world.

No outsider had been witness to the assault. No outsider came along during the few seconds which were required by the late prisoners to open an off-side car door and make their escape after the fashion which already has been described for you. Nobody missed them—for quite a while nobody did.

It wasn't until nearly nine o'clock, when McAvoy had roused up and rung for the porter and begun to ask questions, that a search was made and an alarm raised.

Penned up together through that day, the aliens had matched stories, one story against another. A common plight made them communicative; a common peril caused each to turn with morbid reiteration to his own fatal predicament.

Said the Frenchman to the Spaniard: "He"—indicating his recent cellmate, the Italian—"he knows how with me it stands. With him, I have talked. He speaks not so well the English but sometimes he understands it. Now you shall hear and judge for yourself how bad my situation is."

GRAPHICALLY, this criminal sketched his past. He had been a Marseilles dock hand. He had killed a woman. She deserved killing, so he killed her. He had been caught, tried, convicted, condemned. While lying in prison, with execution day only a few weeks distant, he had made a getaway.

In disguise he had reached America and here had stayed three years. Then another woman, in a fit of jealousy, betrayed him to the police. He had been living with that woman; to her he had given his confidence. It would appear that women had been his undoing.

"Me, I am as good as dead already. And what a death!" A spasm of shuddering possessed him. "For me the guillotine is waiting. The devil invented it. It is so they go at you with that machine: They strap you flat upon a board. Face downward you are, but you can look up, you can see—that is the worst part. They fit your throat into a grooved shutter; they make it fast. You bring your head back; your eyes are drawn upward, fascinated. Above you, waiting, ready, poised, your eyes see the—the knife."

"But only for a moment do you see it, my friend," said the Spaniard, in the tone of one offering comfort. "Only a moment and then—*pouff*—all over!"

"A moment! I tell you it is an eternity. It must be an eternity. Lying there, you must live a hundred lives, you must die a hundred deaths. And then to have your head taken off your body, to be all at once in two pieces. Me, I am not afraid of most deaths. But that death by the guillotine—ah-h!"

The Spaniard bent forward. He was sitting alone facing the other two, who shared a seat.

"Listen, Señor," he stated. "Compared with me, you are the lucky one. True, I (*Continued on page 100*)

24 *breath-taking hours of* Drama *in a*

Shattered Glass

The Story So Far:

IN THIS novel you follow the most interesting people you ever met through a night and a day filled with drama. You not only know these people for these twenty-four hours but as swiftly as the story moves Mr. Bromfield gives you the whole history of each person. Let's see them again as he introduced them to you last month at Old Hector Champion's dinner in his New York apartment overlooking the East River.

There was Jim Towner, handsome, a sportsman whose good looks were fast disappearing beneath the soft fat of dissipation, and Fanny, Towner's wife, who was the mistress of David Melbourn, a man of obscure origin, rich and successful and still under forty. Towner knew of his wife's affair but he had said nothing about it because of his infatuation for Rosa Dugan, a night-club singer whose name was really Rosie Healy.

Rosie had started off wrong, having a baby when she was seventeen. The baby's father, Tony Bruzzi, had been sent to Sing Sing and Rosie hadn't seen him for years, but somehow her brother Pat Healy, a doorman at Hector's apartment, always felt that she was still crazy about him. Rosie had become famous and she had a night club named after her and she gave Towner something that his wife had never given him.

Towner left Old Hector's early, plodding doggedly through a blinding snowstorm on his way to Rosa's Place. When he stopped at a speak-easy he saw blood-stains on the snow near the door, and inside, waiting for a drink, he heard voices from a back room.

"Poor Sam . . . Who done it?" said one.

"Dago Tony," another answered.

All at once Towner felt sick and dizzy and he went out again into the storm to that world of Rosie's that knew him only as "Mr. Wilson."

Meanwhile at Old Hector's the party was breaking up.

Fanny Towner had been desperate all evening because she feared she was losing David Melbourn to Mrs. Wintringham, who was younger and more beautiful—and a nobody, an adventurer like Melbourn. Now, however, Fanny was calmer, for Melbourn was taking her home. She did not know Mrs. Wintringham had a note from him that read: "Wait for me at home. I'll come, no matter how late. I must talk to you."

As they stood in the hallway ready to go, Old Hector spoke to Savina Jerrold, his friend of many years, about the radiogram he had received just after dinner. The message had startled him so that he had broken one of the great crystal goblets that had been his treasured possessions for many years. It was from his sister Nancy, whom he had not seen for more than a quarter of a century. In fact, not since she had created a great scandal by leaving her husband to elope with Patrick Dantry, Hector's protégé and the husband of Nancy's sister Mary, who had died in childbirth.

Patrick had fallen into the crevasse of a glacier before he could marry Nancy. All that Old Hector had left of his two sisters and Patrick Dantry was the child Philip, now a young man, who had lived with Hector since he was two years old.

Nancy, who was Lady Elsmore now, was returning the next day. Savina was astonished at the news. Melbourn told Old Hector that Lord Elsmore was coming to America to close up a deal in mines with him. He had not known Lady Elsmore was Hector's sister.

"Bring her to tea with me tomorrow, Hector," Savina said gently. And she offered to give Mrs. Wintringham a lift.

When they had gone, Philip put on his coat and hat. "If you don't need me, I'll run along," he said. And the old man knew that Philip was dying to get away: that he wanted to be with that girl, that actress whom

New Novel *by* Louis Bromfield

Illustrations by
McClelland Barclay

Savina Jerrold

that day in the orchard at Staatsburgh had trampled on her pride and told Hector they should marry each other. And even now, forty years afterward, she blushed when she remembered how he had put her off.

Janie Jagan

who looked the apotheosis of all that was pure and good and beautiful in women. She had asked Philip not to come to her opening . . . she would be too nervous with him in front. Now she had made a success.

Hector had never seen, whose name he did not even know. He wanted to cry out, "Don't go! Don't leave me!" But he was silent.

"I'll be late, but I have my key. You'd better go to bed right off," said Philip. Then the door closed and he was gone.

FROM the moment that old Savina Jerrold, fat and shapeless and sixty-seven, stepped into Hector's drawing-room and saw Mrs. Wintringham, there was no one else, save perhaps Melbourn, in whom she had the faintest interest. And when she exchanged with Mrs. Wintringham that sudden look of understanding, the interest was sealed and destined to become permanent.

The glance showed her that Mrs. Wintringham was aware of what had been happening all about her and that she possessed the armor of aloofness which kept her untouched either by the colossal boredom of Hector's ill-assorted dinner or by the direct attack of Fanny Towner. It showed her, too, that there were depths in Mrs. Wintringham, lying one beneath another, which perhaps few people had discovered. There were, she suspected, several Mrs. Wintringhams.

But there was another fascination more profound than mere curiosity. It was as if Mrs. Wintringham were the apotheosis of all that Savina would have chosen to be if she could have been born again. Mrs. Wintringham was handsome, and Savina had always been big and plain and awkward. Mrs. Wintringham had an armor of reserve which protected her against the casual barbs of existence, and poor Savina possessed only a touching and impulsive warmth which all her life had led her to throw herself into relationships from which she emerged bruised and hurt and puzzled.

Philip Dantry

Hector Champion's nephew, whose direct, simple heart was disturbed because he felt he had absolutely nothing to offer Janie in exchange for the glamour and adoration she already knew.

It was only after she had passed middle age that she managed to protect herself by a manner of bluff directness that was never quite convincing. Mrs. Wintringham's life, Savina suspected, was what she had always desired her own life to be.

Because she, like old Hector, had been born into a world in which her future was perfectly ordered, regulated and fenced in by traditions, formalities and duties, she envied women like Ruby Wintringham the recklessness of a life which appeared to be free of all these things. Long ago when Savina was young, there had been times when she yearned passionately to be rid of all her cousins and aunts and uncles, from the houses which bored her and from a world which seemed to her immersed and deadened in the protective monotony of ritual.

At such times she had succumbed to fits of violent depression which her family labeled lightly and conveniently "the sulks." By taking no notice of "the sulks," the uncles and cousins and aunts had managed slowly and effectually to stifle their cause—a passionate and un-Jerrold-like hunger for escape and rebellion.

By opposing her, they might have driven her into open action and so into salvation from the shallow tragedy which was the sum of her futile life, but they only treated her as if she were a little queer and a strange Jerrold who must be humored. And Savina, on the edge of rebellion, always found herself fenced in by the most intangible and unconquerable difficulties.

She would have enjoyed a good battle, but there was no chance for such a thing because the forces she always found opposing her were so tenuous and indistinct that there was nothing to fight. It was like being smothered by rose petals. Family, wealth, prestige, and all the things which good fairies are supposed to bestow upon good (*Continued on page 144*)

Tuppy *changes* his

By P. G. Wodehouse

Miss Dalgleish, the Dogsbody girl, as Bertie called her.

"WHAT ho, Jeeves!" I said, entering the room where he waded knee-deep in suitcases and shirts and winter suitings, like a sea beast among rocks. "Packing?"

"Yes, sir," replied the honest fellow, for there are no secrets between us.

"Pack on!" I said approvingly. "Pack, Jeeves, pack with care. Pack in the presence of the passenjare." And I rather fancy I added the words "Tra-la!" for I was in merry mood.

Every year, starting about the middle of November, there is a good deal of anxiety and apprehension among owners of the better class of country house throughout England as to who will get Bertram Wooster's patronage for the Christmas holidays. It may be one, or it may be another. As my aunt Dahlia says, you never know where the blow will fall.

This year, however, I had decided early. It couldn't have been later than November tenth when a sigh of relief went up from a dozen stately homes as it became known that the short straw had been drawn by Sir Reginald Witherspoon, Bart., of Bleaching Court, Upper Bleaching, Hants.

In coming to the decision to give this Witherspoon my custom, I had been actuated by several reasons, not counting the fact that, having married Aunt Dahlia's husband's younger sister Katherine, he is by way of being a sort of uncle of mine. In the first place the Bart. does one extraordinarily well, both browsing and sluicing being above criticism. Then, again, his stables always contain something worth riding, which is a consideration. And thirdly, there is no danger of getting lugged into a party of amateur waits and having to tramp the countryside in the rain singing: "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night." Or, for the matter of that: "Noël! Noël!"

All these things counted with me, but what really drew me to Bleaching Court like a magnet was the knowledge that young Tuppy Glossop would be among those present.

I FEEL sure I have told you before about this black-hearted bird, but I will give you the strength of it once again, just to keep the records straight. He was the fellow, if you remember, who, ignoring a lifelong friendship, bet me one night at the Drones' that I wouldn't swing myself across the swimming bath by the ropes and rings and then, with almost inconceivable treachery, went and looped back the last ring, causing me to drop into the fluid and ruin one of the nattiest suits of dress clothes in London.

To execute a fitting vengeance on this bloke had been the ruling passion of my life ever since.

"You are bearing in mind, Jeeves," I said, "the fact that Mr. Glossop will be at Bleaching?"

"Yes, sir."

"And consequently, are not forgetting to put in the Giant Squirt?"

"No, sir."

"Nor the Luminous Rabbit?"

"No, sir."

"Good! I am rather pinning my faith on the Luminous Rabbit, Jeeves. I hear excellent reports of it on all sides. You wind it up and put it in somebody's room in the night watches, and it shines in the dark and jumps about, making odd, squeaking noises. The whole performance being, I should imagine, well calculated to scare young Tuppy into a decline."

"Very possibly, sir."

"Should that fail, there is always the Giant Squirt. We must leave no stone unturned to put it across the man somehow," I said. "The Wooster honor is at stake."

I would have spoken further on this subject, but just then the front doorbell buzzed.

"I'll answer it," I said. "I expect it's Aunt Dahlia. She phoned that she would be calling this morning."

It was not Aunt Dahlia. It was a telegraph boy with telegram. I opened it, read it and carried it back to the bedroom, the brow a bit knitted.

"Jeeves," I said, "a rummy communication has arrived. From Mr. Glossop."

"Indeed, sir?"

Mind—*and Good Old* JEEVES *helps him*

Illustrations by

James Montgomery Flagg

"I will read it to you. Handed in at Upper Bleaching.

"Message runs as follows: 'When you come tomorrow, bring my football boots. Also, if humanly possible, Irish water spaniel. Urgent. Regards. Tuppy.' What do you make of that, Jeeves?"

"As I interpret the document, sir, Mr. Glossop wishes you, when you come tomorrow, to bring his football boots. Also, if humanly possible, an Irish water spaniel. He hints that the matter is urgent, and sends his regards."

"Yes, that's how I read it, too. But why football boots?"

"Perhaps Mr. Glossop wishes to play football, sir."

I considered this.

"Yes," I said. "That may be the solution. But why would a man, staying peacefully at a country house, suddenly develop a craving to play football?"

"I could not say, sir."

"And why an Irish water spaniel?"

"There again I fear I can hazard no conjecture, sir."

"What *is* an Irish water spaniel?"

"A water spaniel of a variety bred in Ireland, sir."

"You think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, perhaps you're right. But why should I toil about the place collecting dogs—of whatever nationality—for young Tuppy? Does he think I'm Santa Claus? Is he under the impression that my feelings towards him, after that Drones' Club incident, are those of kindly benevolence? Irish water spaniels, indeed! Pshaw!"

"Sir?"

"Pshaw, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

The front doorbell buzzed again.

"Our busy morning, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. I'll go."

This time it was Aunt Dahlia. She charged in with the air of a woman with something on her mind, giving tongue, in fact, while actually on the very doormat.

"Bertie," she boomed, in that ringing voice of hers which cracks windowpanes and upsets vases, "I've come about that young hound, Glossop."

"It's quite all right, Aunt Dahlia," I replied soothingly. "I have the situation well in hand. The Giant Squirt and the Luminous Rabbit are being packed."

"I DON'T know what you're talking about, and I don't for a moment suppose you do, either," said the relative, somewhat brusquely, "but if you'll kindly stop gibbering for a moment I'll tell you what I mean. I have had a most disturbing letter from Katherine. About this reptile. Of course, I haven't breathed a word to Angela. She'd hit the ceiling."

This Angela is Aunt Dahlia's daughter. She and young Tuppy are generally supposed to be more or less engaged, though nothing definitely Morning Post-ed yet.

"Why?" I said.

"Why what?"

"Why would Angela hit the ceiling?"

"Well, wouldn't you, if you were practically engaged to a fiend in human shape and somebody told you he had gone off to the country and was flirting with a dog-girl?"

"With a—what was that once again?"

"A dog-girl. One of these dashed open-air flappers

¶ "A TELEGRAM *for you," I said. "Eh?" said Tuppy. I stirred him up a trifle, and he seemed to come to life.*

in thick boots and tailor-made tweeds who infest the rural districts and go about the place followed by packs of assorted dogs. I used to be one of them myself in my younger days, so I know how dangerous they are. Her name is Dalgleish. Old Colonel Dalgleish's daughter. They live near Bleaching."

I saw a gleam of daylight.

"Then that must be what his telegram was about. He's just wired, asking me to bring down an Irish water spaniel. A Christmas present for this girl, no doubt."

"Probably. Katherine tells me he seems to be infatuated with her. She says he follows her about like one of her dogs, looking like a tame cat and bleating like a sheep."

"Quite the private zoo, what?"

"Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia, and I could see her generous nature was stirred to its depths, "one more crack like that out of you, and I shall forget that I am an aunt and hand you one."

I became soothing. I gave her the old oil.

"I shouldn't worry," I said. "There's probably nothing in it. Whole thing no doubt much exaggerated."

"You think so, eh? Well, you know what he's like. You remember the trouble we had when he ran after that singing woman."

I recollected the case. You will find it elsewhere in the archives. Cora Bellinger was the female's name. She was studying for opera, and young Tuppy thought highly of her. Fortunately, however, she punched him in the eye during Beefy Bingham's clean, bright entertainment in Bermondsey East, and love died.

"Besides," said Aunt Dahlia, "there's something I haven't told you. Just before he went to Bleaching, he and Angela quarreled."

"They did?"

"Yes. I got it out of Angela this morning. She was crying her eyes out, poor angel. It was something about her last hat. As far as I could gather, he told her it made her look like a Pekingese, and she told him she never wanted to see him again in this world or the next. And he said 'Right ho!' and breezed off.

"I can see what has happened. This dog-girl has caught him on the rebound, and unless something is done quick, anything may happen. So place the facts before Jeeves, and tell him to take action the moment you get down there."

I am always a little piqued, if you know what I mean, at this assumption on the relative's part that Jeeves is so dashed essential on these occasions. My manner, therefore, as I replied, was a bit on the crisp side.

"Jeeves' services will not be required," I said. "I can handle this business. The program which I have laid out will be quite sufficient to take young Tuppy's mind off love-making. It is my intention to insert the Luminous Rabbit in his room at the first opportunity that presents itself.

"The Luminous Rabbit shines in the dark and jumps about, making odd, squeaking noises. It will sound to young Tuppy like the Voice of Conscience, and I anticipate that a single treatment will make him retire into a nursing home for a couple of weeks or so. At the end of which period, he will have forgotten the bally girl."

"Bertie," said Aunt Dahlia, with a sort of frozen calm, "you are the Abysmal Chump. Listen to me. It's simply because I am fond of you and have influence with the lunacy commissioners that you weren't put in a padded cell years ago. Bungle this business, and I withdraw my protection. Can't you understand that this thing is far too serious for any fooling about? Angela's whole happiness is at stake. Do as I tell you, and put it up to Jeeves."

"Just as you say, Aunt Dahlia," I said stiffly.

"All right, then. Do it now."

I went back to the bedroom.

"Jeeves," I said, and I did not trouble to conceal my chagrin, "you need not pack the Luminous Rabbit."

"Very good, sir."

"Nor the Giant Squirt."

"Very good, sir."

"They have been subjected to destructive criticism,

¶ *When they got up and started to count the survivors a sizable cove remained on the ground. The victim was carried off by a couple of his old chums.*

"CHEERIO, JEEVES." "Cheerio, sir, if I may use the expression."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

and the zest has gone. Oh, and Jeeves. Mrs. Travers wishes you, on arriving at Bleaching Court, to disentangle Mr. Glossop from a dog-girl."

"Very good, sir. I will attend to the matter and will do my best to give satisfaction."

That Aunt Dahlia had not exaggerated the perilous nature of the situation was made clear to me on the following afternoon. Jeeves and I drove down to Bleaching in the two-seater, and we were tooling along about halfway between the village and the Court when suddenly there appeared ahead of us a sea of dogs and in the middle of it young Tuppy frisking round one of those largish, corn-fed girls.

HE was bending toward her in a devout sort of way, and even at a considerable distance I could see that his ears were pink. His attitude, in short, was unmistakably that of a man endeavoring to push a good thing along: and when I came closer and noted that the girl wore tailor-made tweeds and thick boots, I had no further doubts.

"You observe, Jeeves?" I said in a low, significant voice.

"Yes, sir."

"The girl, what?"

"Yes, sir."

I tootled amiably on the horn and yodeled a bit. They turned—Tuppy, I fancied, not any too pleased.

"Oh, hullo, Bertie," he said.

"Hullo," I said.

"My friend Bertie Wooster," said Tuppy to the girl, in what seemed rather an apologetic manner. You know—as if he would have preferred to hush me up.

"Hullo," said the girl.

"Hullo," I said.

"Hullo, Jeeves," said Tuppy.

"Good afternoon, sir," said Jeeves.

There was a somewhat constrained silence.

"Well, good-by, Bertie," said young Tuppy. "You'll be wanting to push along, I expect."

We Woosters can take a hint as well as the next man.

"See you later," I said.

"Oh, rather," said Tuppy.

I set the machinery in motion again, and we rolled off.

"Sinister, Jeeves," I said. "You noticed that the subject was looking like a stuffed frog?"

"Yes, sir."

"And gave no indication of wanting us to stop and join the party?"

"No, sir."

"I think Aunt Dahlia's fears are justified. The thing seems serious."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, strain the brain, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

It wasn't till I was dressing for dinner that night that I saw young Tuppy again. He trickled in just as I was arranging the tie.

"Hullo!" I said.

"Hullo!" said Tuppy.

"Who was the girl?" I asked, in that casual, snaky way of mine. Offhand, I mean.

"A Miss Dalgleish," said Tuppy, and I noticed that he blushed a spot.

"Staying here?"

"No. She lives in that house just before you come to this place. Did you bring my football boots?"

"Yes. Jeeves has got them somewhere."

"And the water spaniel?"

"Sorry. No water spaniel."

"Dashed nuisance. She's set her heart on an Irish water spaniel."

"Well, what do you care?"

"I wanted to give her one."

"Why?"

Tuppy became a trifle haughty. Frigid. The rebuking eye.

"Colonel and Mrs. Dalgleish," he said, "have been very kind to me since I got here. They have entertained me. I naturally wish to make *(Continued on page 118)*

I *wouldn't t*

By O. O. M

¶ *Fifteen years ago—a failure.*

NEW YORK
Day by Day
By O. O. McIntyre
DIARY of a New Yorker:
Early betimes and play-
ing with my dog snapped out
one of his teeth with a towel
and affrighted to tell my
wife. And came a gentleman
who writes learnedly of fi-
nance and confident the year
1930 will be one of great
prosperity.
OUT to the Lo-
Bus-Reynolds
Restaurant and
came upon
Chamberlain
Dobbs, whom I
last saw at a
table in front of
the Cafe de la
Paix eight years
ago. And who
treat was a mild,
harmless cor-
dial but after sip-
ping three had
to go home in a
red wheeled fl-
acre.
After dusk did on my civet cat
great coat and walked far into
the park in the moonshine; think-
ing of th , that and the other.
Found a merry gathering and
Courtney Ryley Cooper told hi
lous stories of his days as p
Bill's press agent.
A YOUNG

AFTER fifteen years of conducting a syndicated newspaper column I would not trade jobs with anybody. That goes for the Prince of Wales, the Christmas-tree salesman and Rudy Vallée. Such enthusiasm is not difficult to explain. I had my try at many things and my yesterdays proved a nightmare of imperiled vision and defeat. All my occupational efforts fizzled until a freakish destiny catapulted me into the columning business.

And then I discovered the fulfillment of every lazy man's dream—to live without work. My todays are actual play, a happy succession of new interests, new thrills.

I have no clock to punch. I get up when I please, go where I please and retire in the same fashion. My office is where I take the lid off my typewriter—on a railroad train, in a steamer cabin, a hotel room or even an airplane.

In fifteen years I have visited the office of the gentlemen who syndicate my wares but once and that—ha, ha—was to sign a contract with an increase in salary.

The only order I ever received from them was a telegram on the eve of a departure for Europe with the command: "Have a good time!" There's a tough set of instructions, boys.

It has all been so soft that there are times when I skip around pinching myself, expecting to wake up back where I probably belong—at a newspaper copy desk, wearing a green eye shade and wondering if a harassed boarding-house lady will listen to reason.

As one of the many he-Cinderellas of modern journalism I am conscious that it may not last. Any day I expect to feel like the fellow with the high bicycle when the safety arrived.

Something new, something different is bound to come and attract the readers of newspaper columns just as naturally as the automobile followed the buggy. That is the inescapable law of progress.

But I have had my fun and if the eclipse arrives tomorrow or the day after I'll always believe I have been numbered among the lucky guys in a turbulent world.

My quixotic adventure in newspaper columning was launched from a hall room, four flights up and all the way back. I had reached that drab depth of poverty wherein I indulged in self-hair cuts and peeked covetously at the morning bottle of milk at the neighbor's door across the hall.

But my world was young and with that sublime optimism of youth I sang my song of the city on a one-lunged typewriter. After eight months of utterly futile metropolitan minnesinging without attracting the attention of a single newspaper editor I was ready, aye, determined, to quit and trek back to the little Ohio town whence I came—a failure. But fate as usual hung on the thread of coincidence!

It was a letter from the editor of a Bridgeport, Connecticut, paper, bless him, agreeing to accept my offer of three months' trial service free that turned my frail journalistic craft out of rough seas into pleasant waters. I carried on. And am I glad?

Had I surrendered when all human logic told me to quit, I probably would be sitting at some obscure desk in a corner of a busy editorial room.

So it is that what looked to be the most forlorn of syndicated newspaper hopes reaches an audience of more than twenty millions.

When I think of that vast audience I face an agonizing and complete mental sterility. The ideas will not come. My deliverance from this dilemma came about through an interview with a celebrated actor, who told me he saved himself from the tortures of stage fright by playing solely to a single person in his audience.

In this fashion, for many years, I have in my thought been addressing the people of my native village. Everything that I write is a daily letter home.

AND in trying to interest the people I know so well I discovered that I was interesting, to a certain degree, people I had never met—not only in small towns but in every large city in America, including New York.

It is trite to say that people are the same the world over, but in columning you find that is amazingly true. For instance, I have discovered one column topic with a universal appeal. That is food.

A new dish or a new method of cooking an old dish is sure fire. Such gastronomic garrulities have brought me letters from a President of the United States, a

trade Jobs *with* Hoover

McIntyre

housewife on the Kansas prairie, a rajah in India, a cowboy in Texas and the late Chauncey Depew.

It is, however, an article about a dog that brings the most letters. No person is so willing and eager to write his protests or congratulations as the dog lover.

Strangely enough, readers outside New York are more responsive to stories about the Bowery, Greenwich Village and aristocratic Park Avenue than about the street that whips the universe—Broadway. Coincidentally, the topic that seems to interest the native New Yorker more than any other concerns household innovations.

My mail averages a hundred letters a day. Most of it is of an interrogative or complimentary nature but there is always a sprinkling of mean-tempered and anonymous epistles.

For more than a year, for example, my column has been clipped from a San Francisco paper daily and mailed to me with critical notations in red pencil: "You are rotten!" "What trash!" et cetera.

Daily, too, for many months comes a tender missive from a lady who, touched by some mental twist, believes me to be her long-lost twin brother. A prisoner in San Quentin seems convinced I helped him to blow a safe, and a storekeeper in Des Moines wants forty dollars I borrowed "when we were in the navy."

Whenever I mention a longing for such old-fashioned yum-yums as gingersnaps, apple butter or sorghum molasses the response is immediate. Samples arrive from everywhere. Without any design whatever, I mentioned several years ago that my idea of a perfect gift for men was a dressing robe. I received fourteen. Incidentally, my automobile is not what it used to be.

Solely because I am a columnist, I am invited to first nights of stage and movie offerings, openings of night clubs, hotels and such. And—pardon the hysteria—I have been invited to cross the continent in a private airplane, to fly to Mexico and Cuba in the same fashion, and I have refused three trips around the world.

Come look over my shoulder at excerpts from the morning mail!

From Seattle, Washington: "If you ever come to Seattle, a fried-chicken dinner with all the trimmings—including preserved plums—awaits you."

From Prescott, Arizona: "I am on the last lap of a three-year chase of the cure. Your column has been a daily comfort."

From Ogden, Utah: "I am eighteen and am considered a beautiful type of blonde. I have $400 to spend on a ten-day visit to New York. If you will show me the town I will pay all the expenses."

From Atlanta, Georgia: "I can imitate ten different kinds of wild animals and more than a dozen birds. Everybody says I should go on the stage. If you will arrange it I will give you my first two weeks' salary."

From Portland, Maine: "I have told certain people here I am an intimate friend of Irvin Cobb. If you can get him to write me a letter, signing it, 'Your Pal—Irvin,' I will send you a certified check for $100."

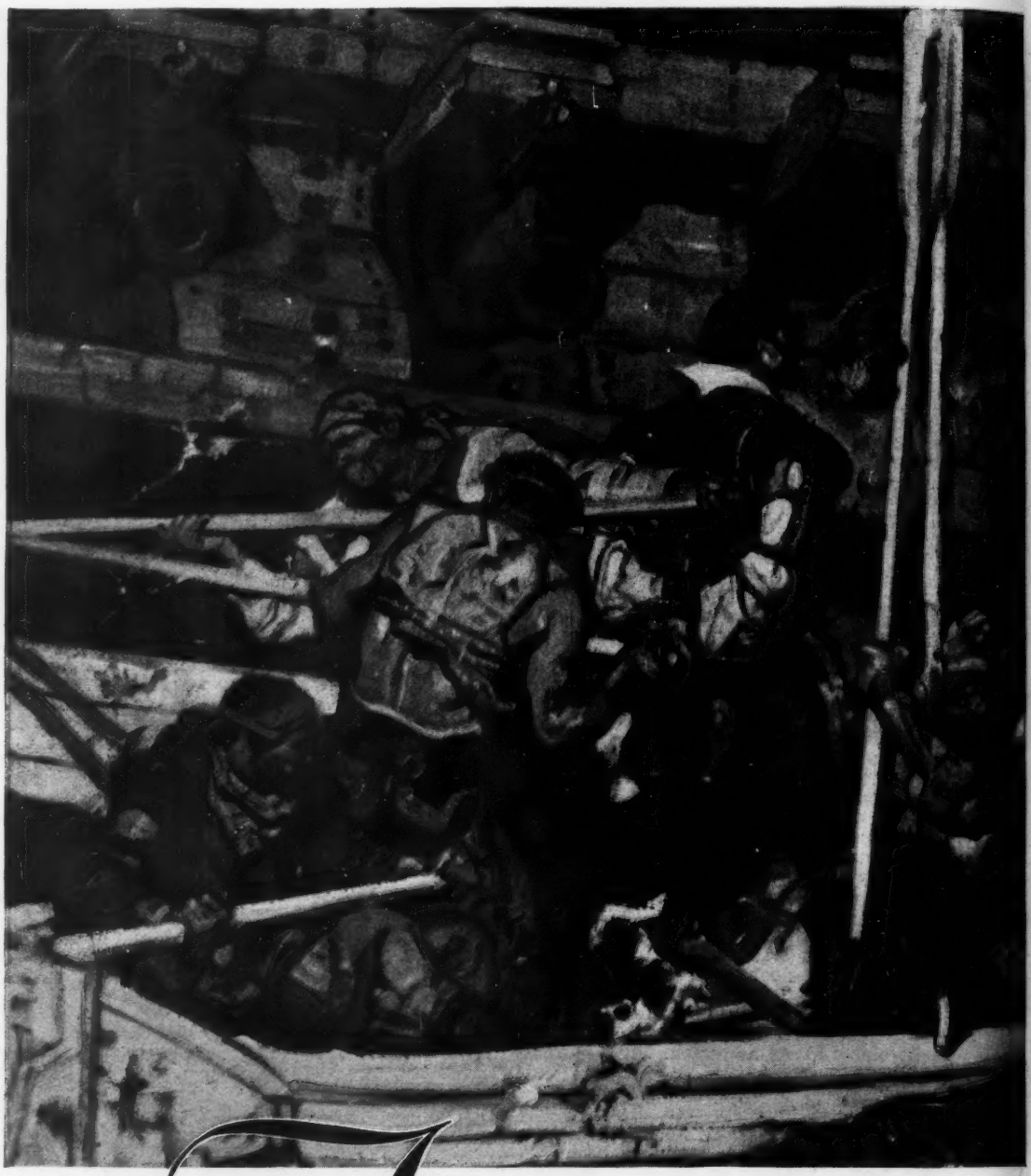
From Cincinnati, Ohio: "I have been out of work and am ill. I need $500 to put over a patent. Unless you raise this amount for me I intend to kill myself."

Thus does a columnist's daily mail offer its sweep of emotion. It is a constant reminder that the bulk of humanity is kindly and tolerant. I have thousands of unseen friends, many whose lives are epics of courage in affliction, who take time to cheer me on the way.

There are as many thousands more who look to my daily efforts to add a touch of sunshine to the drab realism of life. Indeed, I know of no job offering so many sacred obligations.

It is no concession to a mock modesty to say that I wish I were far worthier of such a trust but I can honestly say I am very, very humble.

¶ Today—*the only man who doesn't owe his success to hard work.*



Treasure

by Rafael Sabatini

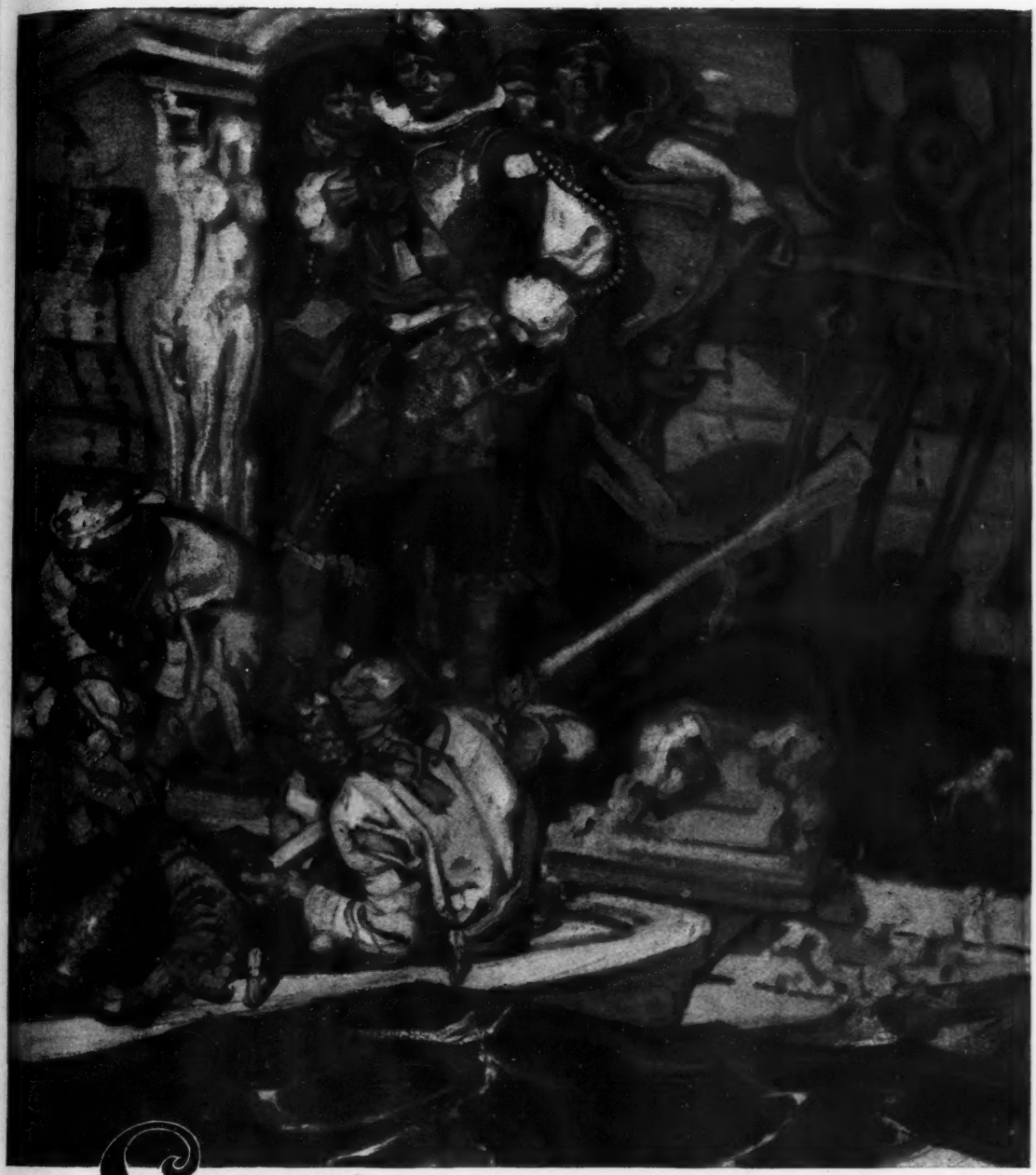
IT WAS a saying of Captain Blood's that the worth of a man manifests itself not so much in the ability to plan great undertakings as in the vision which perceives opportunity and the address which knows how to seize it.

He had certainly displayed these qualities in possessing himself of that fine Spanish ship, the Cinco Llagas, and in effecting his own escape and that of some twenty comrades from Barbados and the slavery imposed upon them by the government of King James II.

He had displayed them again in foiling the designs of that rascally buccaneer, Captain Easterling, to rob him of that noble vessel.

Meanwhile his own and his vessel's near escape made it clear that there was little safety for him in Tortuga waters, and therefore, in the dead of that same night, the great frigate which lately had been the pride of the Cádiz shipyards weighed anchor as quietly as such an operation might be performed.

With canvas spread to the faint favoring breeze from the shore, and with the ebb tide to help the maneuver, the Cinco Llagas stood out to sea. If groan of windlass, rattle of chain and creak of blocks had betrayed the action to Easterling aboard the Bonaventure, a cable's



Ship

A Story *of that Glamorous Rover* Captain Blood

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell

length away, it was not in Easterling's power to thwart Blood's intention. At least three-quarters of his rascally crew were in the taverns ashore and Captain Easterling was not disposed to attempt boarding operations with the remnant of his men, even though they outnumbered by two to one the hands of the Cinco Llagas.

Moreover, even had his full complement of two hundred been aboard, Easterling would still have offered no opposition to that departure. Although he might have attempted to get possession of the Cinco Llagas in Tortuga waters quietly and by strategy, not even his recklessness could consider seizing her by force in such a sanctuary, especially as the French governor, Monsieur d'Ogeron, appeared to favor Blood and his fellow fugitives.

Out on the open sea it would be another matter; and the tale of the manner in which the Cinco Llagas should come into Easterling's possession would be such as he would afterwards relate in Cayona.

So Captain Easterling suffered Peter Blood to depart unhindered, and was well content that he should do so. Nor did he trouble to follow until the following morning was well advanced, trusting to his wits to give him the direction Blood would take and to the greater speed of

the Bonaventure to overhaul him before he should have gone far enough for safety.

His reasoning was shrewd enough. He knew that since the Cinco Llagas was not victualed for a long voyage, there could be no question yet of any attempt to sail for Europe. First she must be equipped, and since to equip her Blood dared approach no English or Spanish settlement, it followed that he must steer for one of the Dutch colonies, which were ready to befriend any enemy of Spain and any outlaw of England. Nor was Blood likely without experienced pilotage to venture among the dangerous reefs of the Bahamas.

It was therefore an easy inference that his destination would be the Leeward Islands with intent to put in at Saint Martin, Saba or Saint Eustatius. Confident, then, of overtaking her before she could make the nearest of those Dutch settlements, two hundred leagues away, the pursuing buccaneer steered an easterly course along the northern shores of Hispaniola.

Things, however, were not destined to be so simple as he conjectured. The wind, at first favorable, veered towards evening to the east, and throughout the night increased in vehemence; so that by dawn—an angry dawn with skies ominously flushed—the Bonaventure not merely had made no progress, but had actually drifted some miles out of her course.

THEN towards noon the wind shifted to the south, and it came on to blow harder than ever. It blew up a storm from the Caribbean, and for twenty-four hours the Bonaventure rode it out with bare yards and hatches battened against the pounding seas that tossed her like a cork from trough to crest.

¶ EASTERLING'S BUCCANEERS *raged so fiercely that they could be heard aboard said Captain Blood. The roar of the gun brought the buccaneers*

It was fortunate that the burly Easterling was not only a stout fighter but also an able seaman. Under his skilled handling, the Bonaventure came through the ordeal unscathed, to resume the chase when at last the storm had passed and the wind had settled to a steady breeze from the southwest. With crowded canvas the sloop now went scudding through the heaving seas.

Easterling heartened his followers with the reminder that the hurricane which had delayed them must no less have delayed the Cinco Llagas; that, indeed, considering the lubbers who handled the erstwhile Spanish frigate, it was likely that the storm had made things easier for the Bonaventure.

What exactly the storm had done for them they were to discover on the following morning, when off Cape Engaño they sighted a galleon which at first they supposed to be the quarry, but which soon they perceived to be some other vessel. That she was Spanish was advertised not only by her towering build, but by the banner of Castile at the head of her mainmast. On the yards of this mainmast all canvas was close-reefed, and under the spread of only foresail, mizzen and sprit, she was laboring towards the Mona Passage.

The sight of her in her partially crippled condition stirred Easterling like a hound at sight of a deer. For the moment the quest of the Cinco Llagas was forgotten; here was more immediate prey.

At the poop rail he bawled his orders rapidly. In obedience, the decks were cleared with feverish speed and the nettings spread to catch any spars that might be shot down in the approaching action.

Chard, Easterling's lieutenant, a short, powerful man who was a dullard in all things save the handling of a ship and the wielding of a cutlass, took the helm. The gunners cleared the leaden aprons from the touchholes and swung their glowing matches, ready for the word of command. For however disorderly and unruly that crew might be at ordinary times, it knew the need for discipline when battle was to be joined.

Watchful on the poop, Easterling surveyed the Spaniard upon which he was bearing down. His practiced eye read her immediate past history at a glance, and his harsh guttural voice announced what he read to Chard, who stood below him at the whipstaff.

"She would be homing for Spain when the hurricane caught her. She's sprung her mainmast and likely suffered other damage besides, and she's beating back for repairs."

Easterling laughed in his throat and stroked his dense black beard. The little eyes, close-set in his great red face, glinted wickedly. "Give me a homing Spaniard, Chard. There'll be treasure aboard that bulk. By heaven, we're in luck at last."

the Cinco Llagas. "These rogues need quickening," swarming to the waiting boats with the speed of fear.

He was, indeed. It had long been his grievance that the Bonaventure was unequal to tackling the real prizes of the Caribbean. And he never would have dared to attack this heavily armed galleon but that in her crippled condition she was unable to maneuver so as to bring her guns to bear upon his flanks.

She gave him now a broadside from her starboard quarter, and by doing so sealed her own doom. The Bonaventure, coming head-on, presented little target and save for a round shot in her forecastle took no damage. Easterling answered the fire with chasers on his prow, aiming high and sweeping the Spaniard's decks. Then, nimbly avoiding her clumsy attempt to go about and change their relative positions, the Bonaventure was alongside on the quarter of her empty guns.

There was a rattling, thudding jar, a creak of entangled rigging, a crack and clatter of broken spars and the thud of grapnels rending into the Spaniard's timbers to bind her fast, and then, tight-locked, the two vessels went drifting down wind.

Led by the colossal Easterling the buccaneers, after discharging a volley of musketry, swarmed like ants over the Spaniard's bulwarks. Two hundred of them there were, fierce fellows in loose leathern breeches, some with shirts as well but the majority naked to the waist, and by that brown muscular nakedness the more terrific of aspect.

To receive them stood a bare fifty Spaniards in corselet and morion, drawn up in the galleon's waist as if upon parade, with muskets calmly leveled and a hawk-faced officer in a plumed hat commanding them.

The officer spoke an order, and a volley from the muskets (*Continued on page 127*)

The Specialist laments a Lost Art

By Charles "Chic" Sale

WELL, sir, folks, I've been doin' a little ponderin' an' thinkin' on a subject that's o' vital importance t' this here country but you don't hear any talkin' about it in public. She ain't even mentioned in mixed gatherin's an' when you find a subject that ain't talked about by men an' wimmin at these here modern parties you want t' look out, fer they's somethin' wrong.

Now I always wuz a feller t' take th' bull by th' horns an' say right out what I think an' danged if it don't seem t' me like it's time somebody was callin' attention t' one o' th' most disconcertin' problems that's facin' this country an' that's th' chawin'-tobaccer situation. It's gittin' harder t' find a chaw o' tobaccer than it is t' find a drink o' likker an' they ain't no law ag'in' chawin'.

Danged if it don't seem like that's th' main trouble. If they'd jest had a law passed ag'in' it when it wuz popular th' chances are chawin' would still be as fashionable as drinkin'.

You take th' wimmin, fer instance. They wuz always ag'in' both an' they'd 'a' voted ag'in' chawin' too but danged if th' tobaccer folks didn't see which way th' cat wuz goin' t' jump an' try t' head her off.

They got th' wimmin-folks t' usin' them little cu-bebby cigarets an' where's your chawin' tobaccer gone? Why, I'll be slab-dabbed if she ain't gone up in smoke.

An' th' way it looks now, smokin' an' drinkin' is both here t' stay. When you git a thing t' th' point o' bein' stylish enough t' have th' wimmin-folks take it up, why, they ain't no laws goin' t' change th' situation. Th' only way t' ever git anythin' done about it is t' change th' styles.

Now you take advertisin', fer instance. It's done more'n anythin' else t' change wimmin's minds about tobaccer. If th' chawin'-tobaccer folks had jest thought o' puttin' out some pictures o' a beautiful woman drivin' her sport car with one hand, while bitin' off a chaw from a plug o' tobaccer held daintily in th' other, why, th' chances are it wouldn't 'a' been no time till th' feller that chawed on th' sly, an' kept his extra plug hid under th' parlor clock, would 'a' come home an' found it gone. An' he'd 'a' knowed th' Missus had found it an' passed it around while she wuz entertainin' th' girls o' th' Thursday Bridge Club.

When you stop t' figger it out it's a danged shame they didn't think o' tryin' t' make chawin' fashionable. You take th' one item, cuspidors, fer instance. Back in th' days when chawin' wuz bein' practiced by most o' th' men-folks o' th' community you could go into a home an' tell right away who wuz th' boss an' whether th' man or his wife wore th' pants.

If they wuz a sprinklin' o' cuspidors scattered around handy like you'd jest know she didn't wear 'em —as th' feller sez.

Now if chawin' had been made stylish jest think what a heap o' pleasure these here artistic wimmin could git out o' doin' hand-painted cuspidors fer bridge prizes an' Christmas presents. O' course you might say th' fancy ash tray has took th' place o' cuspidors, but danged if it don't seem t' me like they don't set a place off like a substantial cuspidor with ferget-me-nots hand-painted on her.

THEY wuz a time when you couldn't find a hotel lobby or a barber shop that didn't have boxes o' sawdust—o' course th' tony places did run t' th' polished brass cuspidor a right smart—but danged if it ain't gittin' so you can't find 'em any more. Jest these long-necked fancy jars filled with sand.

Well, sir, folks, sand is all right in its place but if th' chawers in this country had 'a' had more o' it in their craws they'd 'a' been a dad-blamed sight less o' it in these fancy crocks an' more sawdust in boxes.

Fer, in one sense o' th' word, th' chawers kinda brung it on themselves. Instead o' comin' right out in th' open unashamed they wuz so danged many o' them that wuz sneakin' about their chawin'.

Around th' grocery store an' th' livery stable they'd be brazen as you please but jest

Good Clean Fun (so to speak) *from the pen of the* Humorist *who* created *the* Most Amusing Character *of the* Year

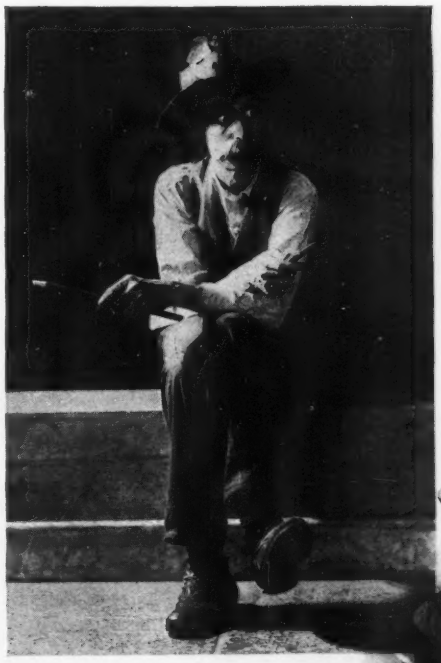
as quick as they'd git home they'd start compromisin'.

An' th' young fellers that wuz sparkin' girls wuz th' worst o' all. They'd eat a lot o' cloves or else buy chawin' gum t' fool th' girl with. They's been many a girl fooled on a stick o' gum. It's a danged shame too, when you think o' it.

There she'd be—pretty as a picture, trustin' an' innocent an' maybe jest a mite suspicious. She'd see th' feller's jaws a-kinda workin' an' ask: "Elmer, are you chawin' somethin'?" "Jest a little gum," he'd say, an' then he'd give her a stick jest t' keep her from doubtin' his word.

Well, sir, folks, you can see no good wuz goin' t' come out o' that kind o' carryin'-on. Th' worst wuz bound t' happen an' it did. Look where chawin' gum stands t'day an' look what happened t' chawin' tobaccer.

Now you take war, fer instance. It jest couldn't go on without tobaccer. Some wars have been fought over tobaccer; some have been won by it, but every danged one o' them has been paid fer by it. Th' decline o' chawin' can be traced back t' th' Spanish-American War. Plug tobaccer wuz jest in th' height o' its glory when that war come along an' th' gover'ment slapped a tax on tobaccer t' pay fer th' ammynition.



Every plug had a little line drawed on her t' show th' storekeeper where t' cut fer a dime's worth without cuttin' his thumb. Well, sir, danged if th' tobaccer folks didn't try t' warn th' chawers what wuz comin' by drawin' little lines on th' plug so they could see what they used t' git fer their dime an' what they wuz gittin' after th' tax went on—jest about half as much.

Did th' chawers do anythin' about it? Not a dad-blamed thing but cuss th' storekeepers. Well, sir, that wuz th' start o' chawin's downfall. O' course they's still some chawin' bein' done but she ain't open an' aboveboard no more. Fellers that chaws in this day an' age act as sheepish over it as a egg-stealin' dog.

An' their wimmin friends will talk about it like it wuz th' latest murder: "Did you hear about Ed?" "I've knowed him twenty year an' never dreamed it!" "You could 'a' knocked me down with a feather!" They'll talk so danged fast they won't be able t' keep their cigarets lit.

You take a feller that chaws a little an' don't give a dang who knows it—well, sir, he don't git no satisfaction out o' it unless he's out where he can cut loose an' do a good old-fashioned job o' it without worryin' about bystanders.

Now they ain't nothin' that'll bring a man's real nature out like chawin' tobaccer. You take "Shrimp" Shelton that worked in th' bank, a quiet, ladylike little feller. He asked me t' take him huntin' with me. Well, we wuz follerin' some fresh rabbit tracks, when we run into one o' them "No Huntin'" signs. I stopped, takin' in th' situation, sort o' puzzled. Absent-minded like, I takes out a chaw o' tobaccer an' wuz jest brushin' it off on my pants leg when "Shrimp" sez: "What kind you usin', Lem? Horseshoe?" I sez: "Yes—want a chaw?" never thinkin' fer a second he'd take it.

Well, dogged if he didn't bite off th' standard man-size mouthful—throws it back in his cheek like an old head an' starts munchin'—half chawin', half wallerin'—experienced an' natural like, eyin' that "No Huntin'" sign. She was about eight by ten inches—nailed on a saplin' an' fifteen feet away if she wuz an inch.

Remember "Shrimp" wuz a little feller not heftin' over a hundred an' twenty-five, gun an' all. He looked at me out th' corner o' his eye an' drawed a bead on that sign, stiffened, snapped his head forward an' let go—centerin' that sign with a pop.

From then on th' girlish look seemed t' leave him. I looked at him an' he looked at me an' we walked right on past that sign side by side, makin' no reference t' it—haven't t' this day.

Before that I jest sort o' ignored his remarks on this an' that. But since then I weigh ever'thin' he sez carefully, never thinkin' o' his small stature any more. We're stanch friends. An' that's only one o' many friendships that's been brought on by a chaw o' tobaccer taken in man-t'-man fashion.

Now'days if a feller runs short an' wants t' ask somebody fer a chaw he don't know which way t' turn. Like as not if you pick out some big husky feller with a suspicious-lookin' mustache an' ask him fer a chaw, ten chances t' one he'll hand you a stick o' licorice gum.

An' another thing, you take whittlin', fer instance. Whittlin' jest naturally went along with chawin'. A feller could sort o' time th' swing o' his knife t' th' swing o' his jaws an' spend many a pleasant hour whittlin' an' chawin' an' swappin' yarns with th' boys.

Danged if th' whole system o' livin' ain't changed. Th' livery stable where th' boys used t' gather has been turned into a garage an' th' only thing that reminds a feller o' th' good old days is th' "No Smokin'" signs.

They's a lot o' young folks walkin' round th' streets smokin' cu-bebby cigarets that would 'a' been spanked fer playin' with matches jest a few year ago.

An' if a feller drops in fer a visit with folks an' sets around till bedtime he has t' grope his way t' th' front door feelin' like a side o' bacon that's been hangin' in th' smokehouse over a green hickory-log fire. An' he can be danged thankful if he gits out without breakin' a leg over one o' them fancy smokin' stands.

Well, sir, folks, I don't want t' take any snap judgment because I ain't fer an' I ain't ag'in', but bein' a feller that belongs t' th' old school I can't help thinkin' that where there's so danged much smoke they ought t' be a little chawin'.

The Party

The Novel about a WOMAN who refused to believe LIFE was over at 40

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

The Story So Far:

ON THE night of the Memorial Day dance at the Eastlake Country Club Nina Henry wears for the first time a dress made by Ishtarre, the famous Paris dressmaker. Heretofore Nina Henry has been a conventional wife and mother, but with the donning of this dress, which her friend Mary Gow brought her from Paris, she feels that she has become a different person. When she looks into the mirror she sees there a stranger. Is it possible that a mere dress can so change her, give her this sense of power, of vitality? she wonders. If it can, she tells herself, it's all wrong. It's immoral . . .

First her husband, and then other men at the dance proved to her that there was something special about the dress. Nina had never had such a good time at any dance. It was, apparently, a dress that attracted men. Besides Francis Ambler, who had been in love with her for some time, Roderick Wade, a young married man, and Joel Bache, a friend and neighbor, evinced new interest in her.

And that same night Nina met Chalke Ewing, Mary Gow's brother. He had queer ideas, but that was understandable, for he lived on a sugar plantation in Cuba and he spent his time, Nina supposed, smoking and drinking rum swizzle and making love. She found his conversation interesting at first, but later Chalke kissed her and her interest deepened into love. She realized, with complete surprise, that she had never really been in love before, though up to that moment she had been normally content with her husband, Wilson Henry, who was a successful business man.

Soon after the first kiss Chalke told Nina that he wanted to marry her as soon as possible and he wanted to tell Wilson at once. He wouldn't have an "affair" with her. "There is only one question," he said, "and it is decency. The rest can wait."

For Nina the matter wasn't so simple. She would have to arrange an enormous amount before she could marry him and be with him always. Besides, she wanted to be happy for a little. Free from bother.

Next day Chalke told her again, "I love you so much I won't wait a minute longer than necessary to have you. I want to have it over with tonight."

Dress

A curious numbness of realization spread through Nina when Mary Gow told her Chalke had gone. She had driven him away. He had gone without giving her a chance to explain how much she loved him. Chalke had thought only about himself and his honor.

By Joseph hergesheimer

"Oh, Chalke, not tonight," she begged. "I can't tell Wilson tonight because I couldn't answer any of the questions he would ask me." It seemed to her that a shadow fell on Chalke's face. "It isn't only Wilson—I have to think about the children," she explained. "I mean about telling them. I want to leave as good an impression as possible."

That evening Wilson told her that he had to go South on business, and Nina suggested that while he was there he might go to see Cora Lisher, who was in Georgia on a visit. Nina knew that for some time Wilson had been having an "affair" with Cora, and she had been strangely indifferent. Now she was glad that he had Cora to turn to.

During Wilson's absence Francis Ambler and Chalke came to dinner with Nina. The two men disagreed and before dinner was served Francis departed in a rage.

The night was breathlessly hot. After dinner Nina and Chalke drove to the quarry swimming pool, where Nina insisted on swimming with h'm in the still darkness.

Close beside him on the platform of the pool, she said: "Chalke, I'm forty and I've never been entirely happy before."

"I think that all my life I've been waiting for this. For you," he told her. And then, "You must get dressed, Nina."

Nina was filled with acute disappointment. She had failed. She had not conquered Chalke Ewing. Mary Gow had told her once that Chalke was an idealist. It was that, perhaps, which made him strong enough to resist her.

But back at home once more, it was finally Nina who won out, after all . . .

AFTER breakfast, when she had dressed, Nina's spirits rose; she was full of a cheerful ability—the small responsibilities of her house, with her customary trip to the stores, required almost no time at all. She told Harriet that she must learn to let her head save her feet. Nina was very energetic with Rhoda. It was difficult to realize that the house she was engaged with would soon no longer be hers. The table linen she had added to with such care, the luncheon cloths and tea cloths she knew so intimately, would pass into other hands. Cora Lisher's.

Nina kept the windows, the tables, bright with flowers—with white and coral blossoms in the spring, garden roses and copper-colored chrysanthemums in the fall, heavily sweet freesia in late winter. The flower vases stood in a closet in the dining room; she arranged them in the pantry; but all that soon would be changed. Nina didn't believe that Cora cared much for flowers. There never were any in her own house. Probably Cora thought that Anna Louise was sufficiently flowerlike.

Nina came to the Club in the Ishtarre Dress, determined to

pay Ewing for his Desertion. After all, there were Other Men

She must, Nina recognized, if she did not want women like Cora Lisher, strange women, investigating the privacies of her life, find whatever she owned that was personal and make some disposition of it herself. There were closets of old things upstairs, clothes and innumerable boxes of letters and trifles, she had not seen literally for years. Pictures and fans and gloves and old dance programs with minute pink pencils held by faded ribbons. Souvenirs of the girl she had been. She had stored them away for no reason but the fact that they had been part of her life.

The past, Nina discovered, became romantic simply because it was the past. It had gone. Nothing could ever bring it back again—the years would not return, the days would not return, the minutes never come again. And as the minutes and days and years vanished, you vanished with them; and so you looked back regretfully at what you could never have, what you could never be, again.

It went like a flash, too—you were at West Point, at your first hop in Cullum Hall; there was a terribly attentive cadet giving you buttons from his uniform; there was a breath of music, locust trees flowering in the night; and then, looking at the military buttons again, you saw that they had been in a pasteboard box, tied together, for almost twenty-five years, tarnished with age. Time went like that.

This, Nina informed herself, did not make her sad or really regretful; it was simply that, for a moment or two, she could see life with an entire clearness; it was possible to know that the past was romantic without being unhappy about it. Chalke Ewing kept her from unhappiness. The feeling that he loved her, that she belonged to him, made every other feeling in the world unimportant.

A question Nina had already asked herself came back for answer—how much, of all that Wilson Henry had given her, ought she to take away? Nina decided one thing immediately—she would leave her jewelry, all of it, for Cordelia. She'd put it in a box, with a letter and a careful list, seal it, and have it given to her daughter. She didn't want to give it to her.

Nina went to the drawer in her dressing table where her jewelry was put and laid it all out. She was still, she found, wearing the circle of diamonds that served her for a wedding ring, and she took that off—finally, Nina thought—and laid it with the rest.

A HARD-BOILED guy, Laurence Stallings. If you don't believe it look at his hard-boiled brain children, Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt of "What Price Glory?"—and those tough birds in "The Big Parade."

Stallings was Over There himself; he knows what it was all about. Yes, sir, a real hard-boiled guy, Stallings.

That's what you thought. And that's what we thought—until a few weeks ago when we read Laurence Stallings' first short story for COSMOPOLITAN. It is called "The Return of Pan." It tells something of the war. But mostly it tells of a doughboy who went back to the old scenes—and a girl—ten years later.

Hard-boiled? Say! If you haven't control over your tear ducts don't read this story where anybody can see you. Yes, we admit it, we wept. With this warning we announce "The Return of Pan" by Laurence Stallings in May COSMOPOLITAN.

Genthe

Well, she had a string of pearls; beautifully rosy in color. She owned a flexible diamond bracelet, the first Wilson had bought for her, and a second diamond bracelet, much more impressive than the first, with square-cut diamonds; Nina had bracelets of dark perfect sapphires and of platinum and gold links; she owned a big diamond bar pin, a small circle of diamonds and "Nina" spelled in diamonds for her hats or shoulder.

Her engagement ring was quite lovely—it had a star ruby set as simply as possible in a platinum loop—and she owned an emerald guard ring. One of her watches was ornamental, with diamonds and onyx, secured with a band of pearls; the other, for day, was on a plaited-leather wristband.

Those were the principal things; there were countless others, less important—silver brooches of her earliest girlhood, enameled bracelets and pins, and jet that had belonged to her mother—she would keep them—and crystal and silver and gold cuff links of her own. Yes, they must all go to Cordelia; except some cuff links; she'd like to leave them for Acton.

She could not arrange that now, however; she might have to wear some of her things. Chalke was not going to speak to Wilson tonight. He couldn't; Wilson was away. Nina hoped that his trip, that Cora, had not been a disappointment.

Chalke could not be severe about Wilson and their situation tonight. Nina was glad—she belonged utterly to him; what he wanted, what he valued, she wanted and held valuable. It was only that she didn't want her new miraculous happiness disturbed so soon.

She didn't want to put off her perfect happiness, Nina answered herself; she wanted to approach it slowly, in her own way. For example—she had to attend to all the things she had just been thinking about. She couldn't do that properly after Wilson knew she was going to leave him. That period would be horrible—like a nightmare.

She belonged to Chalke Ewing more wholly than ever before: until last night she had scarcely known what it meant; but, Nina was forced to admit, she was happy with him right at that minute. Their situation, that bothered Chalke so much, didn't worry her at all. She never gave it, or Wilson, a thought.

She didn't, yet, want to change her state for an even more ideal state. She was a little afraid of all change. Chalke was right in that it would be wonderful to have all the trouble behind them. Done with.

Nina's mind shifted rapidly from one conclusion to another. She became annoyed with her thoughts—they would not stay, comfortable or uncomfortable, in one place. She must see that they did. The other was too distracting. At one moment she was romantic about the past, the next moment she was entirely practical about her jewelry; she wanted to be with Chalke, alone with him in the burning heat of Cuba; and then, it seemed, she was content to be separated from him by Eastlake. A sharper understanding of that second situation came to her—she enjoyed loving Chalke in their present manner: it satisfied something deeply resentful in her being. She was resentful with Wilson because he had possessed, limited, her for so many years. For years she had invested all that she was in him and now she discovered she hadn't been getting nearly enough in return.

She was, at last, simply sick of always being decent. Restrained. Chalke Ewing had spoken about that, about the private lowness of women, the first time she had heard him talk. It was another proof of the fact that he was always right.

And now—this was really funny—that very trait was faintly opposed to his passionate desire for a regular and safe form of love. She (*Continued on page 204*)

PEARLS

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrations by Gustaf Tenggren

FATHER BRILLING'S natives were sweet-tempered and docile. They came willingly to the little church which they had built for him, and sang the responses and the hymns at the top of their lungs. The women were modest and wore Mother Hubbards. The men wore trousers (on Sundays, shirts and trousers), and even the children wore something.

The natives neither quarreled nor stole. They traded like gentlemen. No man among them had a reputation for driving sharp bargains. They allowed nobody to go hungry. They were kind to their horses and cattle, to their dogs and cats and pigs and tame sea gulls.

Even the dogs and cats were kind to each other. They often could be seen sleeping together in little masses. There was neither a rich man in the village nor a poor one.

For this state of affairs Father Brilling thanked nature a great deal and himself very little. As the natives were now, so they had been thirty years ago when he had first come among them. To preach Christianity to a people among whom the Golden Rule has worked smoothly for centuries is perhaps an impertinence. He sometimes thought so. He often doubted if he had ever made a sincere convert to the Christian faith.

But as a mechanic and doctor he had been of real help to them. And he had managed, at first with difficulty and in the face of furious temptation, to lead a blameless life. If they did not respect him for his beliefs, they respected him for his ability and for his habits. As for all the clothes which he had forced upon them, they had grown used to them. It was doubtful if their bodies could now long withstand the tropic sun.

It was Father Brilling himself who repented that he had felt forced to introduce the Mother Hubbard. He was in the church because his mother had wished it.

He had wished to be an artist. He had a fine eye for color, form and pattern. When he had first seen the golden natives in their red-and-white loin cloths he had thought them the most beautiful things in the world. That beauty he had willfully destroyed for the peace of his own soul.

Once a month the entire population of the village, with the exception of Wing Loo, the Chinese storekeeper and his family, and Father Brilling himself, vanished into the mountains and did not reappear until the afternoon of the third day.

Once a month the chief told him a story of shrimps and oranges and *fei*, but Father Brilling suspected that the chief had his tongue in his cheek. It was true the excursion always brought back plenty of shrimps and oranges and great burdens of the banana-like *fei*, but such things are plentiful in the mountains.

FATHER BRILLING strongly imagined that the monthly disappearance had to do with ancestral funeral caves, with hideous idols of wood and stone, pagan rites, and orgies of eating and drinking.

In his youth he had attempted to accompany one of these expeditions. But it had moved too fast for him and his heart had failed. Spiritually his heart was

almost a perfect organ, but physically it was not up to much. Moreover, his head, though good for many things, was not good for heights.

So for three days out of each month he wondered what his little flock was up to, and had his suspicions, and hoped they were unfounded. And thinking of human frailty, he smiled a little, and worried a little, and read a little, and tinkered a little, and pottered a little about the deserted village.

ONE day when he was thus abandoned to his own devices he pottered into the workshop of Tuture (Too-too-ray) the carpenter, and in the jaws of the workbench vise discovered a fine block of pua wood, which obviously was being shaped into an obscene wooden idol.

"Shame on him!" said Father Brilling. "He being a pillar in the church, and her loudest singer."

In habit the pua resembles the banyan. Each starts life as a single tree and in old age becomes a grove. But the banyan is only useful as a roosting place for crows. The pua, on the other hand, makes valuable lumber. The wood is a pleasant yellow, almost the color of boxwood. It is exceedingly close-grained. Unseasoned, it carves as readily and smoothly as mouse-trap cheese. In seasoning, it neither warps nor shrinks, but hardens and hardens until it is like iron.

Considering, then, the alluring quality and color of the unseasoned pua wood in conjunction with a rack of beautifully sharpened chisels and gouges, Father Brilling became a victim of temptation. For all the daylight of two days he would be what God had meant him to be—an artist.

In addition, he would give that loud-singing pillar of his church, Tuture, a sharp lesson.

He removed the roughed-in idol from the vise, and turning it this way and that, frowned and pursed his lips, seeking inspiration.

Tuture, as always, had laid out his work with knowledge and method. Anyone familiar with island idols must have guessed the end he had in view—a god narrow in the cranium, with piglike eyes under enormous and bulging eyebrows, a tremendous nose, long and hooked, immense ears, chicken-breasted, viciously male.

Among and beneath the blocking-in of these repellent features, Father Brilling began presently to see the possibilities of a sweet and mellow loveliness. He saw a heavenly Mary with a joyous little Jesus in her arms.

Forthwith he seized a gouge and began to reduce Tuture's inspiration to the rough shape of his own.

As a boy Father Brilling had been a maker and a carver-out of bog-oak walking sticks with dogs' or horses' or stags' heads to swing them by. He had always been a great whittler with a knife. But he had never tackled a Mary or a Jesus, let alone the two of them in the one group. Nevertheless, he seemed to know precisely what had to be done and precisely how to do it.

Working lovingly through all the daylight hours of two days, he removed one last least shaving from the side of a dear little uptilted nose and perceived at once that his masterpiece was finished. There was nothing more that he could do.

A general keyhole shape furnished Mary at once with a rayed halo and a broadly flared and pleated skirt. These were both, and designedly, too big for her. She resembled a child dressed as a grown-up. Her hair waved back from a widow's peak. She looked downward at her baby; but he looked straight out with joyous roguishness at all the world.

ON THE last day of the diving Raihoa, friend of the sky, found a pearl of great price. All the village was to know the power of Raihoa's great find, but not even Father Brilling knew the secret of the pearl.

Tuture, ordinarily the calmest and most self-possessed of natives, was badly rattled. A *tupapau* is a ghost. Tuture looked as if he had seen one. He could not speak. He could only jerk his thumb in the direction of the house in which he lived and increased his tribe, and the workshop in which he worked to support them.

Arrived at the shop door, Tuture stood back and gladly allowed Father Brilling to precede him. Father Brilling perceived at once that his carving had not been removed from the vise in which he had left it. But he pretended that he did not see anything.

"Well, Tuture," he said, "what is the trouble you are in?"

Tuture pointed to the carving. "I had begun something altogether else," he said, and after hesitation, "A model it was to be for a sailing canoe. And now look!"

"But she is a Holy Virgin and Child!" exclaimed

Father Brilling. "And you have made her as a surprise for me and the church, you being the good Christian man!"

He removed the Virgin reverently from the vise, and setting her on the bench, stepped backward, the better to admire her.

But Tuture kept plucking at his sleeve. "When I am starting into the mountains," he said, "she is the beginning of a model for a sailing canoe. When I come back—she is this!"

"Are you telling me that you did not carve her yourself—the devout Christian man and famous carver that you are?"

"How should I, who have never seen a white *wahine*, set about carving one?"

"I had never thought of that at all. And how in the world should you? And if not you, how, then, should another carver, there being no other carver in the island at all?

"Be on your knees, Tuture, and I'll be down on mine."

They knelt among the yellow shavings and bowed their heads before the image.

"And now," said Father Brilling, "be giving thanks to God, or perhaps better it would be to Jesus, who, being himself a carpenter, has made a miracle before the grace of which we are down upon our knees in the dust."

So they knelt, and Father Brilling really prayed. But what thought was behind the praying words which Tuture had learned by heart and now uttered is unknown. It is reasonable to suppose that the belief which he had in his own gods was shaken. It must have seemed as if they had gypped him.

REVERENTLY carrying the little Virgin and her joyous baby, and followed by the entire population of the village, with the exception of the Chinese storekeeper and his family, Father Brilling led the way to and into his little church and placed the miraculous carving upon the altar.

He did not feel that he had done wrong in imposing upon the credulous Tuture, and the other villagers.

Since his stories of the true miracles of Christ had failed to convince them, it was fair enough to convince them by a false miracle. The main thing was to get them convinced. They would be of this mind themselves, when after death they came to see how barely they had escaped the fires of hell.

"When are you going to the mountains, honest Tuture?"

"And what would I be going to the mountains for, Holy Father?"

"Some of the others do be going."

"They will not be gone away long. Tomorrow they will be coming back with shrimps and with oranges and with *fei*."

"They used to be taking three days for the spearing and gathering of such-like things."

"They have their Mary and Jesus now, from whom it is not a good thing to be a long time gone away."

"I see where you have a fine block of pua wood in the vise, honest Tuture. Are you minded to be carving another model for a sailing canoe?"

Father Brilling smiled in a secret way; but Tuture shook his head.

There was the fine block of yellow pua wood and there were the sharp tools. If during the night some divine carver chose to litter the floor of the shop with yellow chips and shavings, and to leave some other holy image in the jaws of the workbench vise, well and good. And if not, well and good. It would not be through any failure of hospitality from one artist to another.

It was not likely at all, Father Brilling believed, that they were to be favored with another miracle. The Lord had done His work of conversion upon them all at the one clip. They must be thankful with that, and satisfied.

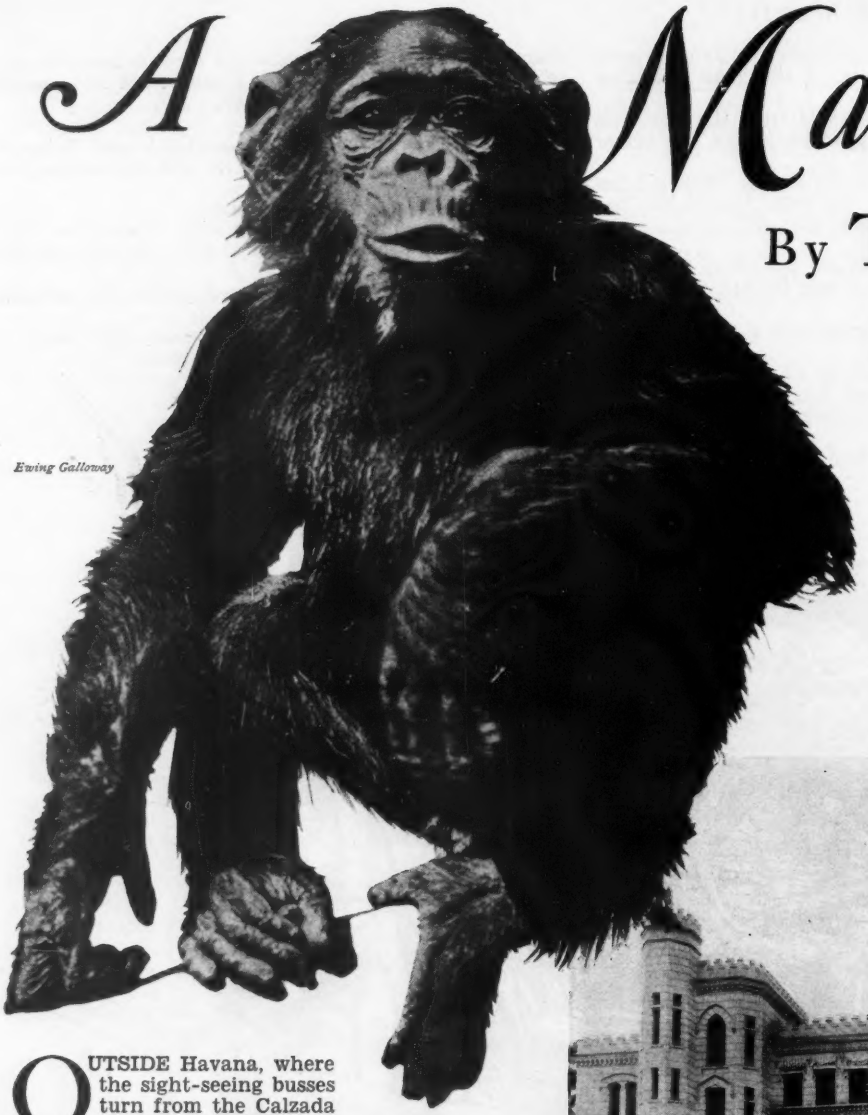
But for the miraculous image which they actually did have there was much that could be done. She could, for instance, be studded with pearls.

Already the lagoon had been declared open for the season's diving, and already many worthy pearls had been winnowed from the mantles of oysters. And from among them Father Brilling had been allowed to choose the worthiest.

For what, the natives argued, did a little profit matter one way or another? Let the (*Continued on page 186*)

A Mansion f

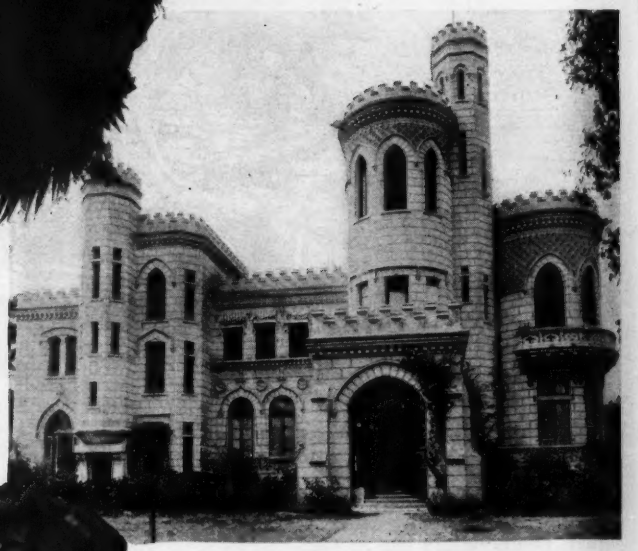
By T. Everett Harré



Ewing Galloway

In more than thirty years no one, except by specific permission, ever has passed her gates.

Yet much that is weird may be heard in Havana about Señora Abreu. Handsome, admired, popular both in Cuba and the capitals of Europe thirty years ago, this woman strangely and suddenly withdrew from social gayeties, from all she was enabled by wealth and high position to enjoy, for immurement in what has virtually become a kingdom of apes.



¶ *Ivory, apes and peacocks are Señora Abreu's palace in Havana.*

OUTSIDE Havana, where the sight-seeing busses turn from the Calzada del Cerro toward the Vento Springs, lies a vast estate of tropical jungle and beautiful gardens. It is enclosed by a high iron grille refortified with an entanglement of thorned cactuses.

Inside ponderous double-locked iron gates, wound about with heavy chains, is a concrete sentinel's box, wherein a watchman stands on guard by day. Ferocious police dogs roam the grounds by night. It is one of the strangest domains on earth.

In a fantastic palace costing millions of dollars lives a mysterious, almost legendary woman. Reputedly the richest woman in Latin-America, she shuns human society and leads the life of a recluse in the companionship of the greatest collection of anthropoid apes and monkeys in the world.

She is Señora Rosalia Abreu.

¶ *Señora Rosalia Abreu*

At untold cost and in the course of nearly thirty years she has assembled every specimen of the great apes—gorillas, gibbons, orang-utans and chimpanzees—and more than forty varieties of Old World and New World, tropical and subtropical monkeys, ranging from the size of a rat to the height of a man.

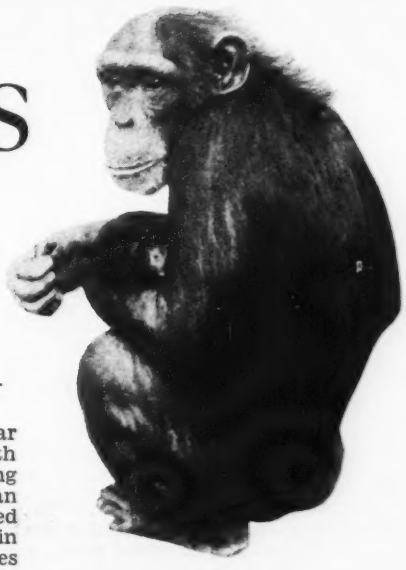
Of the millions of tourists who have visited Havana, few have been permitted more than a distant view of Señora Abreu's domain.

Everywhere I heard tales of the phenomenal intelligence and almost human behavior of Señora Abreu's grotesque pets; of her extraordinary power over them. I was intrigued, and thought of Circe in her isle of swine, since when surely no woman has ruled over a realm more strange.

A monarchy of monkeys! Sight-seers in the busses passing the Abreu estate hear from far off, with a goose-fleshy creeping, the ululation of jungle monsters. When, peering through the barricade into a tropical paradise such as might have been created for lovers' trysts, you are told it is reserved for the enjoyment of monkeys and apes, you cannot but share the popular mystification as to why this lone woman, with such riches at her command and such opportunities for

for Monkeys

A Visit *with* One *of the* Strangest Women *of* Our Time



congenial human companionship, should lock herself off from the world in seeming preference for the association of unprepossessing animals to that of her kind.

Why? What, if any, is her purpose?

It was through the offices of a friend in the Cuban government, one of Señora Abreu's few trusted surviving intimates, that I was excepted from the ban upon writers and invited to visit Quinta Palatino.

On that Sunday afternoon when the locked *portóns* opened to me there was little to suggest the fantastic in the gray-white edifice glowing in amber sunshine. But from all over the vast grounds rose the yells, howls and chatter of apes and monkeys, while the palace itself was rackety with the screechings of macaws and parrots.

Inside lovely Quinta Palatino, Outside is a tropical paradise.

A maid told me *la señora* was in the grounds.

Making a detour around terraced Italian gardens, I came upon a group of Franciscan monks, in white robes, and a woman I momentarily took to be a servant. A frail elderly woman, her shoulders stooped, her hair straggly and gray, her face sallow and gaunt, yet with deep-set eyes alive with a fire the years had failed to dim.

Inconspicuous, almost shabby, carelessly habited in a worn black dress, she was obviously indifferent to coiffeurs, couturiers and cosmetics, and plainly with no pride in appearance. As I discovered, Señora Abreu is far less concerned with the great changing world without than with the barricaded asylum of apes in which she secludes herself.

Escorting us through lovely winding lanes shaded with tropical trees, slipping fluently from Spanish to English, she unfolded the wonders of her exhibits with unabated enthusiasm—a diminutive figure against that impressive background of cages, yet the dominantly authoritative monarch of her macabre monkey kingdom.

As Señora Abreu approached the cages gladsome antics and frantic outcries hailed her. Evidently these animals adore their mistress. They understand what she says.

Her slightest indication of a wish is obeyed with alacrity.

Coming to a large cage containing a female chimpanzee, I could see the creature's face brighten with a welcoming gladness. Taking Señora Abreu's extended hands, the chimpanzee covered them with kisses. In response to her endearments it jabbered back and pointed to its breasts. "You see, she is telling me she is soon to become a mother," said *la señora*.

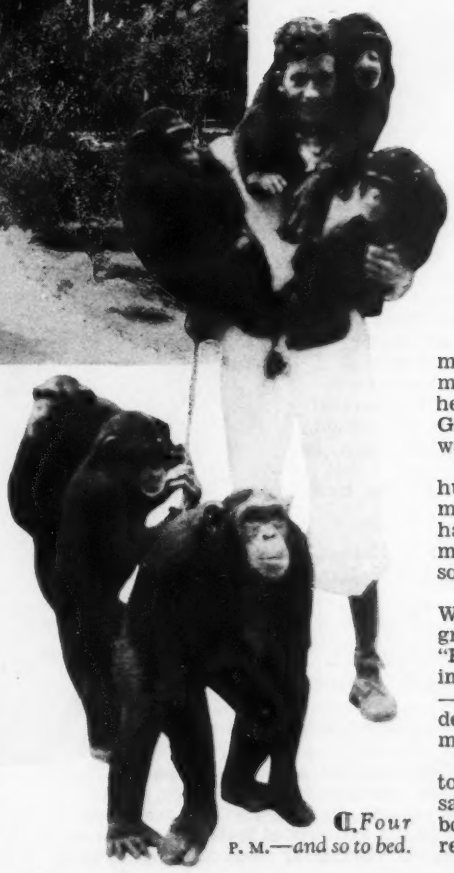
Then the chimpanzee did an odd thing. With saliva from its mouth it wet Señora Abreu's hands. And, plucking hairs from its body, it stuck them on *la señora's* hands.

"You understand? She loves me so much she is willing to give me her own hair to make me like herself." Señora Abreu was touched. Grotesque as the animal was, there was beauty in that gesture.

"We say love is the highest human emotion. What about animals? Yet we say animals don't have souls." It was a casual comment I made, by way of expressing something I vaguely felt.

The response was unexpected. Wheeling about, Señora Abreu gripped my arm, her eyes kindling. "But they do have souls! They have immortal souls. I know it. Spirits — individualities — that survive death. They are nearer to us than most people imagine.

"But they are not man's ancestors. That I have proved to my own satisfaction. Man and ape may both have descended from some remote (*Continued on page 168*)



¶ *Four* P. M.—*and so to bed.*

Dollar

By Ida M. Evans

As Allah wills, says the Arab . . . The nine of hearts, says the gypsy firmly . . . Jove nods, said Priam . . . As a man wills, declared Plato . . . The wheel turns, say the yellow-robed lamas . . . Matter is nothing, affirms a modern cult.

WELL, it may have been Allah. Or it may have been yellow-headed Carol Campster, who could upset a car, a young man or a bridge coterie without flecking her own natural composure. Or it may have been that elderly fop, Abel E. Landseer. Or it may have been Lois Embury, a young woman with a small handsome black head and enough natural dignity to hold down the front onyx-topped desk in the Campster motor company's reception-salesroom. Or it may have been young Kenneth Gale's own master mind that eventually fixed his fate.

One afternoon, hat in hand, Kenneth did not stop for friend or general manager as he crossed the mammoth and magnificent velvet-carpeted, needle-pointed sales-reception-room of the Campster building.

It was May. The day was glorious, too. Over a jewel-blue pasture little white sheep-clouds happily nibbled.

At the curb outside, Carol Campster, in smart lama coat and dull amethyst roadster, waited for him. The Campster motor company, manufacturers and distributors of the world's seventh most popular make, was her father and uncles; and it was the natural outgrowth of the Campster Carriage and Wagon Manufacturing Company, which had been her grandfather and great-uncles.

Halfway across the mammoth room, the hurrying Kenneth stopped.

"Don't do it."

Don't do what? Who had spoken? Except for two persons and a messenger boy, the room chanced to be empty at the moment.

Across the room, Lois Embury at her desk was taking a handful of yellow messages from the boy. Her handsome, competent head was turned from Kenneth too.

Besides, the voice had not been her soft, office-trained contralto.

A thin voice. A bit reedy. Spooky.

But the other person was Abel E. Landseer, who could not have been the speaker.

That is, he could have been. That elegant and elderly person, brother-in-law of the senior Campster, and director and vice-president of the company, lounged near enough, in a Louis XIV reception chair of authentic needle-point and in his attitude of habitual boredom.

But it was preposterous. Abel E. Landseer was an extremely

CAROL'S BLUE EYES *rested with unforgiving chill. ble when a girl is ardent*

Illustrations by
George Howe

Babies

high Speed Romance of a high Pressure Salesman

more than once on Kenneth Well, it is almost unforgiva- and the man is Josephic.

reserved man. He hardly ever spoke to anybody; especially the anybodies who were younger salesmen, mostly on commission with small drawing accounts.

Kenneth went on.

"Don't do it."

Why, it must be Abel Landseer. Again the young man stopped, this time suspiciously.

But the elderly eyes, which were light gray, faded and set in twin fan-work of shallow, infinitesimal wrinkles of soft ivory-like skin, were fixed on the maroon velvet floor. The elderly lips were pursed, as if in meditation.

Kenneth reflected that the old chap must be talking to himself.

Somewhat embarrassed, he went on again. But when he reached the door and paused to leave a message with Lois Embury for a fellow salesman, he could not help looking back carefully. So he caught Abel Landseer's eyes lifted full and wide-awake upon him, with a slightly quizzical look.

Yet the elderly official had spoken possibly fifty actual words to him, in his city motor year.

"Say——" Kenneth started to tell Lois Embury. Maybe the old chap was going dotty.

But Carol honked hard. She had protested against making the appointment as late as three-thirty. She had to buy a wedding present for Muriel Budd, and she wanted Kenneth's aid.

So he merely told Lois about a prospect, a man from the western part of the state, who was due. "Tell Jay Holmes to take care of him. Don't forget."

Lois, who was the youthful maternal-business type, as Jay Holmes once said, promised not to forget.

For the younger salesmen, Lois remembered much: their prospects; if the old man was angry; if the general manager was wild-eyed; theater scalpers' phone numbers; florists' addresses; tailors' liens; trains for out-of-town relatives and alumni reunions. She had been at that onyx-topped front-door desk when Kenneth Gale came. Nearly all the younger salesmen, including Kenneth before he met Carol Campster, had taken Lois to a few theaters and dinners. They all agreed that Lois was a nice girl and good company, and always wore a smart, if simple, dinner gown. But that was all it ever had come to; sooner or later, all of them strayed onward to another girl, light or dark of hair as the case might be, and with cheaper, or better, dinner dresses.

"Come along, Ken!" called Carol imperiously.

Kenneth Gale was pleasantly conscious that passers-by turned to look

at the girl in the car and then at him whom she possessively called.

To be sure, not many of the crowd knew that she was Jarus Campster's only daughter, and that Kenneth was merely a lucky young devil in her father's employ. The town was too big. Too many vivid girls in high-priced cars.

But they did not need to know in order to gape vulgarly and to envy him. Carol Campster could be her own fortune. She was the kind of girl for whom grow pearls, orchids and stoats.

A gay girl. Now, with affectionate abandon, she waved a gloved hand at the plate-glass windows of the reception room. Kenneth glanced back, getting into the car. Abel Landseer had strolled from his needle-point ease to the windows. He stood there watching. Languidly he returned his niece's greeting, then said something to Lois Embury at which she flushed a little and then smiled soberly enough, with the tail of her glance going to the window and to Kenneth and Carol outside.

The plate glass was a magnifier of persons and furniture within. Abel Landseer smiled so gently on Lois that Kenneth was astonished. It changed the man.

But then Abel shrugged his thin English-tailored shoulders as if, after all, nothing mattered much, and gave his vivid niece, and perhaps Kenneth, a faint quizzical smile

that changed him a second time.

Didn't old Landseer approve of him in his niece's company? Well, Kenneth neither knew nor cared. He had sat twice at the Campster dinner table, only three freesia-and-silver-banked places from Carol's own full-lipped and important father. He had not been ill-treated by host or butler. Carol's family seemed to think she knew her own mind. Or, if she didn't, what could be done?

Kenneth had always been glad that he had fallen for Carol before he knew who she was. Jay Holmes knew he had. He had been in the Campster salesrooms less than a month when he turned from a desk phone to see a vivid and delicate young thing in sable coat standing hesitantly in the middle of the maroon velvet floor and he had instantly murmured to Jay, who was waiting to use the phone, "Look! She's an undergraduate's dream! My gosh'n hemlock, ain't she good on the eyes?" And he besought Jay, the slightly senior salesman, "Let me have her! Let me!"

"Go on and take her," said Jay, straight-faced.

Jay Holmes and Kenneth had come from the same middling town in the western part of the state, and from the same state university. Jay had been three years ahead of him at school and at selling cars. Kenneth owed his slick slipping onto the Campster pay roll to Jay's friendship.

Jay had found a hotel, tailor, shirt-maker, roof garden, florist and scalper for Kenneth during the first month. The great-grandmothers of the two had been second cousins. This, of course, had nothing to do with Jay's natural good nature.

At first, Kenneth took Carol for a young matron. The town was full of them, in sable and sapphires. She had, for all her hesitancy, an air of self-possession that

¶ Lois had *an old-fashioned group photograph on her desk. "Recognize Landseer opened his watch. Kenneth almost gasped. Except for*

hardly bespoke girlhood. At least, the most assured young buds Kenneth had known had nothing in common with this girl's princess-waiting-for-attention air.

Two minutes later, he was agog, too, at the prospect of a scrumptious sale.

She had been pleased at his bound-and-gallop to her.

"I need a car," she sighed.

"Oh! Ah. Oh, you do?" Then Kenneth pulled himself together and tried to become the self-possessed young blond left guard whom girls in silver and chiffon ogled at university dances. Ogled was Jay's word. "What kind of car? Or have you a preference?"

"Oh, a roadster. I loathe a coupé."

"Ah. You loathe a coupé. Of course. Any sensible person"—then he recalled the salesman's first rule: never create an impasse—"though, of course, for certain purposes a coupé is useful. But you——"

"A specially drawn body," she further sighed. Her blue eyes were pensive. She was scented like a southern flower.

"A special body," repeated Kenneth, rather inanely. "Of course."

The senior Campster appeared from somewhere.

"Daddy!" sighed the girl. "This young man and a wrecking crew at Twenty-eighth Street think I need a new car."

"Carol! Another collision?"

"It wasn't my fault! A truck stopped in front of me."

"My Lord! Carol, some day you'll kill yourself or be crippled for life! Or disfigured!"

"If you'd believe that one does not die till one's time comes . . ." The senior Campster stamped away from the girl's unfilial chuckle.

him?" she asked Kenneth. "Abel Landseer." "Like to see another old-timer?" the dress of the 'nineties, Carol's face leaned against the eager young groom's.

Three weeks later, Jay Holmes lifted thin jet-black eyebrows when Kenneth rushed in from a three-hour luncheon.

"My customer come?" he asked anxiously.

"And gone."

"Thunderation!"

"I took care of him."

"Thanks, Jay!"

"You're welcome. But"—Jay hesitated, then went on—"you'd better follow your late buyer's example, Ken."

"What do you mean?"

"Better shop around before you sign on the dotted line," Jay drawled.

"I don't get you."

"Well, the town's full of dollar babies. You don't have to be in a hurry."

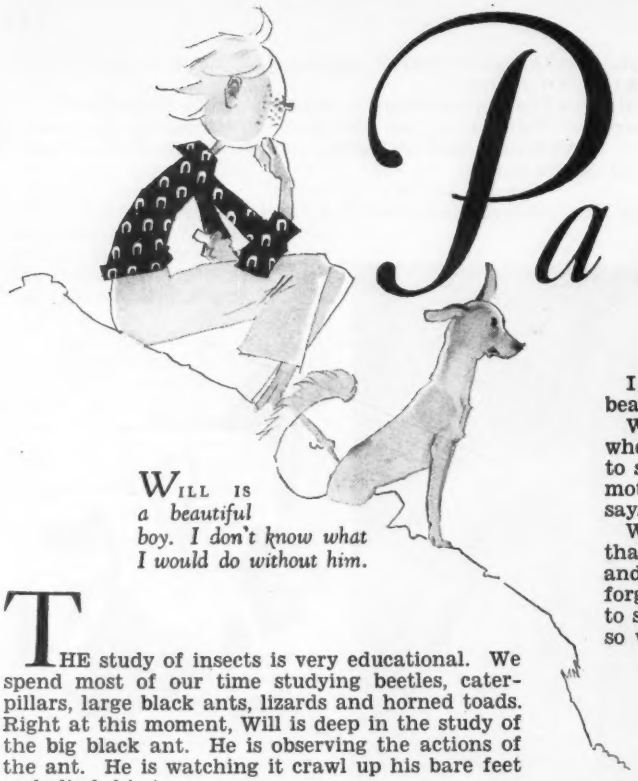
"Dollar babies?" Like a brick was Kenneth Gale's face in a moment. "Do you think I'm after Carol Campster for her father's money?"

"No, no, no!" The other spread his hands in polite protest. "You saw her and you liked her. But don't rush, my boy. Take your time. Remember, you've got to ride alongside your choice."

"Say, listen! This is no undergraduate crush I've got on Carol. She's—she's sweet. She——"

"So is Muriel Budd. Even traffic cops like that kid. Daddy Budd's got lots of oil." With the license of long friendship Jay drawled, as if reading from a book: "Lisa Grahame, too: looks like a Follies blonde. Her daddy bought Long Island lots when they were seven cents a front foot. Then there's Betty Marlow; daddy in steel. And Caroline Suderman, with Egyptian Cleo's lamps, and daddy in *(Continued on page 189)*

A touch of Paradise



WILL IS *a beautiful boy. I don't know what I would do without him.*

THE study of insects is very educational. We spend most of our time studying beetles, caterpillars, large black ants, lizards and horned toads. Right at this moment, Will is deep in the study of the big black ant. He is observing the actions of the ant. He is watching it crawl up his bare feet and climb his toe.

The ant climbs to the end of the large toe, then raises up its feelers and waves them in the air; then it climbs down and goes up the next toe. It repeats this until each toe is inspected, then it crawls back to the ground and starts off without planning its direction. Then I put my nose down to the dust behind it, and if it hesitates, I blow and sniff, and off it scampers.

This is all very educational. It's study like this that makes me love my boy very much because he always likes to do things that I like: watching strange bugs and things, and finding out what they are doing, and going out searching for anything. It is difficult to tell who has the best time, he or I, when we go searching for adventure, for wild yellow violets or magpie nests.

A strange look comes into Will's eyes when he talks to me about what he is going to do some day. He has big ideas about things. He is always telling me about when we are going over east to the other side of the desert, into that range of blue mountains, to find a gold mine so we can have lots of money and he can afford to get a hired girl to help his mother so she won't be wanting him to help all the time. Then we can spend all our time doing our educational study of insects.

Will is going to be a big important man some day. He sits and watches the horizon, and thinks about things.

I sit and watch Will. He is a beautiful boy. His eyes are soft and deep like a clear summer sky. He has freckles that overlap, and his hair is bleached on top by the sun, and the bottoms of his bare feet are as tough as leather, like the pads on my paws, only his are harder than mine. He can walk through cactus and over sharp, hot stones. He is a beautiful boy. I don't know what I would do without him.

HE THINKS I am beautiful too. I am if he thinks so. I ain't bad-looking. I'm white, with a black spot over one eye and a brown spot on my back. My legs are long, but not too bony, and my tail is my best feature. It has wavy hair on it, and it curves gracefully up over my back.

There is no way of telling what breed I am. I don't know who my mother was, and as to my father—well, we never worry about our fathers in this country. Will says I must be well-bred because I am every kind of breed. He thinks I'm perfect; therefore I am perfect.

I could just sit and look at him forever. He is so beautiful in a gingham shirt and his worn breeches.

We are inseparable. We are always together, except when his mother makes him come in the house and go to sleep. That's when I have to leave him, because his mother says I can't come in and sleep with him. She says she won't have a dirty dog on the bed.

Will and I can't see why not. His mother is funny that way, but I did sleep on the bed with him once, and that once was a touch of Paradise that I will never forget. It seemed as if I was in Heaven, to be allowed to spend the night with him as well as the day. It was so wonderful. It was very odd the way it came about.

It was one day in the beginning of spring. We went off into the hills after breakfast. The sun was clear and the weather had begun to get warm.

We were looking for a young magpie or a gold mine or anything that might turn up. All kinds of strange creatures were out to get the warmth of the sun as it melted away the last of the winter. The south side of every gully was still wet and there were patches of snow that the sun had not yet shone on.

It was a marvelous day and we were full of the spirit of adventure. We saw a number of gophers sitting at the entrance of their burrows, rubbing a long winter's sleep out of their eyes. I nearly captured one of them, but he woke from his doze a split second before I could catch him and went into his hole squealing.

WILL and I went on and on, over the foothills into the higher country. We were interested and didn't notice that the sun had mounted to the top of the sky and had started down the other side.

We went on and up, farther than we had ever gone before, until we came to where the gully turned into a wide canyon with a swollen, roaring creek at the bottom, bordered on each side with willows. We stood on the ridge and looked. It was a lovely view. Halfway down the canyon was an old mine. The dump from the tunnel stood out like a scar.

The gold-mine look came into Will's eyes, and we started down to it. We slid down the shale, and started boulders rolling. We watched them as they gathered speed in their downward course, jumped into the air, and went crashing through the willows and splashed in the creek.

We finally got down to the old mine. We poked over the ore on the dump for a while but didn't find any gold, so we went and looked into the opening of the tunnel. It was black inside and water was seeping down from the roof and trickling out and running down to help swell the creek below. Several of the mine timbers had rotted and fallen down at the mouth of the tunnel.

It was an interesting place and Will thought he would go in and see how far it went into the mountain. I didn't feel like going in. The sun felt good, so I figured I would get a nap while Will went in to get the gold.

I had barely dozed off when there was a rumbling and a roar, and the tunnel caved in. This woke me up

A Dog's *own story* *of a* Lost Boy

By John Held, Jr.

and I barked to warn Will, but he couldn't hear me. The remaining rotten timbers at the opening had been loosened by the thaw and down they had come. I didn't know what to do for a moment. I just couldn't think. Then I realized that Will was in that mine, under all those stones and earth. Something had to be done about it, so I started to dig with all four feet, like I do when we are digging out ground squirrels, only this time I dug faster than I had ever dug before.

Finally, I got through the cave-in. It was only the timbers at the entrance that had fallen. My mouth was dry, so I lapped up some of the mine water until I was able to bark to let Will know I had saved him. I heard his voice 'way in the mine, so I went in and found him safe. Then we came back and when he saw that the entrance had caved in he was frightened and he said:

"I guess we're in a fix."

THEN he started to cry. He must have been frightened or he wouldn't have cried. He shouted, but only the mine echo answered him. He got frantic and tried to dig at the stones until his fingers were bleeding. Finally, he laid down and got ready to die. I went and licked his hand and he put his arms about me and said:

"Old boy, one good thing: we've got each other."

Then we sat together a long time in the darkness. What with having been walking all day and the fright and panic, Will was soon asleep. It occurred to me that the best thing I could do was to go back home and try to get somebody to come and get him out before something happened to him. But I knew when he woke up and didn't find me that he would almost go crazy. I figured I would take a chance, so I kissed his hand good-by and went back out of the hole I had dug.

When I came out the sun had gone down and it was as dark outside as it was in the mine. I loped home as fast as my legs could work, over the ridge, then over the foothills, until I got to our house. As soon as I got my breath I started to bark and scratch on the door, and Will's mother came out and drove me away with the broom. But I went back and barked some more. Soon she came out and called, "Will-ee! Will-ee!"

She always calls Will like that. In fact, she is calling him that way now, but he won't answer because we are studying the actions of black ants.

So I just kept on barking until I didn't have much of a bark left. I whined and kept on scratching the door. But no one paid any attention to me and I barked all night. Next morning, Will's mother was pretty worried, so she went around to all the neighbors to see if Will had stayed all night with some of the other boys.

I tried all the time to make her understand that I knew where Will was, but she didn't seem to want to pay any attention to me. I would pull at her skirts, then I would run off and try to get her to follow me, but she wouldn't. Soon she got some of the neighbors to go out and search for Will. They searched all day but couldn't find him.

Of course they couldn't. He was in a mine behind a cave-in. That was one time I wished I could talk like humans. Then one of the searching party noticed what I was doing, and he said: "I bet that dog knows where the boy is. Let's follow him."

I was happy then, so I went up and nipped at him in sheer joy, and off I started into the hills. I had to go slow because I wanted him to follow me. So I kept running back to him and barking, and I made him follow me. Then he told some of the others that I was going to show them where Will was, and they all came along.

It was difficult to make them go all that distance, clear over the divide and into that canyon, but I did it.

When we got to the mine I rushed inside to see if Will was all right, but he was still asleep. Then I went back out and barked at the cave-in. Then they all seemed to understand what I was trying to tell them. They knew that Will was in the tunnel.

They went and broke in a tool shack and got picks and shovels and started to dig, and I helped them. Soon we had enough of the dirt and stones cleared away, so one of the men and me went in and found Will and carried him out, and he was white and cold.

I suppose when he woke up and found me gone he got unconscious. So the men took turns and carried him home and his mother put him in the bed, and pretty soon he opened his eyes and said:

"Where's Sport?"

No one had noticed that I had come in the house with the crowd, so I wagged my tail and jumped up on the bed alongside of him and laid down.

Then his mother gave him a cup of tea and then he went back to sleep again, and I just laid there on the bed with him all night, and his mother didn't drive me away. As I said before, that was as close to Heaven as I ever expect to be.

There goes Mother calling again. I suppose she wants Will to chop some kindling or bring in a scuttle of coal. She always wants him to do things when we are busy. Perhaps if we just sit quiet and don't answer her, she will stop calling and we can go ahead with our study.

IT IS difficult to tell who has the best time, Will or I, when we go searching for adventure

A Tale of Tombarel's

"He turned and came at me with a knife, and I fired," Tombarel told the Commissaire de Police. "At the shot my housekeeper awoke and rushed out. Beyond that she knows nothing."

IF IT hadn't been for *bouillabaisse* most probably Tombarel would never have met Angélique, his faithful servant, and would never have told me this story.

First you must know what *bouillabaisse* is. It is the national dish of the seacoast of Provence; a combined stew and soup of various kinds of fish, flavored with saffron and garlic. The basis is a coarse kind of gurnet called *rascasse,* which the natives instinctively rendered palatable by disguising it with exotic flavorings. This was the crude beginning of the dish whose wonders Thackeray sang in his famous ballad.

Now, any fool can throw odds and ends of fish and a handful of saffron into a pot, as he or she can roll dough and stick it into an oven; but whereas one hand can create pastry light as an angel's feather, and another turn out stuff of the consistency of devils' hoofs, so may one produce only a watery abomination and another put such love and subtle understanding into the stewpan as to make the *bouillabaisse* one of the few delectable viands that wreathe themselves into a good man's dreams.

So much, at present—as Izaak Walton might say—for *bouillabaisse.*

It was during my stay with Tombarel at his low-storied pink Provençal *mas,* or farmhouse, in Creille, that I began to take more than an idle interest in Angélique. Of course I had known her for years, in the way one knows one's friends' servants. I had eaten many of her excellent meals and, careful of my manners, had thrown her passing compliments. She had

Past

Good wine, good food and a *Good Story* *by* *William J. Locke*

Illustrations by Mead Schaeffer

always a smile to greet me—we passed the time of day, and that was all.

But when I came to live in the house, we frankly gossiped. You must remember that, in the old France represented by Tombarel and the elders of Creille, the relations between master and servant were more or less Elizabethan in their intimacy, yet marked by jealous observance of indefinable social barriers.

Angélique was elderly, fairly tall, wiry, with a tanned and wrinkled olive face and queer, faded, compassionate blue eyes. She told me more of Tombarel's funny little idiosyncrasies in a week than I had gathered in a five-years' friendship. She also gossiped about the *curé* and Monsieur Guiol and Marius Pogomas, and all the acquaintances I had made in Creille. And, as she had wit and a certain feminine provocative disdain, alloyed with pity, for my sex, she was good company.

I sat one morning under the straggling cedar in front of the house, idly reading the Eclaireur, just arrived from Nice. It was a morning of enchanting blue. Far, far away, through many-shouldered gaps of hills, lay a little triangular patch of dim silver which I knew to be the sea. The very air was blue. It was like looking at the world through the most translucent of sapphires.

From the vegetable garden on the slope, onto the miniature plateau where I sat, emerged Angélique, a head of lettuce in her hand. She waved it at me.

"For *déjeuner*."

"Let me see."

"It is fresh, you see. One might say, still living; not like the things they serve you in grand restaurants, which resemble poor flabby cabbage leaves taken from a rubbish heap. It makes all the difference. Besides, it isn't everybody who knows how to choose in a garden. Gardeners know nothing. How can they?" She smiled. "You will tell me afterwards what you think of my salad."

I PROMISED. I also said: "Angélique, I have eaten in many restaurants and in big houses, and I have quite a good cook myself; but there's something in your cuisine"—I made the gesture of finger tips that would be intelligible to her—"which I have met nowhere else. How did you learn it in Creille?"

She laughed and put the lettuce on my Eclaireur, which I had put on the rough table by my side.

"But I haven't lived all my life in Creille, Monsieur Fontenay." She threw up her hands. That's why she had laid down the lettuce—so that she could talk without injuring it. "I am not of Creille. *Mon Dieu,* no! I am of St. Laurent-du-Var, near Nice. As for my cooking, I learned it as *fille de cuisine* and then *cuisinière* under the great Frédéric.

"You remember the great Frédéric?—the restaurant Aux Fruits de Mer—just off the Nice flower market. It has gone long ago. Five-and-twenty years. It was famous. People came from Paris expressly to eat there. You remember?"

"Of course, without doubt," said I.

I didn't. A quarter of a century ago I was living the impecunious life of the young painter in Paris who regarded a three-franc-fifty dinner (wine included) in the Palais Royal as a debauch. What had I to do with Temples of Gastronomy in the fairyland of the Azure Coast? But profession of ignorance would have hurt Angélique.

"*Sans doute,*" said I.

"*Eh bien,* that's where I learned," said Angélique. "And I did not stay in Nice. *Ah! Creille, par exemple!*" She sniffed contemptuously at Creille.

"You have seen the great world," said I.

She had. Effectively. She knew it from Mentone to Cannes. And there was enough worldliness in that stretch of country to satisfy anybody, even in the days long ago when Angélique was young.

"Don't you regret it?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I've seen all that there is to be seen."

I insinuated politely that she had been a pretty girl and a handsome woman. She bridled.

"I don't say no. That was perhaps why I saw so much." She picked up her lettuce, and her eyes twinkled as they met mine.

"I'm afraid, Angélique," said I, "you must have led a devil of a life. One of these days when you haven't salad to prepare for *déjeuner*, you must tell me all about it."

This was idle badinage. There is no sexagenarian living, male or female, whose vanity is not tickled by the suggestion of a hectic, if not dissolute past. She burst out laughing.

"Tell you all I've seen, Monsieur Fontenay? Never in life! Not to you, or Monsieur Tombarel, or Monsieur le Curé. Ah, no!"

She went away chuckling, as if the idea were infinitely comic. I resumed my Eclaireur. Ten minutes afterwards Tombarel entered by the wicket gate and, throwing his vastly brimmed hat on the table, mopped a perspiring brow.

"*Mon Dieu*, it is hot! It is a climb at my age from the Place de la Mairie. And that animal of a Guiol, because he said he had the grippe, would not allow a window in the council room to be opened! I wish he would go and make himself warm elsewhere — where his microbes wouldn't be dangerous to his fellow creatures."

During the course of these reminiscences of Tombarel, I think I have indicated that he had never really loved the linen draper, Guiol.

"I have a thirst!" he cried. "I must drink something to quench it, or I shall die. It is early for an *apéritif*—but all the same, my dear friend, you will join me?"

A vague man in an old blouse, one of Tombarel's vineyard hands, passed on some errand from the kitchen garden to the back of the house, and took off his shapeless brigand hat to us. Vague laboring brigands were always passing to and fro. Tombarel hailed him.

"Manuel, you will have the kindness to ask Madame Angélique to serve us with some *porto blanc*."

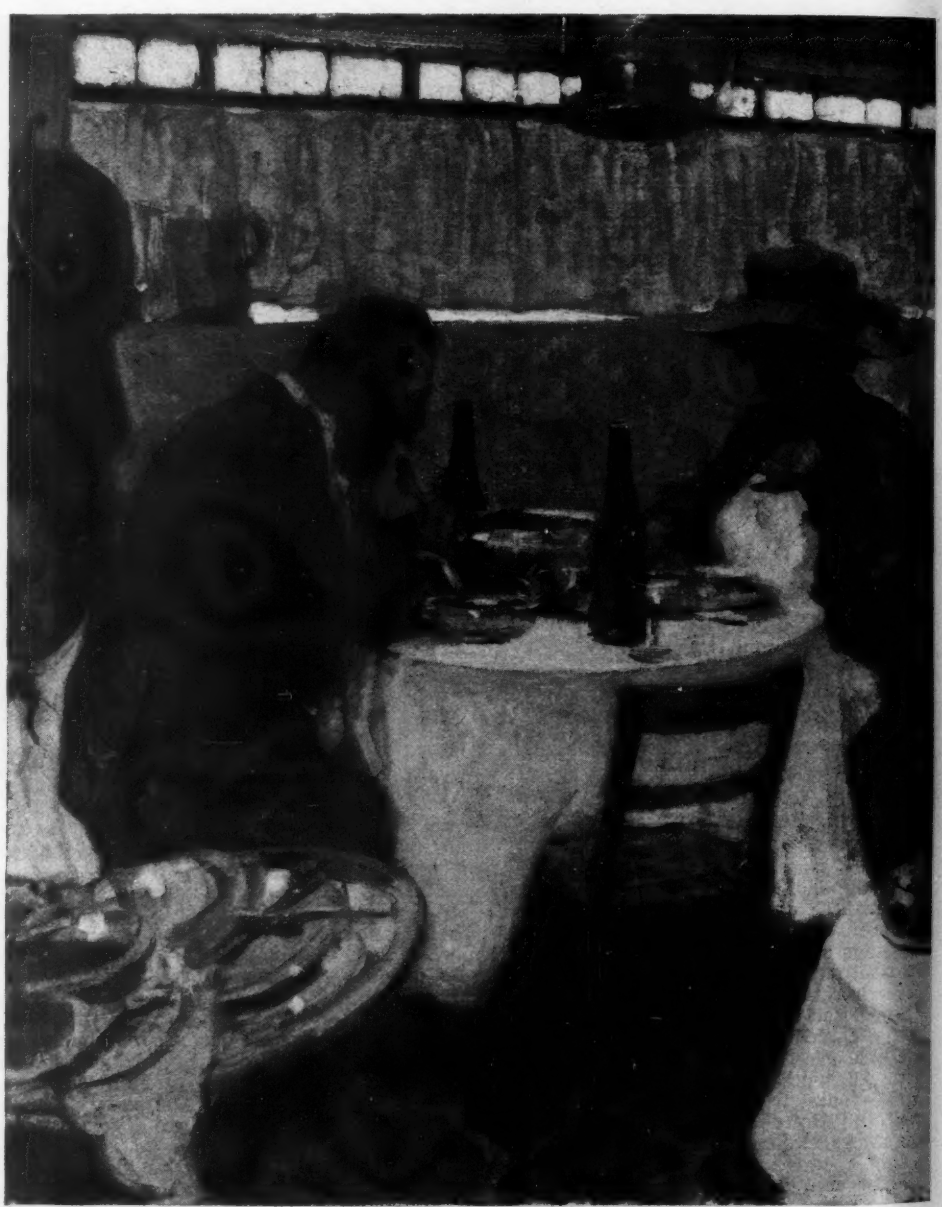
White port to quench the thirst of a perishing and dry-throated man! In Tombarel's condition I should have called for beer in a long glass which I should have poured down my throat in an ice-cold, thirst-annihilating flood. But Tombarel was Latin of the Latins. When Angélique brought the wine, he sipped, and said with a great sigh of relief:

"*Ah! cela fait du bien.*"

We chatted awhile. He had done his morning's work at the town hall—a thankless task for him.

THE Abbé Cabassol appeared at the gate, his rusty cassock and graying, unshaven face catching rusty gleams in the morning sun. He advanced, bareheaded. We rose and greeted him.

Had he intruded on a lovers' idyl, he could not have been more politely apologetic. Just a word of business with Monsieur le Maire. They moved away a few yards.



¶ THE FILLE DE CUISINE *was doing the cooking of the restaurant; bestowed on her his encomium. "And that," said he,*

It was this and that—whatever it was—said the *curé*. Tombarel spread his arms wide.

"*Mais parfaitement, mon cher ami.* Do as you think best, and until then, join us in our *apéritif*."

The *curé* accepted. Monsieur le Maire was *bien aimable*. And what a day! The morning of an earthly paradise! Tombarel called to a little scantily clad girl who always seemed to be attached to a goat under the olive trees on the left—the vineyard and the kitchen garden lay in the slope of the gorge on our right.

"Isabelle!"

Another message to Angélique to bring another glass.

"*Bonjour, monsieur le curé.*"

"*Bonjour, Angélique. Ça va toujours bien?*"

She laughed. "As you can see, Monsieur le Curé." She sped kitchenwards.

"*Brave femme,*" said the Abbé Cabassol.

"A stout-hearted woman, in very truth," agreed Tombarel.

"What would you do without her?" I asked.

Tombarel turned on me. "Without Angélique!" His simple mind had not contemplated the possible catastrophe of bereavement. She was solid, a constitution of iron, good for another twenty years. The mountain air made old bones. Père Capenas, for instance.

"But Père Capenas is mountain born," said I; "whereas Angélique came from St. Laurent-du-Var."

Tombarel swept aside my objection. Over twenty years in the mountains would assure longevity to anyone, even were he born in the Sahara.

The *curé* nodded his head. Yes, it must be more than twenty years since Angélique came to Creille.

"Twenty-six," said Tombarel.

"For one who seems to have had a good time in her young days, at Nice, Monte Carlo, heaven knows where," said I, "Creille must seem rather quiet."

Tombarel stroked his white, pointed beard. "Things are not always quiet at Creille, as you ought to know from the many stories I've told you. There's nothing so incredible as not to have happened in this little town."

"The burglary," said the *curé*, by way of instance.

"What was that?" I asked.

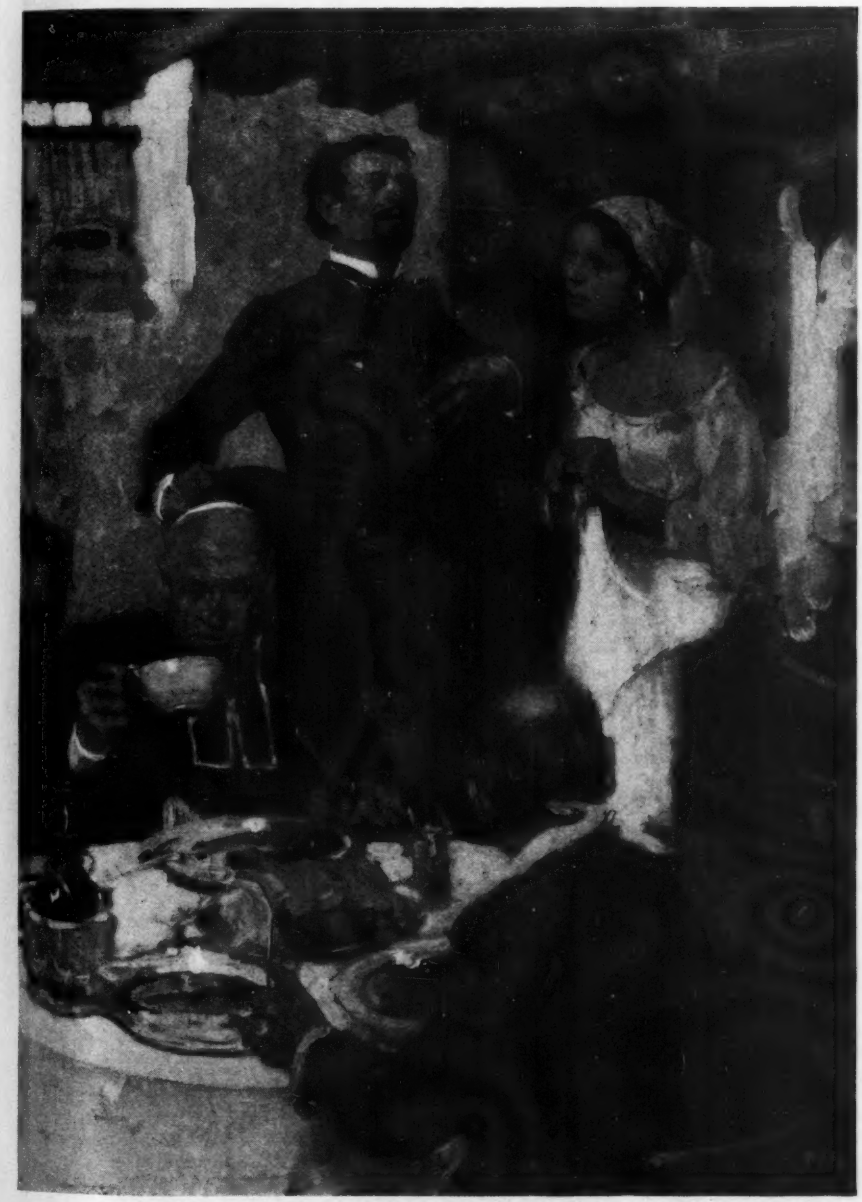
"Only an example of the life of tranquillity lived by Angélique."

I laughed. "Tell me about the burglary."

Instead of plunging into a story as I had hoped, Tombarel countered by another question.

"What have you and that old scandal mill of an Angélique been talking about? Has she told you anything of her past history?"

"She gave me to understand," said I lightly, "that there were passages in it which you knew nothing about, and which Monsieur le Curé would blush to hear!"



Tombarel in his Three Musketeers fashion "was my first meeting with Angélique."

TOMBAREL sat up and looked from me to the Abbé Cabassol. "Things we don't know?" he cried in indignation. "Do you hear that? Why, I know Angélique like my pocket, and my friend here like the inside of his breviary. *Ah! elle se fiche de vous, cher maître.*"

On so suave a morning the announcement that a pleasant old woman had pulled my leg awakened no wrath in me. I said idly:

"The only fact I gathered from her was that she had learned to cook in a Nice restaurant with a picturesque name—wait—yes, 'Aux Fruits de Mer.'"

"That, at least, is true," said Tombarel. "And she began, as far as I know, at the beginning. Yes. Chez Frédéric." He turned to the *curé*. "You remember Frédéric?"

"I? Vaguely. How can you expect a poor seminarist and little *vicaire* in Marseille to be familiar with your luxurious haunts of gluttony?"

Tombarel took up the bottle. "It wasn't as luxurious as all that. Otherwise I shouldn't have eaten there in the (*Cont. on page 176*)

By Amory Hare

¶ *She lifted her glass, and the ice tinkled faintly. Over it her eyes met his. And again he saw a tall ship bending to the seas.*

THEY had decided upon Honolulu for a wedding trip because it was one of the few places that neither had seen, which was odd, as both had traveled considerably even before the war. Since the war he had been striving for that fetish of American life known in glittering generalities as "Financial Success," and she had simplified her existence by eschewing the social, concerning herself chiefly with sculpture and wandering about the Continent alone.

Both had attained sufficient independence to be married as they pleased. In his case, it was his second honeymoon.

There was not much disparity between their ages, for he was not yet forty and she in the middle thirties. They had known each other scarcely more than a year, but from the first there had been an element in their association which both found irresistible. It was something as delicate yet as enduring as the principle of balance.

Beside each other they had a consciousness of individual stature, as of long spars backstayed into strength by unseen cables woven of many fine steel wires with which experience of life had provided them. Together, they achieved an equable approach to situations as they arose, a sort of superb sanity.

They admired each other in the extreme, feeling as they did that each would play true to form no matter what the ordeal. They decided to be married when something warmer and more personal than admiration crept into their association: when the shape of her throat appeared to him during business hours when his mind should have been on the market, and she found herself modeling the way his hair grew over the ears on the head of a bald littérateur who was sitting to her for his bust.

She had come to wander about alone early in her existence through the fact that her parents had agreed to disagree when she was twelve, and she had spent her childhood under the influence of one and then the other, in various parts of the world. She had been sincerely fond of both, although seeing, perhaps too clearly for her own good, the faults of each.

Looking back dispassionately, it seemed to her now that her mother had always been a little over-intellectualized, her father a little over-self-indulgent. For herself, she felt that had she been in her mother's situation she could have managed it, and him.

There were reactions older than reason in the masculine mind as well as in the feminine, and the clever woman played those reactions ruthlessly to achieve her ends. All the great women of history had cast away compunctions and used their power for good or evil, as the case might be, through recognizing exactly where this power lay—where it began and where it ended.

As yet she had had only a few real wounds from life, but these made her feel deeply enough to realize that circumstances could combine to insult the soul, and that it was at such moments that human behavior rose to the sublime or descended to the ridiculous; for tragedy is always ridiculous to the onlooker who does not happen to be caught on the horns of the same dilemma.

The complications of his existence had been not unlike those of any other man with high animal spirits and an unusually keen sense of spiritual experience. He had had those hours when combinations of circumstances had insulted his finer sensibilities, leaving devastating repugnance in their wake. He had discovered that there are certain basic laws which centuries of so-called civilization have affected but little.

He was not one of those to whom nothing is holy. He had experienced desecration, and knew that it was the force that had driven men to deeds of vengeance, self-destruction and cruelty from the beginning of time. And where this was not the case the cloth was rotten—it could be raiment for no man.

His first wife had been a little birdlike creature, adorable, and unfaithful. The marriage had lasted only a little over a year. When he looked back it always seemed as if he were being crucified in heaven—a thing outside the rules of either man or God.

This second marriage gave him a sense of immunity from all such hours of pain and basic horror. It was like a tall tree putting out new growth and fresh leaves with the passing of time. It would survive the gales that came, one never knew from where. It would outride the sudden storms.

Sometimes, in his fancy, it was not a tree that symbolized her, but a tall ship, fragile and gallant, strong

Unsigned Letters

A Story of a honeymoon

Illustration by H. Bohnert

with a queenly daring born of perfect balance, perfect form.

The picture always touched into life every drop of gallantry in his own character. One could make far voyages with such a thing as that.

And here they were on the small cool veranda of their own bungalow overlooking the peacock-blue and green of the Pacific as it sighed over the coral reefs into the still lagoon.

The "Boy-san," their Japanese servant, was bringing them long drinks of iced lime juice after their swim, and on the tray was the third mail from home.

Really frightfully surprised at being so in love with him, she contrived to hide the matches so that he would offer her a light from his brier. She knew from experience the result of this maneuver. For, with his face so near her own, he must be drawn down to her, if only as a bee too near a flower.

And he, seeing her strategy, was flattered to the soul and softened, so that his kiss was something more than a lover's; and he knew a strange confusion, as of a brief inebriation, exquisite and keen.

LAUGHING at themselves and at each other, they turned idly to the sheaf of letters and began to read.

"Only one," she heard him say, "that isn't a bill."

For a time they sat reading in silence. He read:

> She is with you. She has given you her life. But how can you know her? You know nothing of her. For only in Italy, in the hill towns and vineyards, does she become reincarnated, free of the inhibitions of her race. Have you seen her dancing to the pipes of Pan on the imperishable Hill of Illusion? Have you watched that slim body gleaming in moonlight like frail glass moving?
>
> How can you drain that goblet? Your rough hands would break the fragile stem. Only a Latin, bred to the beauty of loving as a scribe is bred to the script and texture of old manuscripts, could taste that violet wine, could tremble to that fragrance. This is your hour, your season. See that you use it gently. For I shall know if she is unhappy. I shall know—for mine was the Springtime.

It was not signed.

Her letter was not so long. It was read in a moment.

> Curse you, forever and ever! He was happy with me until you came. And God knows I asked only to be near him. Give him more than that, if you can!

It was not signed.

She lifted her glass to her lips, and the ice tinkled faintly for a moment. Over it her eyes met his. And again he saw a tall ship bending to the seas.

"My mother writes sending us her best wishes," they both said simultaneously, and, laughing softly at the duplication of their words, they tore their letters unhurriedly into fragments and dropped them on the floor.

They were strewn from end to end of the veranda when the "Boy-san" swept them up before dark. It was as if a gale had blown them here and there.

All was not WAR on the Western Front~

WAR

Transcribed from the Nurse's Diary by

Rebecca West

The Story So Far:

THE war changed the world for the Corinne Andrews whose story is told in these pages. It took her out of a sheltered home in New York and made her a volunteer nurse in a hospital near Paris. It took her English fiancé, Oswald Fanshawe, and gave her a war-time lover, Waldron Hilder. Her story, set down from her own diary, is the record of a gentle girl's salvation from the awful reality of war through her love affair with an ambulance driver who became an aviator.

When Oswald Fanshawe was posted as missing, Corinne Andrews returned to the France she had left when the war started, because she felt that she could keep his memory alive by participating in it. "Also I had a great desire to be useful." And because of that, the first year or so of her hospital work, dreadful as it was in some of its phases, filled her with exaltation and happiness.

But as time went on, a change seemed to come over the war. "The thing was just going on and nobody could stop it. I can't tell you how low in our minds we were. Then suddenly there jolted out of us all a force that saved us."

It was not a personal matter with Corinne and the other nurses at the hospital. It was a change in the spirit of France itself—a craving for human relationships, as if the old Paris that existed to be gay had suddenly come back. Waldron and Corinne were conscious of it at a dance at one of the Overseas Clubs, when he made love to her and she felt herself attracted to him by the thought of his danger in joining the aviators.

"I was so tired and there was this war, this war . . . I saw in my mind's eye a picture of a plane spinning like a top down a blue sky, and I cried out, 'Kiss me! Kiss me!' "

Waldron, too, saw the spinning plane. "We've got to get married as soon as we can," he said. But it was difficult to get married in France; it was necessary to get permission from parents or guardians, and so Waldron wrote to his grandfather, an Irish Californian who had taken care of him and his sister Mary since their parents' divorce. Corinne decided not to tell her own people—even her sister Edna—until the reply came.

Meanwhile they saw each other nearly every evening. "Each visit committed us further to each other as lovers . . . I was doing something for Waldron which was so obviously a good thing to do that our love-making seemed to have a moral sanction behind it." It seemed to be sanctioned, too, by the war itself, for the young nurse worked better for loving Waldron.

"Then one evening he said, 'Let's not worry about my

This American Woman found Love as Well

NURSE

Illustrations by W. E. Heitland

grandfather. Let's not worry about marriage. Let's just live together, without anybody knowing.'

"I had nothing better to answer than, 'No, that would be wrong!' It was a poor answer because I did not really know what I meant."

And that was true, because even from the point of view of what people would say there seemed little to deter Corinne from living with Waldron. It was all so far away from the social system which took it for granted that she could not do unconventional things. They were born to be lovers, and they needed each other. But:

"We were going straight to the supremest pleasure either of us could imagine, yet we felt it was all too difficult. Our traditions had a hold on us, all right . . .

"But I felt gloriously proud of myself the next day. I went about the wards treading on air . . . I had Waldron now. I became steady, and maturer. I worked like a man, as they say, with my mind on the job . . . So everything was wonderful for Waldron and me."

So much so, in fact, that when Waldron's grandfather gave him permission to get married they never thought of acting on it.

"We were in a state of hysteria. Abnormal events were perpetually forcing us to run away from reality into abnormal states of excitement."

Nor were the war-time lovers exceptional in that, for hysteria seemed to rule all the people they came in contact with in those days. Then came the sinking of the Lusitania.

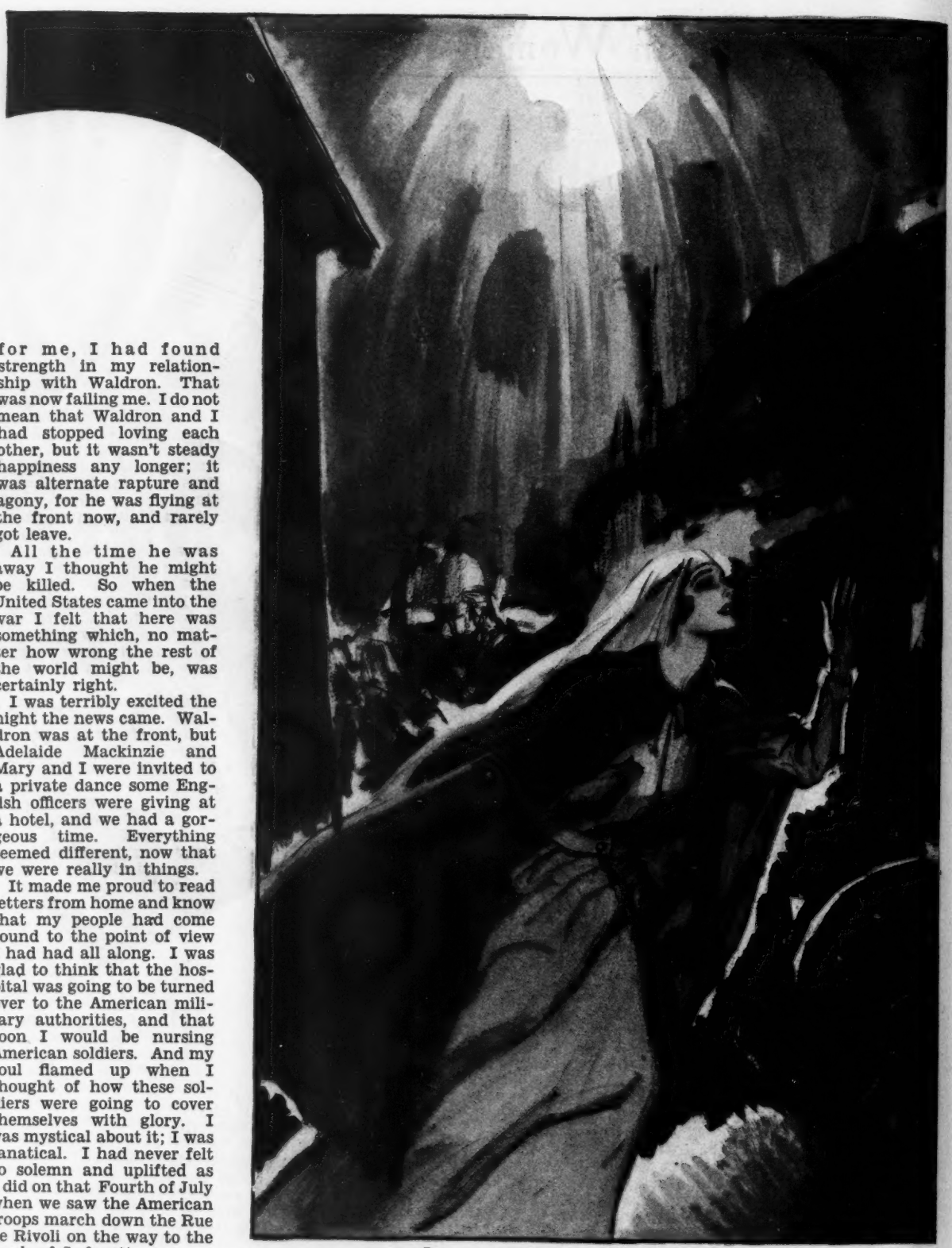
"It was a staggering thing. It was a filthy murdering business. And we were all glad that it had happened. Wasn't it certain to bring America into the war?"

Which was an unnatural state of mind, of course, but under the stress of war people had to live against nature, and so they ended by going wild, as they did then.

"And it is to that, it seems to me, we owe the tide of hysteria that mounted from then on to the end of the war—and swept me along with it . . ."

WHEN the United States came into the war in 1917 nobody was happier than I. This was partly because I thought, as I still think, that the Allies were in the right. But my excitement was in part a phase I was passing through, an adaptation I was making in order to be able to go on living.

When the strain of war had first become too much



for me, I had found strength in my relationship with Waldron. That was now failing me. I do not mean that Waldron and I had stopped loving each other, but it wasn't steady happiness any longer; it was alternate rapture and agony, for he was flying at the front now, and rarely got leave.

All the time he was away I thought he might be killed. So when the United States came into the war I felt that here was something which, no matter how wrong the rest of the world might be, was certainly right.

I was terribly excited the night the news came. Waldron was at the front, but Adelaide Mackinzie and Mary and I were invited to a private dance some English officers were giving at a hotel, and we had a gorgeous time. Everything seemed different, now that we were really in things.

It made me proud to read letters from home and know that my people had come round to the point of view I had had all along. I was glad to think that the hospital was going to be turned over to the American military authorities, and that soon I would be nursing American soldiers. And my soul flamed up when I thought of how these soldiers were going to cover themselves with glory. I was mystical about it; I was fanatical. I had never felt so solemn and uplifted as I did on that Fourth of July when we saw the American troops march down the Rue de Rivoli on the way to the tomb of Lafayette.

¶ AN AIR RAID *broke. It was terrific. The young captain said, "Shall*

It was a sunshiny day. There was a kind of snap in the air that hadn't been there for years. It was as if the monotony and hopelessness that had lain on us like lead had been miraculously lifted. I wanted to tell the girls who were with me that I was going to marry Waldron—the minute the war ended.

Then the parade began. I suppose there were some Frenchmen at the head of it, but I hadn't eyes for anybody that wasn't one of us. First came the men in command. Pershing I can remember, and Colonel Stanton, a nice gruff man who lived at our hotel. They weren't a bit like the French and English generals. Lean and long and sun-dried, like so many strips of bully beef—God bless them!—from years spent in the Philippines or on the Mexican border.

But it was the boys who impressed me.

I was waving and shouting. Because I was so

we get off the road?" I answered, "Not for me. I think it's grand!"

pleased that they had come over to kill the wicked Germans, to clear up Europe, to realize themselves in herohood and make the United States the acknowledged leader of the world! I was flaming. I was blind.

Then something else struck me, and I began to cry. It was the look of these boys as they walked through the sunlight.

They all belonged to the Regular Army. Volunteers and drafted men hadn't begun to arrive in France. The Regular Army of the United States, as of any other country in the world, is noticeably not recruited from the cherubim and seraphim. But what caught at my heart was their incredible look of—well, innocence.

If you put a young and happy girl of sixteen, who has never had anything in her life that isn't lovely, beside a woman of forty, who has been hurt and beaten and broken in every way, you will get some idea of how the American troops looked beside the Europeans.

They started with a big plus so far as physical advantages are concerned. But it wasn't that which made them so wonderful to me. It was the way their eyes said, "It's all fine." It was the way they walked with feet that were still alive. It was the way they walked with spines that were straight and proud.

They hadn't lost what every European soldier had lost.

Every European soldier had lost his belief that the world was a good place. No matter how jolly he tried to be, he had lost that. And every European soldier walked like a bundle of old clothes, because his feet were tired and calloused with long marching, and he was all hunched up because he was so often in places where if you spread yourself you got shot.

Even the youngest European soldier didn't say, "It's all fine," with his eyes—because he had spent his last term or two at school thinking that soon he would have to go to the war and be killed. But these boys were smiling like amused kids.

They were like that because they had been outside the war. And now they were in it. And there was I, cheering and shouting because they were in it. How could I? How could I?

It is typical of the way life lets you down that when the hospital was handed over *(Continued on page 108)*

¶ *Mommer Littenfeld*

The Pant

OR—

as some people call it,

The Penthouse

"HOW many times did I tell you, I got already investments!" Mr. Isaac Littenfeld exclaimed impatiently.

"And my dachshund Fritz has got already four legs, but does that make him a race horse yet?" Mrs. Littenfeld demanded.

"Well, of course, if you are comparing me to a dawg, y'understand, I've got nothing more to say," Mr. Littenfeld said with every appearance of offended dignity.

"Is Max Politzer a dawg and didn't he make last week on International Waterworks alone forty-four thousand dollars?" Mrs. Littenfeld asked, and Mr. Littenfeld could not conceal his astonishment.

"You are getting to be *doch* a Wall Streeter, ain't you!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you yourself might even got by what they call these here margins a few shares of Who's-this Waterworks!"

Mrs. Littenfeld blushed guiltily. "A hundred shares I got which I bought outright," she confessed. "They stood me in thirty-two hundred dollars and today yet they're worth twenty thousand dollars."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" Ike Littenfeld cried.

"Well, anyhow eighteen thousand one hundred and twenty."

"*Ausgerechent,*" Ike added. "Which what I would like to know is, how long did you hold out on me housekeeping money?"

Mrs. Littenfeld's head became tremulous with indignation. "'How long,' he says!" she murmured. "Twenty-four years come next *vov Schevat* it took me that I should save thirty-two hundred dollars, and now he kicks that I should run it up to twenty thousand yet!"

"Eighteen thousand one hundred and twenty," Ike said severely. He had an excellent head for figures. "That's already pretty near five hundred percent interest on what you call your investment, so give me the certificate and I would sell it for you and put it into good widders' securities."

"You wouldn't do nothing of the kind," she declared. "Max Politzer says they would go to four hundred and fifty, and *then* I should sell."

"Max Politzer is a speculator and a gambler and you are only a *schlemiel,* Mommer," Ike said. "So you've got to do what I tell you."

"Got to?" Mrs. Littenfeld cried.

"That's what I said," Ike replied, "and I would have the bonds registered in your own name so you shouldn't think I am holding out on you the same like you held out housekeeping money on me."

"Who held out on you?" she asked angrily. "Did you starve or something for twenty-four years?"

"I wouldn't argue with you, Mommer," he said. "Plenty times I got soup meat when I should ought to of got chicken, and I held my tongue, but this is something else again."

"Let me anyhow call up Max Politzer," Mrs. Littenfeld begged, and Ike rose to his feet.

"I myself will call up Max Politzer," he replied.

"What are you going to say to him?" she demanded. "You can't insult a man that he was the cause of my making twenty thousand dollars."

"Did I say I would insult him?" Ike retorted. "Ain't

¶ "*Do* YOU *suppose I'm going to have my pant house* Mrs. Littenfeld. "YOUR *pant house!*" *Ike turned to*

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House

By Montague Glass

Illustrations by
W. Galbraith Crawford

Ike Littenfeld

your niece Millie Weiss got a job in his office for thirty-five a week?"

He took the receiver off the telephone hook and rang up a Hanover exchange number.

"All I'm going to tell him is that you're so nervous about your stock that you talk stocks in your sleep, and either you should take your profits or I should take Luminal," Ike said. "So the consequences is you are going to sell, and I'll ask him up to dinner Friday night."

"I'll have Millie up too," Mrs. Littenfeld said, nodding and winking mysteriously.

"Sure! Sure!" Ike said. "Maybe he'd like to dictate a few letters to her after the soup or something, as a novelty."

Thus it happened that a few days later, Isaac Littenfeld walked into a stockbroker's office, but the name on the door was not that of Max Politzer. Instead, the ground-glass panel of the outer entrance bore the name "Sigmund Linzberger," and it was Sigmund Linzberger himself who greeted Ike, less as a broker would greet a client than as one old friend would greet another. Sigmund's manner became much more formal, however, when Ike handed him a certificate for one hundred shares common stock of the International Waterworks.

"Where did you get that stuff?" Sigmund asked.

"I just took it out of the safety-deposit box," Ike said with a twinkle in his eye. "It's all paid for."

"And you let your money go into rubbish like that!" Sigmund exclaimed. He said "rubbitch," for Sigmund had received his early financial training in Frankfurt-am-Main, but if his pronunciation was faulty, his financial judgment and probity were not.

He had charge of all Ike's investments, which were as gilt-edged and conservative as though Ike were an aged widow instead of an extremely alert clothing manufacturer, and he felt as much outraged at Ike's being in possession of such perilous securities as though Ike himself had suddenly plunged into a mad career of night-clubbing in New York's upper Tenderloin.

cluttered up by a back number with whiskers a yard long?" said Philip. "Did you ever hear? She wants already a Dutch ancestor."

"Can I help it if my money went into such *machshovos?"* Ike asked. "For twenty-four years I've been giving my wife housekeeping money, and she turns around and saves up three thousand two hundred dollars on me."

"And she bought *this* with it?" Sigmund cried in horror.

"At thirty-two, Sigmund," Ike said, grinning broadly, "so as I found it out only the other morning, buy for her twenty thousand-dollar bonds approved for executors and trustees, have 'em registered in her name, and keep 'em where she can't get at 'em."

"In ten minutes at the latest I will mail her a notice," Sigmund answered. "And don't let yourself get fooled by what your wife done. It's only by accidents like you finding out about this that excuse me suckers like your wife cash in paper profits. So be awful careful, Ike."

"What *am* I, a child?" Ike asked. "Didn't you yourself, as long ago as that Pacific panic, advise me that I should buy this here What's-this Terminal stock, and did I?"

"Well, we all make mistakes, Ike,

and that's where you was wise before I learned my lesson," Sigmund replied, "so therefore, Ike, if someone now gives me orders to buy, as a broker, I must execute it, but I'm telling you now is the time to sell and not to buy, because in three months at the latest it's coming."

"*What* is coming?" Ike asked.

"What do you think—Hanukka, Purim?" Sigmund retorted. "What naturally comes when people who don't know no more about finance than I do about airyoplaning blow up a rubber balloon bigger and bigger, till it can't stand no more air in it? You should thank heavens you've got nothing but gilt-edged bonds, Ike, and don't let nobody, under no consideration whatever, make you change your investments."

¶ *Philip the over-manteler*

Sigmund was so earnest in this exhortation that his round, pale face, remotely resembling a bladder of lard, on which had been imposed a pair of eyeglasses and a small, bristling mustache, glistened with moisture.

"Every day I see some of my best customers load up with rubbitch, pyramiding and buying more and more, until I don't know what the end will be," Sigmund continued. "But not you, Ike—promise me that!"

"Say! I'll also promise you that I won't get run over by no imitation yellow taxicabs, and that if it's possible I won't have my biggest customer fail on me," Ike said. "I will also promise you that I'm going to reduce my wife's housekeeping money and I'll even give you an affidavit about it too."

But in spite of this confident statement, all thought of reducing Mrs. Littenfeld's housekeeping expenses disappeared in what was undoubtedly the worst family row of Ike's married life.

"Loafer! See what you done to me!" Mrs. Littenfeld shouted as Ike entered the door of their West End Avenue apartment that night.

She was brandishing an evening paper as she spoke and almost put Ike's eye out with the curb quotations alone.

"'Sell' he says, at eighteen thousand one hundred and twenty dollars, and if I'd held on till tonight, I'd sold for twenty-one thousand two hundred and forty!" she cried. "Three thousand one hundred and twenty dollars he gypped me out of like nothing."

"Gypped you!" Ike exclaimed. "Where did you learn such a language?"

"Look! He *schimpfs* at language yet, and his own wife he robs of over three thousand dollars," she said hysterically.

Ike examined the evening paper more carefully, and sure enough, not only had International Waterworks risen steadily, but the bonds in which he had invested the proceeds of his wife's stock had fallen five points each. Mrs. Littenfeld was not interested in bonds, however, or even in preferred stock; therefore Ike remained discreetly silent and sat down to some excellent soup, though it was followed by some exceedingly overcooked soup meat with a garniture of soup greens, all of which Ike ate with what would have been commendable self-restraint had it not been almost enforced by Mrs. Littenfeld's volubility.

"That's what a stick-in-the-mud you are!" she cried. "Other men are making fortunes and what are *you* making? Pants!"

"I told you a hundred times, Mommer," he protested, "I ain't manufactured pants alone for nearly twenty years. I am manufacturing men's and boys' clothing, and good quality too."

"What do I care about the quality?" she continued. "Look at already Mr. and Mrs. Stattenheim, used to was Stattenheim, Peikes and Company in the pants business, and what did this here bull market do to them?"

¶ "Other men are making fortunes," Mrs. Littenfeld cried, "and what are you making? Pants!" "I told you a hundred times, Mommer," Ike protested, "I ain't manufactured pants alone for twenty years."

¶ "Some of my best customers load up with rubbitch," Sigmund said. "But not you, Ike—promise me that!" "Say! I will also promise you I'm going to reduce my wife's housekeeping money," Ike said.

"Give 'em heart disease, no?" Ike suggested, but Mrs. Littenfeld evaded the interruption.

"They left already the pants business behind them, and now instead of manufacturing pants they live yet in a pant house!" she declared.

"A what house?" Ike exclaimed.

"A pant house," Mrs. Littenfeld repeated, "on the roof of Park Avenue near where the railroad comes out of the tunnel."

"Oh! So that's what they live in, is it?" Ike said. "I heard him blowing about it last spring already."

"He has a right to blow," Mrs. Littenfeld said. "It's already like a regular house and not a pant house, with a garden around it with little trees and flowers, fancy like a cemetery already, and how do you suppose they got all them flowers?"

"From a millinery supply house," Ike murmured.

"Jokes you are making it, while people all around you become rich!" she said bitterly, and Ike relapsed into silence.

It was not induced particularly by Mrs. Littenfeld's abuse but by the inner consciousness that he *was* rich, almost beyond what Doctor Johnson would have called the dreams of avarice, or at least beyond his own dreams of avarice when he married Mrs. Littenfeld. In fact, he was a millionaire, all made in the clothing business, and for ten years he had concealed it from Mrs. Littenfeld.

But Mrs. Littenfeld had no scruples about concealing from Ike the sources of their friends' riches, and she insisted on Ike's taking a pencil and paper and proving to himself how Ludwig Stattenheim was worth at least three million dollars.

"He bought already one thousand United States Industrial Laundry at forty-six," she said. "Put that down."

"Why?" Ike asked, and Mrs. Littenfeld cowed him with a glare.

"Because today yet it's two hundred and sixty," Mrs. Littenfeld snapped.

"But Mommer *leben*," Ike protested, "supposing it *is* two hundred and sixty. Does Stattenheim know how much stock is outstanding and what the earnings was last year as compared to the dividends?"

"Does he know the color of the president's hair and what he eats for breakfast?" she retorted. "Ludwig Stattenheim works from inside information, and that's why he bought two thousand Binswangen Chain Store at sixteen. Today yet it's a hundred and forty. Put that down also."

"Why should I put it down?" Ike demanded.

"Because Ludwig Stattenheim and Simeon Binswangen are own cousins," Mrs. Littenfeld said. "The mother Babette Binswangen was Simeon's aunt, and would he give Ludwig a bum steer that the stock is going to three hundred by the first of November?"

¶ *Millie Weiss*

"A bum steer!" Ike cried in horrified tones. "Where did you learn such swearwords?"

"What swearwords?" Mrs. Littenfeld said. "Mrs. Stattenheim used them very words to me this afternoon, and she is already the president of the Miriam Aid Society—has been for two years."

"Ever since Ludwig got in the market, I presume," Ike commented.

"What has the market got to do with it?" Mrs. Littenfeld demanded. "Ludwig Stattenheim would have been rich, market or no market. He's a man which he takes advantage from the opportunities around him, and Mrs. Stattenheim has got also taste as well as charity. Do you know what she done last week?"

"Bought *another* pant house, I suppose," Ike said feebly.

"The pant house which they've got they are decorating like new, and last week, not that I approve of it, y'understand, they give already an order to Philip Kasnik he should do an overmantel for them," she said.

"Did Philip go into the overmantel business?" Ike asked. "I thought he was an artist."

"He *was* an artist," Mrs. Littenfeld said with the same inflection as if she had said that Philip was a forger, a counterfeiter, a bootlegger or even a murderer. "And if it wouldn't be for Millie Weiss, that feller would of remained an artist, but from (*Continued on page 135*)

Advance Guard

THE red sun rose over the backbone of the continent, those high hills that came down northwest and southeast through the department of Alta Sevilla. Thin, cool shadows drew across the little rutted plaza of Headquarters town and bunched together where the escort company was falling in to take the supply train out to Queche.

Lean dogs, driven from the garrison chow-line behind the *comandancia,* prowled through the ranks; one sat to search for fleas at the very feet of the first sergeant as that austere noncommissioned officer took station and directed platoon sergeants to report. The first sergeant booted the animal with dignity, and it scuttled off, wailing. A grin rippled down the stiff ranks, but nothing more, for the first sergeant's eye was cold upon them.

The lieutenant, noting that the captain had not appeared, came from the *comandancia* and received the formation. He acknowledged the first sergeant's salute, and directed: "Better open ranks, first sergeant. Captain will want to look them over."

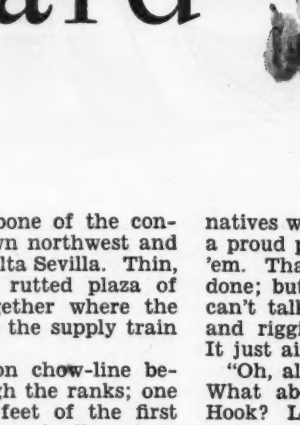
The first sergeant barked at the platoons; the rear rank shuffled back; the line was dressed, and the men stood at ease while platoon sergeants rechecked matters anxiously, for the captain had a fussy eye and a bitter way of saying things. Around them the town of Nueva Toledo came yawningly awake in the new day.

The captain, among the bull carts off the plaza, was listening impatiently to the representations of the embittered trainmaster, a sergeant of the old school who regretted the day he had been decoyed ashore from his five-inch battery in the Special Service Squadron.

The two of them, with the captain's music boy and a lanky lieutenant of *guardia nacional*—late gunnery sergeant, U.S.M.C.—walked slowly up the line of carts, verifying loads and drivers.

"Sir, it ain't possible to get these gooks an' their equipment uniform," lamented the sergeant. "Only way I got 'em out on time was to time 'em two hours ahead of your orders, sir; an' accordin' to your special orders, sir"—(Now get this once an' for all, you birds. Orders are: These natives will not be batted around. Brigade says they're a proud people an' must not be humiliated. Lay off of 'em. That clear? It's up to you how you get your jobs done; but lay off of 'em.)—"them orders you gave us, I can't talk 'em into policin' the mud offen these carts and riggin' their runnin'-gear uniform on the bulls. It just ain't——"

"Oh, all right, all right. Good job, havin' 'em ready. What about this gang of drivers, gunnery serg—Mr. Hook? Lord knows they cost enough! Since those bull trains were jumped in the *montaña* last month, you'd think you were hirin' bank presidents instead of garden-variety bullwhackers. Paid in gold, too, in advance."



"Far as I can tell, sir, they're O.K. Those two over there, Lupe an' Mena, used to be Sangrado's colonels, an' he run 'em out, an' they claim to be scared to death of him. Have to let 'em sleep nights in the *comandancia*—they won't go outside after dark, even visit their women in the daytime."

"Anyway, they're what we can rustle. Wish we had enough men to drive the bulls ourselves, though. Wish the navy would give us bluejackets, even. A bluejacket could navigate a bull cart fine.

"Trainmaster, you'll have the second platoon with the train. Take your orders from Lieutenant Hayes. He's designated the carts he wants for the Stokes mortar an' the Lewis gun. Just keep your little playmates closed up, some way."

The patient oxen, yoked in pairs to the heavy country carts, chewed their cuds without emotion; the native drivers leaned against the wheels, regarding the captain with detachment and the sergeant with respect.

ONLY the driver Lupe, a lean pock-marked Spaniard, saluted with a flourish as they came along; he had been a *coronel* and had fought at Pearl Lagoon. His white teeth continued to show under his stiff mustache as the officers went across the plaza to the marines, and he said chattily to the trainmaster:

"Señor Essergeant, eet ees so thatt we go to Colorado León now, no?"

Meantime the captain, with the *guardia* lieutenant, approached the escort company, which came to attention with a smart rattle of arms. The captain looked

Illustrations by The Author

With the Marines *in* Nicaragua *by a* Captain *of* Marines

By John W. Thomason, Jr.

at them with pride in his heart and a mean, censorious eye. Eighty marines, with a machine gun and a Stokes mortar: shoes inspected last night, full canteens, short packs, blanket rolls on the carts . . .

"First sergeant, when we halt, let 'em fold their ponchos in their belts, behind. All right: Close ranks—march! First sergeant, detail one rifle squad to report to Mr. Hook here as advance guard.

"Mr. Hayes, distribute your platoon along the train, machine gunners an' the Stokes people to stay by their carts; put out connectin' files if you get behind, but we won't crowd you. All messages to the main body."

He blew his whistle. The first platoon swung into column and moved out. The bull train got under way with yells from the drivers and a great creaking and rumbling of carts. Naked children ran out of the houses, and slattern bare-heeled women and yawning men, heavy with sleep, lounged to the doorways.

The dogs rallied around, yelping excitedly. The bullwhackers received loud farewells from their civilian friends, and the marines of the garrison called baleful wise-cracks to the escort.

Señora Maria Teresa, who kept the best *cantina*, came to the front of her place of business and computed anxiously the jawbone she had extended to the men in that column. Of course they settled on pay day, most of them; but Sangrado knew more about these supply trains than she cared to contemplate. Now and then they got killed, these *soldados* of the North, and she said a little prayer with her hand on her *escuda*. It would be the devil's own luck if that big sergeant yonder, who sang so divinely in her *cantina*, should take a slug in the stomach where he had put so much of her best rum, on a credit——

Outside the town, the captain lengthened his stride and caught up with the advance guard. It was composed of the tall marines of the rifle platoon and half a dozen native soldiers of the *guardia nacional*, all under the orders of the *guardia* lieutenant.

Before the *guardia* had been formed, of hand-picked natives with a taste for the profession of arms, and officered with selected noncoms from the Marine Expeditionary Force, this lieutenant had been a gun-pointer in the captain's detachment afloat; and the two had seen many things together.

Now, with the gold crescents of a *teniente* on his collar, native-tailored breeches, and aggressive cordovan putties, kept shiny at great effort among the mud and thorns, he ate and drank with officers of marines, took much of the dirty work in the way of scouting and patrolling for the operating columns, and saved all his *guardia* pay to the end of having his girl down from Norfolk and getting married, as soon as the country became quiet.

For the rest, his name was Hook, and he had twelve years' service, and he kept sober and worked hard. And here he sent two natives forward as a point, while the others, picked machete-men, stood by to work into any brush to the right or left that needed investigating. The squad of marines went along in a compact combat group close behind him.

Two hundred yards back, closing the distance or opening it as the country required, came the first platoon; in touch behind them, forty bull carts plodded, loaded with rice and beans and corned bill and small arms ammunition and such matters, eighteen hundred pounds to the cart.

With the carts was the second platoon, which was train guard and reserve for whatever situation might develop. The speed of the column was the speed of the oxen: perhaps ten miles a day or even twelve, under the best conditions, but usually less than that.

In this country, expressly designed for ambushes, where narrow, one-man trails wound through matted jungles and marshes, and over mountains, and along black ravines, the marines of the occupation could supply their outflung detachments only by such trains. Security for the flanks was not to be thought of: you moved along a trail which was like an alley between walls. You expected to be ambushed, and frequently you were. The advance guard was out in front to be shot at, and to take the impact when the column rammed into anything.

It had to be big enough to draw fire from the enemy in his ambush. When his machine guns opened on

the leading files, he disclosed his position, and the main body then took such steps as the terrain permitted, and drove the enemy away with more or less killing; and the column went on. Every good marine officer dreamed of such a situation, wherein, by wise and cunning dispositions, he would surround and capture or destroy the tricksy bands that lay in wait through the Mosquito Coast. It followed that the advance guard detail carried no illusions: the marines regarded it as an honor to be shared in strict rotation.

"You think it worked, Hook?" the captain said, as they breasted the first slope of the foothills.

"Well, sir, I let several of my birds overhear me tell the quartermaster that I'd give his message to the sergeant in Queche. They're good guys, even if they are spigs, but they sure told their women. An' that's plenty."

"Fair enough. I instructed old Houston to be a little overtaken in likker at Maria Teresa's dump last night, an' let 'em learn that he looked forward to seein' friends in Colorado León before the week was up."

The captain chuckled, for Sergeant Houston had borrowed a piece of money on the strength of his orders, explaining that his credit was overextended, an' if the captain wanted that he should put it over right, so them spigs wouldn't suspect nothin' about it, he'd better buy a few drinks before he talked wild.

"It ain't much, but it might work. Old Sangrado will have two sets of dope to take his choice from, on the best authority.

"He has a certain military instinct, old Sangrado. Saw him once at Puerto Dios, when the Sarmiento revolution started over there. He's a big man; but they say he's got skinny, chasin' through the hills this cruise. Wish we had his intelligence service—every kid an' old woman an' hombre that sees us pass . . . I don't like these small informal wars, no matter what you call 'em."

It wasn't, agreed the *teniente,* as good a country for a war as France.

"France, now—that's a place to fight a war! Roads an' houses, an' a man could pick up things, like——" Then the *teniente* talked gravely with the captain of the advisability of having his girl down, after the rainy season opened; and the captain considered that it would be a close thing, getting along in the cities on a *guardia* lieutenant's pay, but it might be done, if both parties decided that they just couldn't live any other way.

The air patrol flew over and took a signal; the column plunged into the back country, and the hills closed behind them as waves close behind a swimmer.

Two days later they camped just short of the Queche trail, got an early start and passed into it before dawn. And in the wet grayness of that dawn, a little farther on, the trainmaster sergeant, a dark, cynical person who harbored his own suspicions, observed that the man Lupe was not in his accustomed station on the column, and cast about to find him.

Presently Lupe, slipping under a trailing vine, came upon the sergeant, his eyes narrowed and his pistol out.

What was that there, the sergeant wanted to know, that run off in the bushes? Lupe said heaven knew—he didn't. Himself, he had turned aside for an occasion . . . Who would they meet in this wild place, where not even the Indians lived? If the Señor Essergeant heard a noise it was doubtless an iguana. *Como no?*

Well, allowed the sergeant, who knew something of the habits of iguanas, it was mighty early for iguanas to be out. He'd have admired to see the varmint: he'd always wanted to kill an iguana. Thereafter, he never let Lupe out of his eye; but he couldn't prove anything.

And that afternoon, miles north in the high hills, a muddy, panting Indian was passed through the nervous sentinels of Sangrado's camp, and had speech with the General in his hut.

The camp lay on a wooded slope, well screened against the air; it craved no attention from the scouting planes. Around the thatched shack where the Liberator's hammock was slung, several hundred mangy patriots slept, and argued endlessly in small groups, and ate the slim rations of beans and boiled plantains supplied by their patient women. Sangrado himself heard the Indian out, and promised him large rewards in that good day when the *machos* should be driven into the sea.

He was a long-boned fellow, this Sangrado, and he had been of full habit, but was not so now: his skin hung in folds and creases under his bronze jowl, and his eyes burned far back behind his cheek bones. He was a simple man of direct ideas, and once the thing he meant to do was clear in his head, he sent for his officers and gave them certain orders.

Then he lay back in his hammock and listened to the sanguine words of the Coronel Pérez, his slick Costa Rican secretary and, as it were, chief of staff. He felt sure, did Coronel Pérez, that after this blow, the *machos* would be discomfited and perhaps make peace.

"For that *caballero* who came in over the mountains to interview your Excellency"—Coronel Pérez was a superior man and had been to school in Port Limón—"assured me that your Excellency's name had great honor in the land of the *yanquis.* Did he not give us many newspapers, in which your Excellency's name was mentioned with that of Jorge Washington? See, here they are."

The *coronel* produced worn newsprints from his saddle-bag archives and flourished them.

"Here is the greatest newspaper of New York, which is a great city of the *yanquis*—greater even than Puerto Dios. It says it, here. And this Jorge Washington himself fought the *machos.* He was one of the *presidentes* of the *yanquis.* He whipped the *machos,* even as your Excellency——"

"Ah!" said the General, scratching himself reflectively. "When was that? Is he *presidente* now? I think I have heard another name——"

"No, it was some years ago. But he is most highly regarded by those people."

"He whipped the *machos,* you say, and the people give him honor? Perhaps it is just as well that he is not *presidente* now. I think so. Doubtless," decided Sangrado after some thought, "this Don Jorge Washington is now in the Europe."

All the *presidentes* the General knew went to Europe, sooner or later, if they could manage it. "I myself will go to Europe, after I am *presidente* and have freed my people. Perhaps we shall see this Jorge Washington there. It will be amusing. I will take you with me, my *coronel.* But why, if, as this writing *caballero* said, they honor me in their great cities, do they send these despicable *machos* and their warships to lacerate our bleeding land? I cannot understand it. It is all very confusing."

It was, agreed the *coronel,* most confusing. But the *yanquis* were a strange people—no reasonable man could

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Hearst's International–Cosmopolitan for April 1930

understand them. He rather thought, as the writing *caballero* said, that it was the gold of Wall Street. He said this darkly. And the afternoon passed.

Over the hills to the south the bull train went into camp.

The quick darkness of the tropics fell over them before the mess kits were washed. It had rained towards the end of the day and all hands were wet and cold, and the captain allowed fires for a while. The camp was in dense cover, and Sangrado was no man for night fighting. If he hit at all, he would hit the next day, the captain thought, for Queche was only a few miles off.

MEANTIME, the column was in good shape. There were a few men with blisters, which was annoying. "Next time, by heaven, I'm going to fit every pair of shoes—me, person'ly." This to the grieved platoon commanders. "Blister on a man's heel is a disgrace to his platoon leader. Said his shoes fit him, did he? What does he know about it? That's your business. Everything about him is your business. Can't have anybody straggling."

But blisters or not, people do not straggle in the back country. A few men, a very few men, have straggled in such campaigns; what invariably happens to them furnishes shocks to generation after generation of recruits. As it was, they would make Queche well within their time.

Before turning in, the captain made a round of his sentries, and loitered in the shadows by the fires where the platoons dried their shirts, their blankets shawlwise on their shoulders. The firelight played on lean tanned faces and hard bright eyes.

One private, a tall, joyous fellow lately ashore from a sea detachment—a man of many adventures, he confided—sorted the contents of his pack while his gear dried. He produced a stack of pictures, post-card size and smaller, and dealt them fanwise in the firelight, girls from everywhere. His mates looked and commented, and he gave brief data on each.

"This here mama was from Balboa. I'll tell you about her; she . . . huh? I'll say—an' how! This one—she's the reason I near missed ship at Galveston . . ." He looked at one with great respect. "Yeh, she lives right near the Navy Yard, an' guys, that baby sho' knows what she's talkin' about! This here"—he took up the last—"no wisecracks on this one, gang. It's my sister."

In the second platoon, machine gunners and trench-mortar men, they discussed graver matters, as became specialists in the profession of arms. "How come we're down here, anyway?"

"You're down here because you're ordered to be, same as the skipper—same as all of us. We——"

"Yeh. But look here!" The marine waved an old newspaper. "I packed this along, figurin' I might get a chanc't to read it. Look what it says about 'Marines dominatin' small friendly nations wit' bay'nets!' Gives us hell right along. Some bird in Congress. We're tyrants an' oppressors, this bozo says. Ole Sandy an' his gang is patriots an' all that. Here it is, right here in print an' everythin'."

"Who in hell am I oppressin'?" This from a stocky machine gunner, industriously scratching obscure bites. "I allus craved to be in on some oppressin'—it sounds like a good racket. But the likker back in town costs as much as it does in Hoboken, an' all I got outa this war, so far, is mosquito bites an' chills an' fever, besides bein' bit by bugs that I don't even know the name of. Looks like we was missin' somethin' in this war."

"What? War your eye! There ain't no war, slanthead." The oldest corporal in the outfit put him right. "The country is peaceful. I read a piece in the paper that said it was. An' all those *politicos* that come down here, an' all those naval birds, didn't they get medals an' such for stoppin' the war—'way las' spring? Sure they did."

"Ain't no war? Tell that to them two aviators. Tell that to them guys we planted last month," a chorus rose.

"Aw," concluded the corporal, closing the conversation, "lissen, you boots. I been on nine expeditions, countin' France, an' I got six campaign ribbons. An' I ain't been in but one war in twenty years. That was in France. But I swear, I been more wet an' cold an' hongry, an' scared just about as bad, an' shot at in more places, than I ever was in that there one war—just battin' around these countries down here."

The *guardia* officer and the first sergeant lounged up and stood black against the fire. "You eggs soundin' off like a bunch of sea lawyers. What's it to you, how come you're down here? You're here, ain't you? Well! Second platoon furnishes advance guard tomorrow. It's pipe to hammicks now, all hands."

Later they smoked a final cigaret where the captain and the lieutenant lay. "If we get it, we get it tomorrow, Hook," said the captain. "It's bad ground along the river, most of the way to Queche. I want to shove off soon as it's light enough to see. Good night."

Before noon they came to a place where the trail skirted the base of a wooded hill. On the right hand the land lay level towards the twisting river. Ahead, a patch of a few hectares had been cleared, and a poor stand of bananas drooped in the hot sun. Beyond that, from the hill to the river, ran a tall belt of jungle, which the trail entered as a rabbit run goes under a hedge.

Three miles away, or four, was Queche; they would be there in the afternoon. The air patrol had droned overhead, making no remarks, and had gone home, which meant that the country appeared tranquil.

The hill on the left thrust out a low spur, around which the trail bent. The advance guard reached that point, and the length of the clearing opened before them. The captain, who had marched all morning with the advance guard—a thing against doctrine, but much practiced by officers who should know better—stopped here by the trail.

"Hook," he suggested, "no use scoutin' the brush along the river. They don't fight with water behind them—no get-away. Send a couple of *guardia* up the hill, an' extend your men across this openin' to the left. It's about the last likely place, I think. We'll fall out for a rest when we get through that brush. You go slow: I'll close on you with the main body."

The advance deployed, with wide intervals. Hook moved a little to the right, off the trail, keeping the automatic rifleman with him.

From where he stood, the captain looked back to the rifle platoon, a hundred yards behind, coming on briskly. From the bull train, not yet in sight, came a creaking of axles and the drawled admonitions of the bullwhackers.

The captain watched the advance guard idly. They were more than halfway to the brush . . .

Out there, a marine shifted his rifle from the crook of his arm, halted and peered intently. He pointed to the jungle and called something. The *guardia* lieutenant obliqued toward him, leaning forward, his pistol out. The face of the jungle quivered; the sun picked up the metal of rifle barrels, and a burst of fire swept the clearing.

Two machine guns came into action—Hotchkiss, the captain thought—and a quantity of rifles. His hat flew from his head; a banana stem by him shredded and swayed, and holes came in a drooping leaf on his line of vision. In the leading squad of the rifle platoon, now almost behind him, in column of twos, something thudded, and a man gurgled, shot through the lungs.

"Off the trail, there, you— Sergeant, deploy the first section, right here, and commence firing; they're in that brush right across. Mind those birds out in front—get an automatic on the trail, where it goes into the woods."

The sergeant yelled; the section plunged out, running low, to a semblance of a line, flung themselves down and took up the fire. No need, the captain noted, to worry about those birds in front. They were all prone. One or two, down towards the river, seemed to be shooting; the others lay too flat against the ground. One of the khaki huddles that lay so flat had leather leggings; that was Hook.

The captain's music boy thrust his hat at him. "Sir, looks like it's plumb got the top shot out of it."

The noncom of the second section panted close to him. "Sir, shall I——"

"You stay behind the spur! I want to round up those goonies; no point in just runnin' them off! Music—my compliments to Mr. Hayes: tell him to turn over to Sergeant McGee an' come up here with one machine gun an' the trench mortar."

"Cap'n's compliments to Mr. Hayes tell'm turn over to Sergunt McGee an' bring up one machine gun an' trench motor. Aye, sir." The music darted off.

Forward, the steady crackle of Springfields and the staccato bursts of the light Brownings answered back the fury in the brush, from which came also tigerish howls. Once the first sergeant's voice dominated it. "You, Maxwell, take yo' beak outa the deck an' look what you're shootin' at—workin' your bolt an' lammin' the tree tops, you——"

The rifle fire from the jungle was high, the captain noted. But those machine guns—one was dusting the ground just in front of his line, and the other—he couldn't tell, but it was drumming steadily.

PANTING and straining, the machine gun crew got up, and the lieutenant with them, the trench mortar laboring behind.

"Hayes, they're over there from the hill to the river. You take two squads from here, an' your gun, an' go along the hill. You ought to find a place to work from. Keep behind this spur until you're well up. I don't want to just turn 'em. Get behind 'em an' sew 'em up—beat it, now!"

The machine gunners and the riflemen grunted up the hill, leaving cloth and skin on the thorn bushes. The trench-mortar corporal, in his first action, crouched and shivered like an eager hound.

"Sir, captain, sir, I can set up right here. Sir, I can go into battery right here, an'——"

"All right; set up your gun. About five hundred yards. An' stand by."

Something seared the captain's left arm and spun him violently against the

music, and he almost fell. Then the Navy Hospital corpsman dragged him down and cut at his shirt sleeve and bandaged, while the captain swore fervently.

The line, now over its first shock, realized that it saw nothing to shoot at, and that ammunition was limited; and slackened its fire. The jungle misinterpreted this, redoubled its howling, and spewed out a herd of wild, leaping figures, who waved machetes and rifles and bounded into the open as far as the crumpled figures of the advance guard.

"Godamighty! they's hundreds of 'em . . ." There was still one squad of the rifle platoon, lying behind the captain; it doubled out before his good arm was halfway up. The firing line got to its knees and shot straight and hard—bunches of men in the open, at two hundred, a hundred yards—it was too good to be true. The Springfields, thirty of them, and the automatics made a steady roar of musketry, aimed shots, that blanketed every other noise.

In a breath the place was clean again, and the jungle howled, but with a different tempo. Then the Lewis gun began to fire from the hill.

The captain blew his whistle. The instructed music wonderingly sounded recall. The men were too close to where the mortar shells could burst.

"Get 'em back, first sergeant; get 'em down—lie down, you—— All right, corporal; five hundred yards, an' cover the brush from the right, up. I want bursts just inside it."

The trench mortar came into action. The propelling charge coughed, the shell whined away, curved down in a steep smooth arc and burst with a shattering roar. The corporal twisted the traversing screw, his face shining with zeal, and the second shell burst, and the third—he had three in the air at once. Smoke and flame, bits of things, something that looked like a hat, flew up from the brush.

"Won't kill many," considered the captain. "Trees take up all the fragmentation. But it'll shake 'em up plenty. If I could only have got a few more men behind 'em——"

The jungle uttered unearthly noises between the shells; the machine gun on the hill stuttered through a last scattering burst of fire, and the place was silent, so that men heard each other breathe.

The captain felt very weak, and sat down in the trail, and the hospital corpsman was at last able to get his arm into a sling.

"Naw; tie it down close—believe that bone's nicked, or somethin'."

"How do we stand, top?" The captain listened while the sergeant reported. "All right. That should be all; don't think Mr. Hayes lost any on the hill. Put 'em on the carts. The wounded, too. Detail another squad for advance guard—let Sergeant Shaefer take it. Hospital corpsman, how many men you want to help you? I'll give you two here; get the others from the train."

The first sergeant interpolated that Sergeant McGee sent word that he had been obliged to shoot the man Lupe, for suspicious actin', and the bullwhackers were all under the carts praying.

"Well, McGee usually has good reasons for what he does. Get him under way: le's shove off. Here, help me up. Sure, I can walk as far as Queche, anyway. Music, gimme a hand. Mr. Hayes'll cut in on the trail ahead—le's go . . ."

The black *zopilotes* were wheeling down to see what had happened. The new advance guard moved out.

The Patience of Griselda *by John Erskine* (*Continued from page 33*)

to the corner of his room where she had set a table for two, he was struck by the decorations she had arranged—the festival note. There were flowers in a broad bowl, and on each side of the table stood the bishop's golden candlesticks, with the best tall wax lighted on top of them.

He was about to protest when he noticed that on each the bishop's seal was adroitly hidden by silken wrappings. Uncertain though he usually was in the realm of dry goods, he recognized ribbon off the same bolt that had furnished Griselda with stocking support. Her mild blue eyes gazed into his.

"I found these candlesticks," said she, "in the attic."

He wondered how she had discovered the hiding place so quickly.

"And I thought they would be charming for us two, whenever we dine alone."

"That's all very well," he said, "and I'm strong on sentiment myself within proper limits, but it's old wisdom in housekeeping that when once the standard of living goes up, you can't bring it down again. If we get in the habit of eating by golden candlelight, no telling where we'll end."

"If you prefer," she said, "I'll take them back to the attic."

Two of the serfs were standing with the roast pig ready, one behind each chair, and Griselda began unwrapping the ribbon from the bishop's shield.

"You might as well leave them now," said the marquis, "and we'll include golden candlesticks among those important things about which you'll need my advice. The next time it occurs to you to put them on the table, ask me first."

She sat right down, obeying instantly like a good soldier. He leaned across the table and stuck in the ribbon where she had left it ready to untwine itself.

She didn't mention the candlesticks again, nor did he, until the servants had left the room.

"I'll put these away now," she said. "I suppose you'd like them in the same place?"

He looked at her with more suspicion than a husband should display. "I'll carry them up myself," he said. "They're some heirlooms I stumbled on today, and they'd better be kept where the household won't see them. It's a dishonest world, and solid gold melts too easily."

She listened as though he were telling a pleasant story. "You managed well," she said, "and I'm always amazed at your resources. To think of finding heirlooms in the attic!"

It struck him that the compliment held a hint of danger. Since he had another trouble on his mind anyway, he changed the theme. "About those buckles," he said. "I have neglected to point this out to you before, and if you've committed an indiscretion, I am willing to share the blame up to the present moment. From now on, however, you'd better be careful."

"Careful, my lord?"

"It's your great distinction, as a wife, to be considerate and obedient. I might even say pliable. But be careful that virtue doesn't spill over in the direction of other men. They should be treated as husbands usually are."

Griselda's blue eyes were round with docile inquiry. "My lord, I am stupid—you'll have to say it clearer."

"Then I'll begin with a compliment and lead from that to something important. You are what we men consider a fascinating woman, but it is your duty to fascinate nobody but me. You need not be disagreeable, but you'll have to answer for it if other men besides your husband fall in love with you."

"Of course, my lord," said Griselda. "Even to me that seems elementary . . . Were you about to speak of the buckles?"

"They illustrate what I had in mind. When the pin broke, you should not have turned to the public for aid."

"It was an emergency," said Griselda, "but the next time it happens I shall know how to act . . . Just how should I?"

"Good heavens, woman, don't you know how to keep your clothes on without advice from me?"

"In case there's difficulty in the future, my lord, may I come and ask?"

He wished she had more brains, but the thought occurred to him that a too-active intelligence was perhaps incompatible with the peculiar charm of her character. He took the candlesticks to the attic himself and hid them, along with the other treasures, in a more remote strong box. He would have carried the key on his person if the instrument had not been so heavy and so large. The best he could do was to hide it in another strong box, the key of which he hid in a third, the key of which he suspended by a string down an unused well.

A morning or two later, he received a visit from the captain of the bishop's private guard, a tall man whose theology was sound but whose manners were imperfect.

"The thief who broke into the palace," he said, "was recognized as one of your vassals. The bishop sends his compliments and says he doesn't much care which one of you hangs."

The marquis was receiving the man on the terrace where Griselda, that other day, had been discussing the landscape with the courtier.

"If your errand is personal," said the marquis, "you might as well go up to my room where we shan't be disturbed."

The captain of the bishop's guard cast an eye on the tower door and at the dark stairway to which it led. "I have a feeling," said he, "that my health is better out here. You don't, by any chance, happen to have the stolen articles in the house?"

The marquis was dignified but courteous. "By chance," he said, "they are not here. By chance, also, I did not steal them. Further, by chance, I don't know who the thief was, nor what he stole, and you may tell His Grace that in my opinion you are a more efficient guard for the palace than I should ever be, and I'd rather not be doing your work for you."

The captain turned on his heel. "I'll tell him," said he. "He may tell you something, too!"

"Before you go, you might leave a description of the articles, in case we are searching a robber on our own account. The things were all taken from the bishop's palace?"

He saw Griselda coming across the courtyard toward him and regretted that he had furnished occasion for a long answer. The captain, with his back turned, had not yet observed her.

"They were all from the palace—two golden candlesticks, a gift from the diocese on the bishop's sixtieth birthday, and several golden cups."

"Was there nothing else?"

"That's all the bishop mentioned."

It seemed like Tragedy

—but it gave me extra help for life.

I KNEW something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town except Bob. That bell had a guilty ring—guiltier than Bob's voice when he said, "Hello, dear."

He went on to tell me that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the *plant*, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, to talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him.

"But Bob!" I wailed. "How could you—when I've been away ten days? The house is simply impossible! And I haven't a clean stitch to my name—"

I stopped. If opportunity was ringing the Mannings' doorbell, I'd be the last to pretend I didn't hear it.

"All right, dear," I said, as sweetly as I could. "We'll be ready for them."

—but I could see her studying my face, my hands, my dress

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only *possible* thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I suddenly remembered. A big grease spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. Dared I wash it? And those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha—it makes spots and greasy dirt simply vanish, yet it's gentle as can be." Who had said that to me, just lately? Why, Bob's mother, of course! When I had praised her sweet, snowy, wash, she had given me a regular lecture on Fels-Naptha Soap. One of the last things she had done before I left was to tuck a carton of Fels-Naptha Soap into my trunk, with the advice, "Just try it!"

I would. I did. Prayerfully, I dipped that dress into the lukewarm and rich Fels-Naptha suds. The clean naptha odor reassured me. Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn't dare rub. But I didn't have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn't change a bit. "Hallelujah!" I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little pile of linens. In no time those clothes looked gorgeous.

Then I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha's extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob's mother—and Fels-Naptha!

The evening was a big success. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I'm sure if anyone had told her that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his career. I'm sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha's *extra* help would mean to me!

* * *

Fels-Naptha's *extra* help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

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"Pardon, my lord," said Griselda. "I'm not interrupting, am I? It's an emergency. The other pin has given way."

She was so occupied with her trouble that in the simplicity of her heart she began to lift her skirt on the right side. The captain moved around where he could see what she was doing.

"You may go to your room," said the marquis.

"But I thought——" she began.

"Go to your room!" he shouted.

Griselda walked carefully toward the door and disappeared up the staircase.

The marquis turned to the captain. "My men will show you to the gate. A pleasant ride home."

His feelings were so excited that he made several turns around the walls of the castle before he went upstairs to give his wife another lesson in behavior. He inquired into the condition of the storeroom, gave orders for additional supplies of food for the household, and of boiling lead for possible visitors.

Only when these domestic needs had been provided for did he mount deliberately to Griselda's modest chamber. She was waiting for him, sitting in the one chair the room afforded, gazing patiently out the window. The marquis threw down his hat and his sword on the bed and began pulling off his gloves.

"We'll have a plain talk," said he. "I suppose it's the vulgar upbringing you had at home, but you lack reticence. Please understand that henceforth you will not discuss the state of your clothing before anyone but me."

"My lord," said she, "it was my hope to discuss it with you."

"But not when others are standing by. It's immodest, and if I hadn't ordered you into the house before it was too late, you would have exhibited your entire right leg to that brigand. A lady should have greater respect for her person."

Griselda's eyes were never more hungry for information. "My lord, it's wonderful how I learn something every time I talk with you! Do I understand that it's wrong for a lady to be seen, in whole or in part, without clothes?"

"That's it, at last! Now hold on to that principle."

"The day you sent me back to my father's house," said Griselda, "if I remember correctly, it was at your request that I changed my wardrobe in the middle of the highway and before a number of your friends. I may have drawn the wrong conclusions from the incident."

"That," said the marquis, "was an exceptional episode, allegorical in its application, and it was at my request. When I ask you to talk about your costume, or to dispense with it, it will, of course, be your duty to obey."

"I'm glad to have that explained, my lord—from now on you will have no occasion to worry. Was that all you found fault with?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"I have a question to put to you, if you can spare me a moment. When I looked for you in the courtyard, I hoped to get your advice, after we had arranged about the pin."

"Well, what is it?" He picked up his sword and his hat, as a hint to be brief.

"One of the gentlemen of your household, one of your best friends, asked me this morning to do him a favor, and I told him I couldn't unless you gave your permission."

The marquis was in less hurry to depart. "Who's the man and what's the favor?"

"My lord, I have a poor memory for names, but he's the gentleman who lent me the brooch."

"Oh, he is, is he? Can you describe him a little more accurately?" He laid the hat and sword down again, and stood in front of her to watch her face.

"My lord, it's the same one who offered to fix the other pin this morning, but I thought you'd rather do it yourself."

The marquis was as red as a lobster. "Just tell me enough to recognize him by and I'll slice his throat."

Griselda thought hard for marks of identification. "Oh, I remember, my lord—it's the one who held my clothes for me during the allegorical episode."

The marquis seized his sword and dashed for the staircase.

"My lord, please don't go until you've answered my question!"

He glared back at her. "Question?"

"When I was showing him how the pin was broken and explaining that I couldn't accept another loan, he told me you were riding out this afternoon."

"What's that about a loan?"

"My lord, he has another brooch."

"Ah—and I'm riding out, am I?"

"So he said, and he wondered if I would sleep with him."

The marquis sprang at her with his sword. "You dare to tell me that!"

His vehemence surprised her.

"My lord, I understood I was to ask you only important questions, but this really seemed important."

The marquis hesitated. "What did you say to the villain?"

"I told him I would do whatever you wished, and I would ask you at once."

"You mean—you actually mean you would give your love to a man who is not your husband?"

She never looked more docile. "Willingly, my lord, if you told me to."

"But even if I did go crazy, and even if you were so absurd as to sacrifice yourself——"

"Should you command me, it would never be a sacrifice to obey. Besides, he's a very nice man."

The marquis studied her face, but could make nothing out of it.

"In what part of the castle," said he, "is your lover waiting for my answer?"

"My lord, when I said I must ask you first, he called for his horse. I doubt if he's now here."

The marquis pulled his hat down tight over his head and grasped his rapier. "Don't you stir from this house, Griselda, till I bring him back."

She was still waiting patiently in her room that afternoon when the bishop called. He was attended by a rather strong squadron, including among other picturesque figures the captain of the guard. The sentry held them all up at the outer gate explaining the impossibility of being hospitable during the absence of the marquis.

When the bishop learned that Griselda was at home, he offered to leave his men outside and enter alone for a quiet talk with her on spiritual matters. The sentries, having no authority to keep out the church, let him in. She received him in the marquis' room, where there was more than one chair.

He was a handsome man, young for his years, and the prevailing expression of his face was brotherly love. At moments, however, his lips could tighten and his eyes flash. If ever he were angry, perhaps he would do something about it.

"My daughter," he said, "your husband's absence at this moment is unfortunate, and though I sympathize with reasonable precaution, I regret that my men must camp outside your wall."

"For me," said Griselda, "the situation is painful. I love to entertain visitors, but I always have to ask my husband first, and as you say, he isn't here. When he comes home and finds all those gentlemen detained outside the door, he will be sorry."

"Is he riding alone, my daughter?"

"He is, so far as I know."

"Then perhaps he *will* be sorry . . . Meanwhile, my daughter, as your pastor I should like to ask a question. When did your husband last ride out alone?"

"Oh, not for a long time—that is, several days ago."

"It wasn't last week, was it?"

"Yes, it was."

"Not Friday, perhaps?"

"Why, it *was* Friday."

"Ah." The bishop folded his hands across his belt. "Now, my daughter, when the marquis returned from his ride last Friday, did he happen to bring with him a large sack or bundle?"

"I didn't ask him."

"And he, of course," said the bishop, "would not be likely to tell you . . . You didn't happen to notice around the house any articles of value to which you were not accustomed?"

Griselda smiled, as though her thoughts were suddenly pleasant. "Indeed I did!"

"You did! And what did you notice?"

"Why, that evening he made me a handsome present—two presents."

"What were they?"

Griselda looked troubled. "Your Grace, I'd be glad to tell you if I had my husband's permission, but he warned me, as a dutiful wife, not to mention them again without his consent."

The bishop's lips stiffened, and the flash came into his eyes. "Your husband's prudence is easily understood . . . It is not my habit to arrive at truth through casuistry, but on occasion the method is justified—even if your husband forbade you to speak of the articles, you are free to show them to me."

Griselda shook her head. "That, he expressly forbade."

The bishop knit his brows for one impressive moment.

"My daughter, I have authority, as you know, to absolve you from your husband's commands—that is, where they conflict with higher duties. At this moment his soul is in more peril than yours, and I doubt if his wishes are from any point of view binding. Last Friday my house was robbed, and only this afternoon, after I had sent the captain of my guard to confer with your husband, did we manage to catch the thief.

"In a moment of repentance, just before my men pulled the rope, the wretch swore that the treasure is now in your husband's possession. You understand, of course, the gravity of such a charge. To receive stolen goods is equivalent to stealing them, and to rob the church is a crime unpardonable."

"My husband," said Griselda, "would rob nobody. I don't think he would. At least, not a church."

"Daughter," said the bishop, "I command you to tell the truth. What were those two articles he gave you?"

"Your Grace, they were two lovely buckles for my garters. If you wish to see them, I'll——"

"I'll take your word for it," said the bishop. "Your husband must have broken into other homes besides mine."

"Or into none at all, Your Grace. I believe they are family heirlooms which he found in the attic."

"Perhaps," said the bishop, "we might take a look at the attic where heirlooms are mislaid and rediscovered."

Apparently he expected her to lead

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him to the spot, but she did not stir.

"Your Grace," she said, "is it the mission of the church to search our top floor?"

The bishop was formulating a reply when the marquis entered the room, quite at his ease.

"I am sorry I wasn't here to receive you, but from this minute we'll all make amends. Had I been at home, Your Grace, your men would not have been kept waiting outside. I've just invited them to be comfortable in the courtyard. You'll dine with us, I hope; you and Griselda and I can have a quiet talk up here."

The bishop was not sure how to proceed; the boldness of the marquis' manner surprised him. Griselda spoke up.

"My lord, it wasn't dinner the bishop came for. He wanted to know whether you had robbed his house."

The bishop was positively embarrassed. "Marquis, my house has been robbed, and that red-headed thief who lives, or did live, on your property, swore that you helped yourself to the stolen goods."

"And the amusing part of it," said Griselda, "is that the bishop thought you found my garter buckles in his church. He wanted me to show them to him."

The marquis laid his hand on his sword. "And did you, my dear?"

The embarrassment of the bishop was excessive. "Your admirable wife convinced me of your innocence. That is, her logic convinced me. I dispensed with a demonstration."

He looked at the marquis, and the marquis looked back at him, and though their eyes were anything but friendly, they both began to smile.

"Griselda," said her husband, "we shall be ready for dinner whenever you care to serve it."

She went out to give the cook orders, and he turned his eye back to the bishop.

"I understand you hanged one of my men."

"I hanged a thief."

"And with no proof of his guilt!"

The bishop smiled. "None that I can produce, but he was seen riding away with the sack over his shoulder."

"That's not evidence. There's more than one red-headed rascal in the world."

The bishop shrugged his shoulders. "I should say there's one fewer. See here, marquis, I value those candlesticks. Where are they?"

The marquis was indignant at the insinuation. "I strongly suspect they are in your palace now, if they ever were there at all."

"In case you should come to your senses and should care to make restitution, I might absolve you from at least a part of the moral responsibility."

"In case I ever think of robbing a church, I'll remember your offer."

At that, two serfs brought in the food and the wine, and set the table with the best castle pewter. The beef looked particularly juicy, and the onions sent out savors of a rare strength. The bishop showed readiness to be getting at it.

"Shall we wait for your wife?" said he.

"I don't usually. She'll be here sooner or later. Draw up your chair."

In the midst of the busy silence Griselda came parading through the door carrying two lighted candles set in the golden candlesticks, and this time there was no garter ribbon to hide the bishop's shield.

"My lord," she said, "is it your wish to have these on the table tonight? For myself, I can't imagine an occasion more intimate or more distinguished."

The bishop looked around to see what she was bringing in.

His kindest judgment was that the marquis should be hanged at once from the ceiling of his own room, but Griselda pleaded for her husband.

"Your Grace, isn't this one of those mixed sins that can be squared off with a public penance?"

As she spoke she played nervously with a golden necklace at the end of which hung a green jewel. The bishop followed her hand until his eye rested on the chain and the pendant.

So the marquis picked his way barefoot through the streets, in nothing but his shirt, and in each hand he carried a lighted candle, but no candlestick. By his side, like the dutiful wife she was, walked Griselda, in her handsomest gown.

Next Month—the King of Spain talks about Prohibition, Polo, Motor Cars, Ships, and the Wall Street Crash in an old-fashioned visit with Frazier Hunt

Faith, Hope and Charity *by Irvin S. Cobb*

(Continued from page 43)

have not yet been tried—before they could try me I fled away out of that accursed Spain of mine."

"Not tried, eh?" broke in the Frenchman. "Then you have yet a loophole—a chance for escape; and I have none. My trial, as I told you, is behind me."

"You do not know the Spanish courts. It is plain you do not, since you say that," declared the Spaniard. "Those courts—they are greedy for blood. With them, to my kind, there is not mercy; there is only punishment.

"And such a punishment! Wait until you hear. To me when they get me before them they will say: 'The proof is clear against you; the evidence has been thus and so. You are adjudged guilty. You took a life, so your life must be taken. It is the law.'

"Perhaps I say: 'Yes, but that life I took swiftly and in passion and for cause. For that one the end came in an instant, without pain, without lingering, yes, without warning. Since I must pay for it, why cannot I also be made to die very quickly without pain?'

"Will they listen? No, they send me to the garrote. To a great strong chair they tie you—your hands, your feet, your trunk. Your head is against a post, an upright. In that post is a collar—an iron band. They fit that collar about your neck. Then from behind you the executioner turns a screw.

"If he chooses he turns it slowly. The collar tightens, tightens; a knob presses into your spine. You begin to strangle. Oh, I have seen it myself! I know. You expire by inches! I am a brave man, Señores. When one's time comes, one dies. But oh, Señores, if it were any death but that! Better the guillotine than that! Better anything than that!"

He slumped back against the cushions, and rigors passed through him.

It was the Italian's turn. "I was tried in my absence," he explained to the Spaniard. "I was not even there to make my defense—I had thought it expedient to depart. Such is the custom of the courts in my country. They try you behind your back.

"They found me guilty, those judges. In Italy there is no capital punishment, so they sentenced me to life imprisonment. It is to that—that—I now return."

The Spaniard lifted his shoulders; the lifting was eloquent of his meaning.

"Not so fast," said the Italian. "You tell me you lived once in Italy. Have you forgotten what life imprisonment for certain acts means in Italy? It means solitary confinement. It means you are buried alive. They shut you away from everyone in a tight cell. It is a tomb, that is all. You see no one ever; you hear no voice ever. If you cry out, no one answers. Silence, darkness, darkness, silence, until you go mad or die.

"Can you picture what that means to one of my race, to an Italian who must have music, sunshine, talk with his fellows, sight of his fellows? It is in his nature—he must have these things or he is in torture, in constant and everlasting torment. Every hour becomes to him a year, every day a century, until his brain bursts asunder inside his skull.

"Oh, they knew—those fiends who devised this thing—what to an Italian is a million times worse than death—any death. I am the most unfortunate one of the three of us. My penalty is the most dreadful by far."

The others would not have it so. They argued the point with him and with each other all through the day, and twilight found their beliefs unshaken.

Then, under the Spaniard's leadership, came their deliverance out of captivity. It was he who, on the toss-up, won the revolver which they had taken from the person of the senseless special agent. Also it was he who suggested to the Italian that for the time being, at least, they stick together. To this the Italian had agreed, the Marseilles man Lafitte already having elected to go on his own.

After the latter, heading east by south, had left them, the Spaniard said reflectively:

"He is optimistic, that one, for all that he seemed so gloomy and downhearted today when speaking of that guillotine of his. He said he now had faith that he would yet dodge his fate. Five minutes after he is off that train he speaks of faith!"

"I cannot go quite so far," answered the Italian. "We are free, but for us there will be still a thousand dangers. So I have not much faith, but I have hope. And you, my friend?"

The Spaniard shrugged his shoulders. His shrug might mean yes or it might mean no. Perhaps he needed his breath. He was going at a jog-trot down the tracks, the Italian alongside him.

Take the man who had faith. Set down as he was in a country utterly strange to him, this one of the fugitives nevertheless made steady progress. He got safely around and by the New Mexico town. He hid in the chaparral until daybreak, then took to a highway running parallel with the railroad.

A "tin-canner," which is what they were beginning to call an itinerant motor tourist in those parts, overtook him soon after sunup and gave him a lift to a small way station some forty miles down the line. There he boarded a local train—he had some money on him; not much money but enough—and undetected, he rode that train clear on

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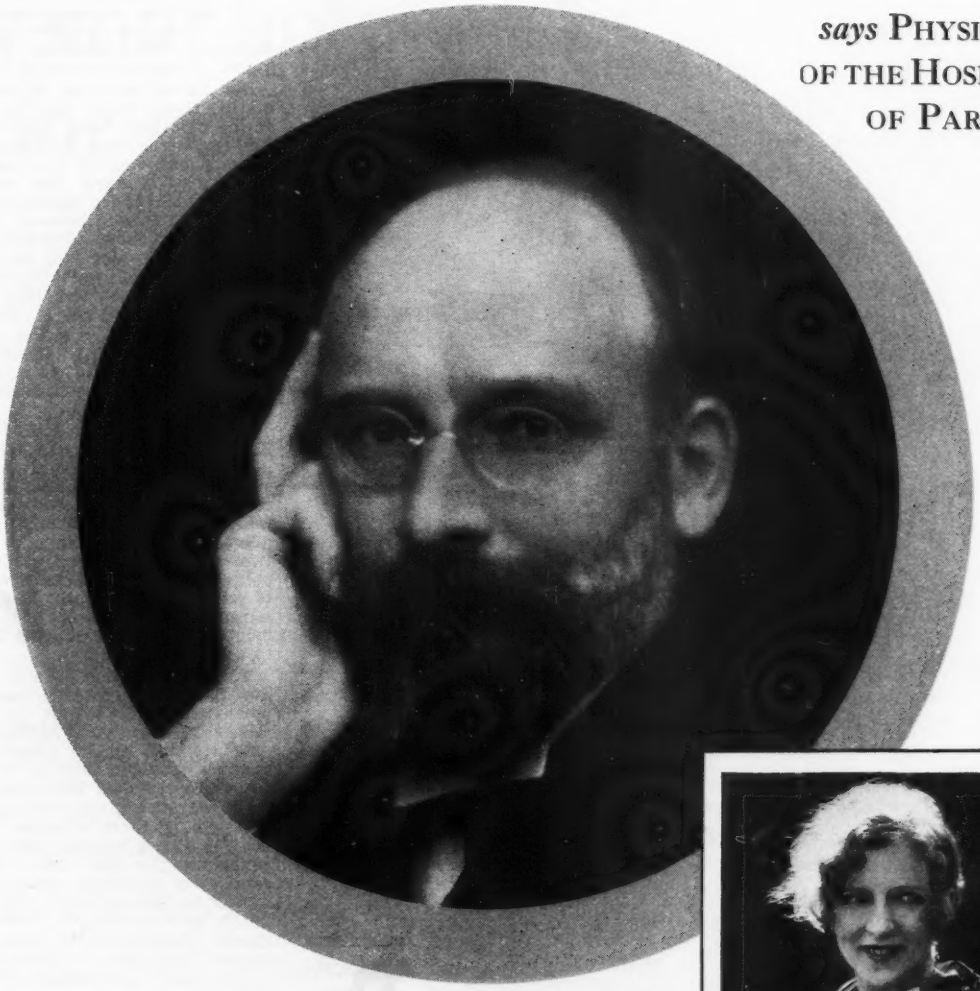

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through to its destination a hundred miles or so farther along.

Other local trains carried him across a corner of Colorado and clear across Kansas. Some forty-eight hours later, he was a guest in a third-rate hotel on a back street in Kansas City, Missouri.

He stayed in that hotel for two days and two nights, biding most of the time in his room on the top floor of the six-story building, going down only for his meals and for newspapers. The food he had to have; the newspapers gave him information, of a sort, of the hunt for the three fugitives. It was repeatedly stated that all three were believed to be fleeing together. That cheered Lafitte very much. It strengthened his faith.

But on the morning of his third day in this cheap hotel, when he came out of his room and went down the hall to ring for the elevator—there was only one passenger elevator in this hotel—he saw something. Passing the head of the stairs, which ended approximately midway of the stretch between the door of his room and the wattled iron door opening on the elevator well, he saw, out of the corner of one watchful eye, two men in civilian garb on the steps below him.

They had halted there. Whether they were coming up or going down there was no way of telling. It seemed to him that at sight of him they ducked slightly and made as if to flatten themselves back against the side wall.

He gave no sign of having seen them. He stilled an impulse to make a dash for it. Where was he to dash for, with the stairs cut off? He followed the only course open to him. Anyhow he told himself he might be wrong. Perhaps his nerves were misbehaving. Perhaps those two who seemed to be lurking just there behind him on those steps were not interested in him at all. He kept telling himself that, while he was ringing the bell, while he was waiting for the car to come up for him.

The car did come up and, for a wonder, promptly; an old-fashioned car, creaky, musty. Except for its shirt-sleeved attendant, it was empty. As Lafitte stepped in, he glanced sideways over his shoulder, making the movement casual—no sight of those two fellows.

He rode down, the only passenger for that trip, so there were no stops on the descent. They reached the ground floor, which was the office floor. The elevator came to a standstill, then moved up a foot or so, then joltingly down six inches or so, as the attendant, who was not expert, maneuvered to bring the sill of the car flush with the tiling of the lobby.

The delay was sufficiently prolonged for Lafitte to realize, all in a flash, he had not been wrong. Through the intervening grille of the shaft door he saw two more men who pressed close up to that door, who stared in at him, whose looks and poses were watchful, eager, prepared. Besides, Lafitte knew plain-clothes men when he saw them.

Up above and here below, he was cut off. There still was a chance for him, a poor one but the only one. If he could shoot the elevator aloft quickly enough, check it at the third floor or the fourth, say, and hop out, he might make a successful dart for the fire escape at the rear of the hotel—provided the fire escape was not guarded. In the space of time that the elevator boy was jockeying the car, he thought of this, and having thought it, acted on it.

Swinging his fist from behind with all his might, he hit that hapless fellow on the point of the jaw and deposited him, stunned and temporarily helpless, on his knees in a corner of the cage. Lafitte grabbed the lever, shoved it over hard,

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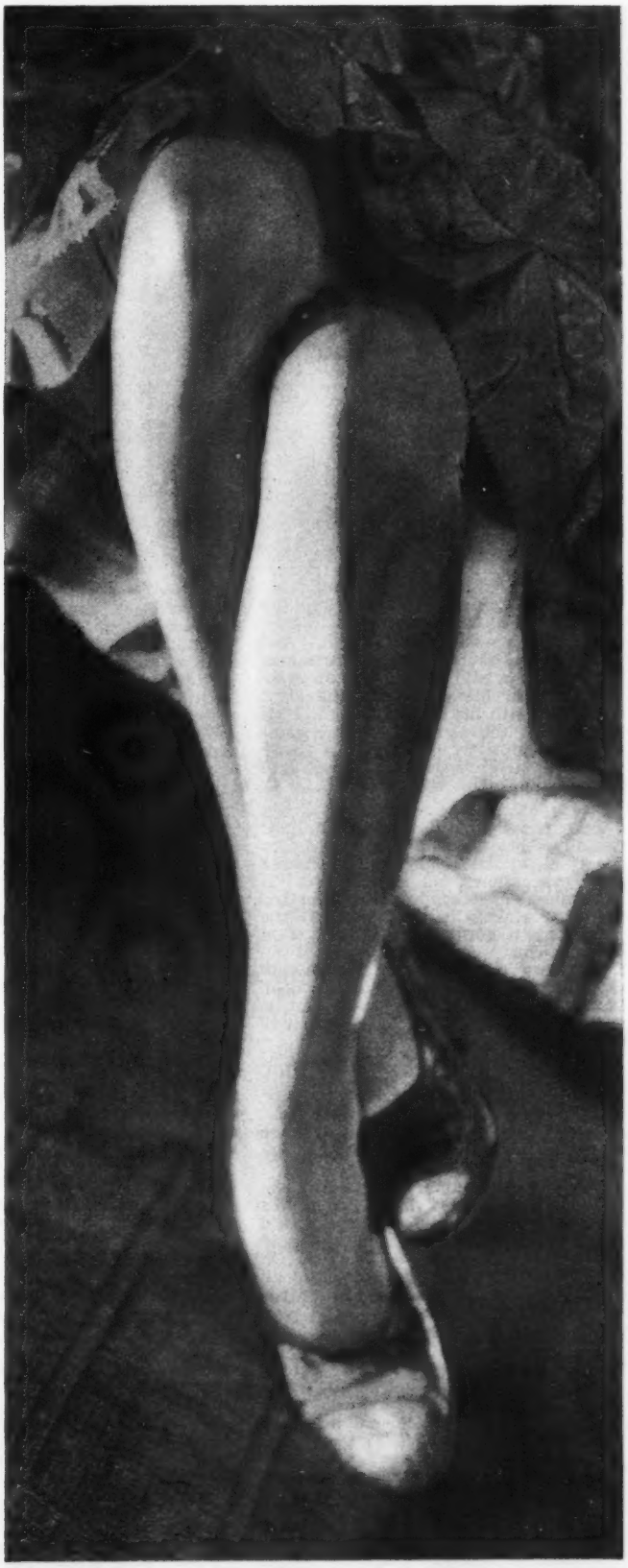

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and up the shaft shot the car. Before he could get control of it, being unfamiliar with such mechanisms and in a panic besides, it was at the top of the house. But then he mastered it and made it reverse its course, and returning downward he pulled the lever, bringing it toward him.

That was the proper notion, that gentler manipulation, for now the car, more obedient, was crawling abreast of the third-floor level. It crept earthward, inch by inch, and without bringing it to a dead stop he jerked up the latch of the collapsible safety gate, telescoped the metal outer door back into its folded-up self, and stooping low because the gap was diminishing, he lunged forward.

Now that elevator boy was a quick-witted, a high-tempered Irish boy. He might be half dazed but his instincts of belligerency were not asleep. He told afterward how, automatically and indignantly functioning, he grabbed at the departing assailant and caught him by one leg and for a fleeting moment, before the other kicked free, retarded him.

But by all that was good and holy he swore he did not touch the lever. Being down on all-fours at the rear side of the slowly sinking car, how could he touch it? Why, just at that precise fraction of a second, the elevator should pick up full speed was a mystery to him—to everybody else, for that matter.

But pick up full speed it did. And the Irish boy cowered down and screamed an echo to a still louder scream than his, and hid his eyes from the sight of Lafitte, with his head outside and his body inside the elevator, being decapitated as completely and almost as neatly as though a great weighted knife had sheared him off at the neck.

Take the Spaniard and the Italian: Steadily they traveled westward for nearly all of that night which followed their evacuation from the Limited. It put desirable distance between them and the spot where they had dumped the special agent down. Also it kept them warm. This was summertime but on the desert even summer nights are chilly and sometimes downright cold. Before dawn, they came on a freight train waiting in a siding. Its locomotive faced west. That suited their book.

They climbed nimbly aboard a flat and snuggled themselves down behind a barrier of farm implements. Here, breakfastless but otherwise comfortable, they rode until nearly midday. Then a brakeman found them. Harshly he ordered them to get out of there.

Immediately though, looking at them where they squatted half hidden, his tone softened, and he told them he'd changed his mind about it and they could stay aboard as long as they pleased. On top of this, he hurried forward as though he might have important news for the engine crew or somebody.

They chose to get off. They had noted the quick start as of recognition which the brakeman had given. They figured—and figured rightly—that by now the chase for them was on and that their descriptions had been telegraphed back and forth along the line. The train was traveling at least twenty miles an hour, but as soon as the brakeman was out of sight, they jumped for it, tumbling like shot rabbits down the slope of the right of way and bringing up jarred and shaken in the dry ditch at the bottom.

Barring bruises and scratches, Green had taken no hurt, but Gaza landed with a badly sprained ankle. With Green to give him a helping arm, he hobbled away from the railroad.

To get away from that railroad was their prime aim now. Choosing a course at random, they went north over the undulating waste lands and through the shimmering heat, toward a range of mottled high buttes rising on beyond.

It took them until deep into the afternoon to cover a matter roughly of five miles. By now, Gaza's lower left leg was elephantine in its proportions and every forced step he took meant a fresh stab of agony. He knew he could not go much farther. Green knew it too, and in his brain began shaping tentative plans. The law of self-preservation was one of the few laws for which he had respect. They panted from heat and from thirst and from weariness.

At the end of those five miles, having toiled laboriously up over a fold in the land, they saw close at hand and almost directly below them, a dobe hut, and not quite so near at hand, a big flock of sheep. At the door of the cabin, a man in overalls was stripping the hide from a swollen dead cow.

Before they could dodge back below the sky line, he saw them and stood up expectantly. There was nothing for them to do except to go toward him. At their slow approach, an expression of curiosity crept over his brown face and stayed there. He looked like a Mexican or possibly a half-breed Indian.

When Gaza, stumbling nearer, hailed him in English, he merely shook his head dumbly. Then Gaza tried him in Spanish and to that he replied volubly. For minutes they palavered back and forth; then the stranger served them with deep drafts from a water bottle swinging in the doorway with a damp sack over it. The water was lukewarm and bitterish-tasting but it was grateful to their parched throats. Then he withdrew inside the little house and Gaza, for Green's benefit, translated into Italian what talk had passed.

"He says he is quite alone here, which is the better for us," explained the Spaniard, speaking swiftly. "He says that a week ago he came up from Old Mexico, seeking work. A gringo—a white man—gave him work. The white man is a sheepman. His home ranch is miles away. In a sheep wagon he brought this Mexican here and left him here in charge of that flock yonder, with provisions for a month.

"It will be three weeks then before the white man, his employer, comes again. Except for that white man he knows nobody hereabouts. Until we came just now, he had seen no one at all. So he is glad to see us."

"And accounting for ourselves you told him what?" asked Green.

"I told him we were traveling across country in a car and that going down a steepness last night the car overturned and was wrecked and I crippled myself. I told him that, traveling light because of my leg, we started out to find some town, some house, and that, hoping to make a short cut, we left the road, but that since morning and until we blundered upon this camp, we had been quite lost in this ugly country. He believes me. He is simple, that one, an ignorant, credulous peon.

"But kind-hearted, that also is plain. For proof of it observe this." He pointed to the bloated, half-flayed carcass. "He says three days ago he found this beast—a stray from somewhere, he knows not where. So far as he knows there are no cattle droves in these parts—only sheep.

"She was sick, she staggered, she was dizzy and turned in circles as if blind, and froth ran from her mouth. There is a weed which does that to animals when they eat it, he says. So, hoping to make her well again, he put a scrap of rope on her horns and led her here. But last night she died. So today he has been peeling her. Now he goes to make ready some food for us. He is hospitable, also, that one."

"And when we have eaten, then what? We can't linger here."

"Wait, please, Señor. To my mind already an idea comes." His tone was authoritative, confident. "First we fill our empty stomachs to give us strength, and then we smoke a cigaret, and while we smoke, I think. And then—we see."

On frijoles and rancid bacon and thin corn cakes and bad coffee, which the herder brought them on tin platters and in tin cups, they did fill their empty stomachs. Then they smoked together, all three of them, smoking cigarets rolled in corn-husk wrappers.

The Mexican was hunkered on his heels, making smoke rings in the still, hot air when Gaza, getting on his feet with difficulty, limped toward the doorway, gesturing to show that he craved another swig from the water bottle. When he was behind the other two, almost touching them, he drew the special agent's pistol and fired once and their host tumbled forward on his face and spraddled his limbs and quivered a bit and was still, with a bullet hole in the back of his head.

This killing gave the Italian, seasoned killer as he was, a profound shock. It seemed so unnecessary, unless——? He started up, his features twitching, and backed away, fearing the next bullet would be for him.

"Remain tranquil, Señor," said the Spaniard, almost gayly. "For you, my comrade, there is no danger. There is for you hope of deliverance, you who professed last night to have hope in your soul.

"Now me, I have charity in my soul—charity for you, charity for myself, charity also for this one lying here. Behold, he is now out of his troubles. He was a dolt, a clod of the earth, a creature of no refinement. He lived a hermit's life, lonely, miserable. Now he has been dispatched to a better and a brighter world. That was but kindness." With his foot he touched the sprawled corpse.

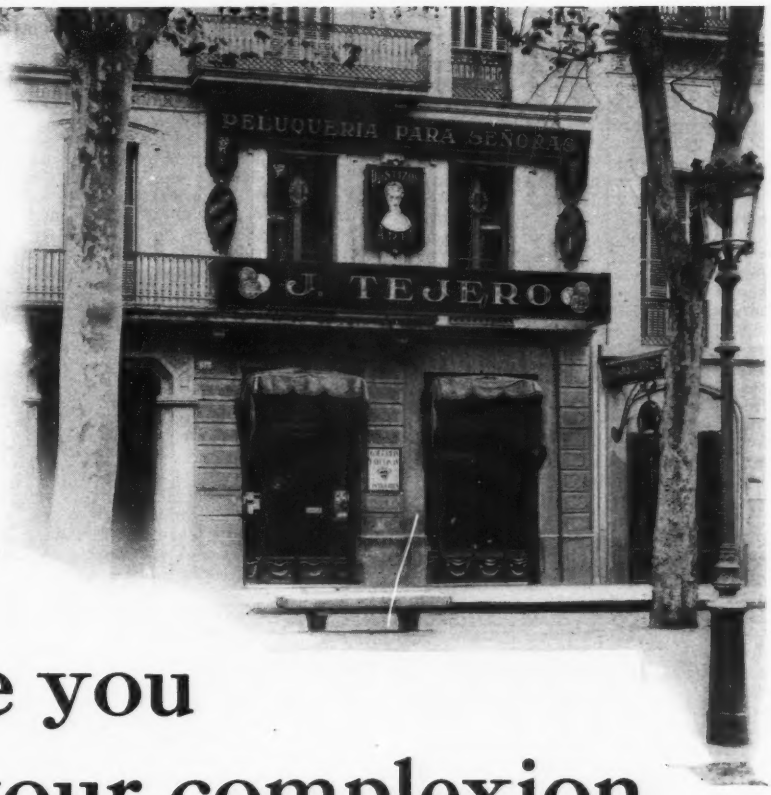
"But in dispatching him I had thought also for you—for both of us. I elucidate: First we bury him under the dirt floor of this house, taking care to leave no telltale traces of our work. Then you make a pack for your back of the food that is here. You take also the water bottle, filled. Furthermore, you take with you this pistol.

"Then, stepping lightly on rocky ground or on hard ground so that you make no tracks, you go swiftly hence and hide yourself in those mountains until—who can tell?—until those who will come presently here have ceased to search for you. With me along, lamed as I am, me to hamper you, there would be no chance for either of us. But you, going alone—you armed, provisioned, quick of foot—you have a hope."

"But—but you? What then becomes of you? You—you sacrifice yourself?" In his bewilderment the Italian stammered.

"Me, I stay here to greet the pursuers. It is quite simple. In peaceful solitude I await their coming. It cannot be long until they come. That man of the freight train will be guiding them back to pick up our trail. By tonight at latest I expect them."

At sight of the Italian's mystified face he broke now into a laugh.



The facade of Tejêro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejêro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.

"How dare you mistreat your complexion

when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks* TEJÊRO *of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

Tejêro

BARCELONA

"IF soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin." That is the opinion of Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

18,900 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejêro, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care.

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5239

"Still you are puzzled, eh? You think that I am magnanimous, that I am generous? Well, all that I am. But you think me also a fool and there you err. I save you perhaps but likewise perhaps I save myself. Observe, Señor."

He stooped and lifted the dead face of his victim. "See now what I myself saw the moment I beheld this herder of ours: This man is much my shape, my height, my coloring. He spoke a corrupt Spanish such as I can speak. Put upon me the clothes which he wears, and remove from my lip this mustache which I wear, and I would pass for him even before the very eyes of that white man who hired him.

"Well, very soon I shall be wearing his clothes, my own being hidden in the same grave with him. Within ten minutes I shall be removing this mustache. He being newly shaven, as you see for yourself, it must be that in this hovel we will find a razor. I shall pass for him. I shall be this mongrel dull-wit."

A LIGHT broke on the Italian. He ran and kissed the Spaniard, on both cheeks and on the mouth.

"Ah, my brother!" he cried out delightedly. "Forgive me that for a moment I thought you hard-hearted for having in seeming wantonness killed the man who fed us. I see you are brilliant—a great thinker, a great genius. But, my beloved"—and here doubt once more assailed him—"what explanation do you make when they do come?"

"That is the best of all," said Gaza. "Before you leave me you take a cord and you bind me most securely—my hands crossed behind my back—so; my feet fastened together—so. It will not be for very long that I remain so. I can endure it. Coming then, they find me thus. That I am bound makes more convincing the tale I shall tell them.

"And this is the tale that I shall tell: To them I shall say that as I sat under this shelter skinning my dead cow, there appeared suddenly two men who fell upon me without warning; that in the struggle they hurt my poor leg most grievously, then, having choked me into quietude, they tied my limbs, despoiled me of my provender and hurriedly departed, leaving me helpless. I shall describe these two brutal men—oh, most minutely I shall describe them. And my description will be accurate, for you I shall be describing as you stand now; myself I shall describe as I now am.

"The man from the train will say: 'Yes, yes, that is true; those are surely the two I saw.' He will believe me at once; that will help. Then they will inquire to know in which direction fled this pair of scoundrels and I will tell them they went that way yonder to the south across the desert, and they will set off in that direction, seeking two who flee together, when all the while you will be gone north into those mountains which will shelter you. And that, Señor, will be a rich part of the whole joke.

"Perhaps, though, they question me further. Then I say: 'Take me before this gringo who within a week hired me to watch his sheep. Confront me with him. He will identify me, he will confirm my story.' And if they do that and he does that—as most surely he will—why, then they must turn me loose and that, Señor, will be the very crown and peak of the joke."

In the excess of his admiration and his gratitude, the Italian just naturally had to kiss him again.

They worked fast and they worked scientifically, carefully, overlooking nothing, providing against every contingency. But at the last minute, when the Italian was ready to resume his flight and the Spaniard, smoothly shaven and effectually disguised in the soiled shirt and messy overalls of the dead man, had turned around and submitted his wrists to be pinioned, it was discovered that there was no rope available with which to bind his legs. The one short scrap of rope about the spot had been used for tying his hands.

The Spaniard said this was just as well. Any binding that was drawn snugly enough to fetter his feet securely would certainly increase the pain in the inflamed and grossly swollen ankle joint.

However, it was apparent that he must be securely anchored, lest suspicion arise in the minds of his rescuers when they arrived. Here the Italian made a contribution to the plot. He was proud of his inspiration.

With the Mexican's butcher knife he cut long narrow strips from the fresh slick cowhide. Then the Spaniard sat down on the earth with his back against one of the slim tree trunks supporting the arbor, and the Italian took numerous turns about his waist and his arms and the upper part of his body, and tightly knotted the various ends of the skin ribbons behind the post. Unaided, no human being could escape out of that mesh. To the pressure of the prisoner's trunk, the moist, pliant lashings would give slightly but it was certain they neither would work loose nor snap apart.

So he settled himself in his bonds, and the Italian, having shouldered his pack, once more fervently kissed his benefactor in token of gratitude, wished him success and made off with many farewells.

So far as this empty country was concerned, the Italian was a greenhorn, a tenderfoot. Nevertheless, he made excellent progress. He marched northward until dark, lay that night under a murdered man's smelly blanket behind a many-colored butte and next morning struck deeper into the broken lands. He entered what he hoped might be a gap through the mountains, treading cautiously along a narrow natural trail halfway up a dauntingly steep cliff-side.

He was well into it when his foot dislodged a scrap of shaly rock which in sliding over the verge set other rocks to cascading down the slope. From above, yet larger boulders began toppling over into the scoured-out passageway thus provided, and during the next five minutes the walled-in declivity was alive and roaring with tumbling huge stones, with dislodged earth running fluid like a stream, with uprooted stunty piñons, with choking acrid dust clouds.

The Italian ran for dear life; he managed to get out of the avalanche's path. When at length he reached a safe place and looked back, he saw behind him how the landslide had choked the gorge almost to its brim. No human being—no, not even a goat, could from his side scale that jagged and overhanging parapet. Between him and pursuit was a perfect barrier.

Well content, he went on. But presently he made a discovery, a distressing discovery which took the good cheer right out of him. This was no gateway into which he had entered. It was a dead-end leading nowhere—what Westerners call a box canyon. On three sides of him, right, left and on ahead, rose tremendously high walls, sheer and unclimbable. They threatened him; they seemed to be closing in on him to pinch him flat. And, of course, back of him retreat was cut off. There he was, bottled up like a fly in a corked jug, like a frog at the bottom of a well.

Frantically he explored as best he could the confines of this vast prison cell of his. He stumbled upon a spring, and its waters, while tainted lightly with alkali, were drinkable. So he had water and he had food, some food. By paring his daily portions down almost to starvation point, he might make these rations last for months. But then, what? And in the meantime, what? Why, until hunger destroyed him, he was faced with that doom which he so dreaded—the doom of solitary confinement.

He thought it all out and then he knelt down and took out his pistol and he killed himself.

In one of his calculations that smart malefactor, the Spaniard, had been wrong. By his system of deductions, the searchers should reach the dobe hut where he was tethered within four hours or, at most, five. But it was nearer thirty hours before they appeared.

The trouble had been that the brakeman wasn't quite sure of the particular stretch where he had seen the fugitives nestled beneath a reaping machine on that flat car. Besides, it took time to spread the word; to summon county officials; to organize an armed searching party. When at length the posse did strike the five-mile trail leading from the railroad tracks to the camp of the late sheep herder, considerably more than a day had elapsed.

The track was fairly plain—two sets of heavy footprints bearing north and only lacking where rocky outcrops broke through the surface of the desert. Having found it, they followed it fast, and when they mounted the fold in the earth above the cabin, they saw the figure of a man seated in front of it, bound snugly to one of the supports of the arbor.

Hurrying toward him they saw that he was dead—that his face was blackened and horribly distorted; that his glazed eyes goggled at them and his tongue protruded; that his stiffened legs were drawn up in sharp angles of agony.

THEY looked closer and they saw the manner of his death and were very sorry for him. He had been bound with strands of fresh rawhide, and all through that day he had been sitting there exposed to the baking heat of the day.

Now heat, operating on damp new rawhide, has an immediate effect. Heat causes certain substances to expand but green rawhide it causes to contract very fast to an ironlike stiffness and rigidity.

So in this case the sun glare had drawn tighter and tighter the lashings about this poor devil's body, squeezing him in at the stomach and the breast and the shoulders, pressing his arms tighter and tighter and yet tighter against his sides. That for him would have been a highly unpleasant procedure but it would not have killed him.

Something else had done that. One loop of the rawhide had been twisted about his neck and made fast at the back of the post. At first it might have been no more than a loosely fitting circlet but hour by hour it had shrunk into a choking collar, a diminishing noose, a terrible deadly yoke. Veritably it had garroted him by inches.

Next Month Irvin Cobb tells prospective sojourners in foreign climes how NOT to see Europe—in "To Be Taken Before Sailing"

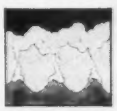
CAUTION! Don't be fooled into thinking a dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; correct acid mouth; or firm your gums. These are to be treated only by a dentist. The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth . . . any other claim is false and misleading, say the highest dental authorities.

Why Colgate's Penetrating Foam is a "Double-Action" Cleanser

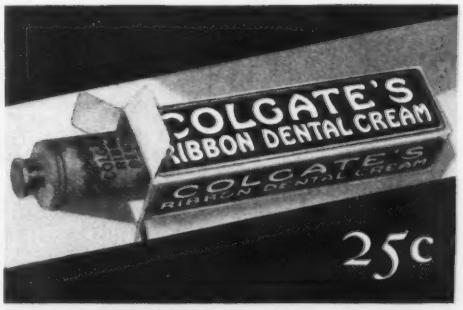
Colgate's cleans teeth two ways. It polishes the surfaces brilliantly with soft chalk powder, the material used by all dentists. But many other toothpastes can do that. Only in a toothpaste like Colgate's do you get *complete* cleansing due to the *washing* action of the famous penetrating foam which sweeps into the tiny fissures and spaces between teeth. This remarkable foam washes out the decaying particles from these hard-to-reach places where ordinary brushing can't clean. Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Leading dentists say mere surface polishing is only half the job of cleansing. To *completely* clean the teeth, you must have the double action of Colgate's penetrating foam.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices where Tooth Decay May Start

Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleaning them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



War Nurse *by Rebecca West* (Continued from page 85)

to the American military authorities I didn't like working there half so well. The American Army nurses came over and were put in charge of the wards, and those of us who had been volunteers—and even most of the graduate nurses—found ourselves mere aids.

That was right and reasonable if you look at it in the proper way. The army nurses were about the best in the world and the authorities would have been stupid if they had left such a magnificently equipped hospital in the hands of what on paper must have looked like an amateur organization. But on paper was the only place we looked that way. We were all so eager, and we had worked together so long, that we had built up something whose destruction was the height of wastefulness.

Then the military authorities laid an icy finger on our finances. That was all right on paper, too. But we hadn't been wildly extravagant before, and such margin of excess as did exist was what made the hospital run easily.

It was about this time that I began to have a terrifying feeling that the war had grown so big that it had lost control of itself. It was like some monstrous animal which has persistently overeaten till its body is so swollen and fat that its legs no longer can carry it. It was afflicted by waste—in the armies, in the navies, in munition plants, in hospitals, in government offices—as it might have been by mange.

When it tried to right itself, it did so with floundering movements that made the business worse. When the authorities tried to check extravagance they were apt to crush out real achievement. The war wasn't going to make a clean, violent end; it was going to lie around and rot of its own bloatedness.

I had a sense of slow, inevitable decay settling down on us and smothering us. I suppose I felt that way partly because I saw Waldron rarely now, and I was terrified about him all the time. Also my heart did bleed when I saw all the American boys coming in, just as the French had come in for three long years. And I was not well. An internal pain bothered me, particularly after I had lifted any heavy weight.

Yet I was happy looking after our boys, for they were wonderful. They filled our beds slowly during the fall of 1917. Gradually the proportion of French patients grew smaller. And every day brought its new revelation of America.

The Europeans laugh at us for our mass production and our standardization. But it sometimes seemed to me, when the wards were full of boys from California and Colorado and Nevada and Wyoming, that the West had gone in for mass production of gentlemen. In that Paris hospital, too, I learned a lot more about New York than the Social Register ever taught me.

All the boys brought their dreams with them to France. They all wanted to meet "the Mademoiselles." Actually, of course, they couldn't have come to a worse country than France, for the French are as practical about sex as they are about everything else. They haven't any use for a sexual relationship that isn't constructive.

A girl who has a chance of making a good marriage, or indeed any marriage at all, wouldn't dream of getting herself talked about. And a girl who decides her best chances aren't in that direction is careful to make even her illicit relationships solid and enduring and likely to give her the maximum of companionship and support. The visiting American wasn't apt to find what he wanted except in the fly-by-night, and unfortunately she probably was dreaming the Parisian dream of the States—a dream of unlimited dollars.

Lord, what dramas this international situation led to! There were continual disturbances caused by the assumption that all French ladies were light-o'-loves!

Still, the boys often got what they wanted. I used to have a queer feeling when I saw one of them sitting with a cocotte in a café. I would look at the boy and think, "I'm glad you're getting what you want. For you don't know how soon you're going to be killed."

I used to be glad for the girl's sake, also, that she had the upstanding, unspoiled companion her youth deserved. Maybe she too hadn't so long to live, with the air raids coming on as they were. And anyway, what future had she, in a world where the men were dying like flies? I couldn't disapprove, if they were helping each other to forget.

Many of the boys made a gingerly contact with romance by taking girls out to dinner and giving them money, but asking nothing more from them than their company. They used to tell me about that sometimes, with an air of letting a broad-minded woman in on a phase of life as lived by a he-man. I wonder what the girls thought about it!

What a queer thing this hunger for romance is. How it turns everything to a rose-colored veil, a mist of illusion. Because these girls said, *"Oui, monsieur,"* instead of "Yeah," these boys were able to imagine they were not really tawdry.

But there were many men who didn't take such delicate means of gratifying that hunger. It was queer to see respectable-looking Americans sitting about in cafés with girls on their knees.

I think there were fewer "affairs" between Americans on war service than among the French. This was partly due to the fact that it was the unconventional type of woman who originally went in for war work in France; the woman who had already stepped outside the hard and fast rules laid down by society. The correct young girl, who was the first to find her way into American war work, was the last to find her way into French war work. But also this difference in morals could be accounted for by the strength of the Puritan tradition. The American men felt it was wrong to ask the American women for anything less than marriage. That feeling took a lot of breaking-down. In most cases it never was broken down.

But in some cases it was broken down by the upside-down ways of the war.

It was broken down in the case of my cousin Gracie.

I just couldn't believe my ears and eyes when I first realized it. I felt the war must have taken a look at Gracie and regarded her peace-time smugness as a challenge, and set itself to find a way to smash her up. And it found a way. A curious, painful way.

The handsome young Californian, to whom she had become engaged shortly after she came to France, had been an ambulance driver until America came into the war. Then he became an officer in the American Army.

Just before Christmas he had burst into the newspapers as a hero. He had performed a deed so brave that not only had he been recommended for decoration, but the army authorities gave out a description of his act to the press as an example to all other soldiers.

It seemed that he and a noncommissioned officer were stranded out in No Man's Land during a snipers' raid that was called off because the Germans learned of it and let off a lot of star shells and machine-gun fire and so forth. These two hid in a crater and then changed into German uniforms that they had found on a couple of handy corpses, and went over and lived in the German trenches for twenty-four hours.

Then the Californian and his companion went back to the Americans, who were just advancing, and led the soldiers to a couple of dugouts that were full of corpses they had killed. They had spent the whole twenty-four hours walking up and down the trenches acting as a couple of Jack the Rippers, bumping the enemy off with knives or with hand grenades. Gracie's Californian said he'd been able to do it only because of his knowledge of German, which had made it possible for him to pass himself off as a Boche.

The C. O. was terribly excited when he heard the story and saw the corpses, and turned the report right over to G. H. Q. And it was published immediately.

Of course Gracie was proud of her man. She hung about the lobby of the hotel that evening, trying to find someone who hadn't heard the details, so that she could tell them over again. I did my duty nobly. But she left me suddenly, because she saw two young officers who came from her Californian's home town. One of them had a sister staying in the hotel, and the Californian had introduced him to us.

She went up to them crying, "Have you heard about Fred?"

They stopped and exchanged a curious look. Then one of them caught her arm protectingly and said, "What about him?"

His manner suggested he was afraid something unfortunate had happened; but all Gracie made of that—and all I made of it at the moment—was that he thought she might have had the news women often do get of their men in war.

So she said, "Oh, nothing dreadful! In fact, it's too marvelous!" And she told the tale over again.

They listened in silence. Then they looked at each other again and back at Gracie. Each tried to make himself say something. Then one of them exclaimed, as if he were witnessing some rare and miraculous event, "The elevator!"

The other echoed, "The elevator!"

They dashed past her and scuttled into the elevator. We watched them shooting upwards behind the iron grid.

"Well, of all the manners!" Gracie breathed in astonishment.

The next minute she had forgotten it and was repeating the story to somebody else, but I hadn't. From that time on I knew the thing was phony. And about a week later the trouble broke.

The whole stunt was a fake. Gracie's man had given the noncommissioned officer two hundred and fifty dollars to stand in with him on it. The Germans had withdrawn from that bit of line just after the raiding party had been turned back. Those two had found it out; the Californian had made up his story on the spur of the moment, and they had wandered about undisturbed, salting the place with corpses in positions that bore it out, as two company promoters might salt a mine for the assaying engineers.

It was incredible. And it was so well

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DEALER'S NAME_____

done that no one would have suspected Fred if he hadn't given it away himself. He hadn't been able to keep from boasting about his German, telling how completely it had fooled all the Boches. And then someone tried him with a few sentences spoken quickly, and he just gaped. That made them wonder and they tried him out thoroughly.

He didn't know a bit more than anyone is apt to know who has taken German in high school. And it wasn't likely that he could have allayed the Boches' suspicions by saying, *"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin,"* or *"Ich hatt' ein Kamerad!"*

It didn't take long for the whole story to blow up . . . It didn't take long for the rest of his stories to blow up too.

He came of a nice-enough family, but it wasn't an aristocratic one. They weren't well off. He hadn't doubled for Douglas Fairbanks. He hadn't held a fine job in a newspaper office. He had made several attempts to get started that way, but he had always been fired after about a fortnight. He hadn't gone into business. He had just been living at home looking for something to do.

I don't know what happened to him. I know his recommendation for the honor was withdrawn. I don't remember if he was court-martialed. I was too busy taking care of Gracie.

Of course, what was chiefly the matter with her was hurt pride, but at that she suffered enough. It wasn't just shame at the public disgrace of the thing. She felt cheap; she felt humiliated; she felt tainted because she had been chosen as a mate by this monstrous lying child who inhabited a man's body.

But she didn't run home, where there would have been nothing to do except think about it. She transferred to another hospital out at Passy, and stayed at another hotel.

Then suddenly she grew brighter. She stopped coming to me for consolation. And I saw her at several dances with a handsome American captain. Then, for a space of a week or so, I did not see her at all. When she reappeared, she was more than bright; she was glittering. But she did not look at ease.

She gave me a nervous smile and murmured, "Where have you been all this while? I haven't seen you for ages."

I knew, then. My heart almost stopped with fear, because Gracie was such a fool. She hadn't sense; she hadn't pluck; she wouldn't know what to do if people rounded on her.

But the war had negotiated her into a position where it became absolutely necessary for her to know that a normal man could fall in love with her. That was the only way she could overcome her disgust at having been associated with a queer, defective, inferior person.

This captain was an absolutely normal man. He certainly wasn't a liar, or crazy. So she strove to be identified with him, to be lifted back by him to the level of the right kind of people—at any cost. And that was that.

I can't say that I felt distressed about Gracie's action from any moral point of view. I merely felt apprehension at seeing somebody exceptionally silly and tactless doing something that would invite criticism. The main element in it was dread that she wasn't going to get away with it.

I think the reason that those of us who broke the social conventions lost sight of the old-fashioned right-and-wrong aspect of it all so quickly was that the opposition was so weak.

But if the virtuous failed to put up an effective opposition to the breaking-down of convention, it sometimes happened that a highly effective opposition was provided by what happened when the barriers were broken down.

I felt the horror of what the war was doing to people when a middle-aged woman, a war worker in Paris, a spinster from a small middle-western town, asked me to look at a rash she had and tell her if she ought to go to a doctor.

Her chest was flecked with the rose-colored crescents of a virulent blood disease.

I looked at them. I looked at her homely face. She was a beaky little woman with straw-colored hair. You felt there was a flightiness about her, a determination to rise above the circumstances of her life and an incapacity to do it gracefully, which if she had stayed at home would have taken the form of wearing funny hats. And now this awful thing had happened to her!

I said, "You'd better go to a doctor at once."

The absence of alarm in her eyes was heart-rending.

It happened that I left Paris the next day, and when I came back she had gone from the hotel. I have often wondered what happened to her—that poor, silly, homely little woman who had spent all her life hungering for something; who had to take it in the end on the most degrading terms, but who managed to make herself believe that it was all lovely and romantic—and then had that pipe dream snatched from her and was locked up for life with the most tormenting secret a human being can have.

She wasn't the only one, by any means. Ask any doctor who was out there. But she was the only case I came across personally, though I often saw the beginnings of such tragedies.

But now I come to think of it I don't believe I ever saw a woman in uniform misbehaving herself. You'd see plenty of men in uniforms sitting in cafés with girls on their knees. You'd see women behaving just as badly, sometimes, but never when they were in uniform.

Even those who lost their heads weren't so much to blame. None of us could be blamed, for we had the feeling that death was all around us, that nothing mattered any more, that there was so much blood and suffering we must run and run till we found something that would make us forget it.

But it was horrible. If the love-making that was done by boys and girls against time was beautiful, there was a lot more that was horrible, horrible.

The war seemed so darned silly when it became so big.

I suppose my feeling about that was partly due to the fuss and flurry to get the work done which comes over you when you know you are too sick to work and won't admit it. For I was really ill.

I went about all day feeling a slight smoldering pain in my abdomen just beside the left hip that developed into agony and a feeling of insecurity as if my body was going to break, cave in or burst or do something humiliating and fatal, every time I lifted a heavy tray or moved a patient. But I wasn't going to give in. To have got out of the war because I was sick would have given me the awful feeling of a beast who drops in its tracks while the herd goes on.

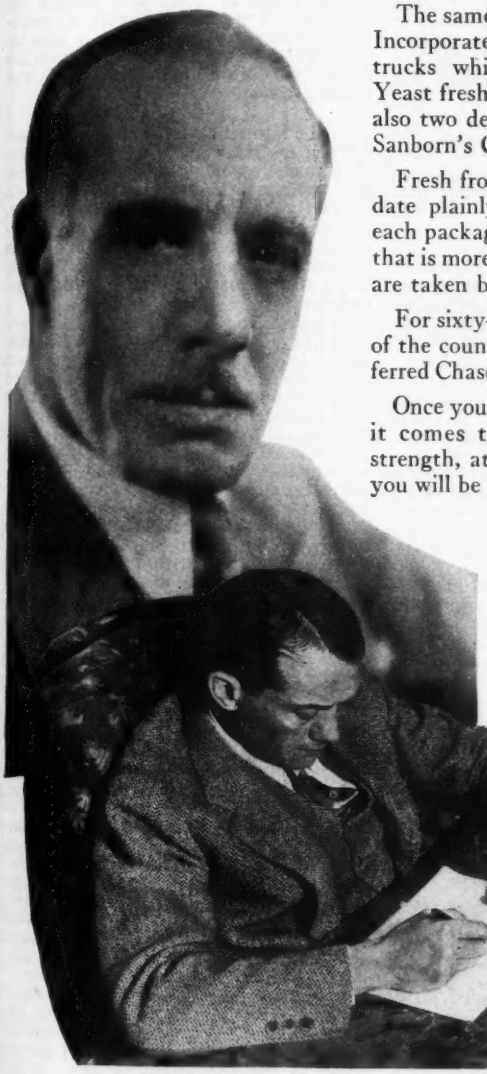
And I was worse than sick. I was miserable. I was miserable about Waldron.

It wasn't that we didn't love each other. Subsequent events have proved that there is a real bond between us, a fundamental suitability that will keep us

DATED COFFEE....

enjoyed by these celebrities at home

LEWIS STONE, distinguished star of the silver screen, says: "Good coffee is a good comrade whether you are working or playing. Coffee of delightful flavor is satisfying. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee gives me that satisfaction."



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For Chase & Sanborn's is the only coffee delivered by the same method which insures freshness in perishable fresh foods!

The same fleet of "Standard Brands Incorporated, Daily Delivery" motor trucks which deliver Fleischmann's Yeast fresh to your grocer bring him also two deliveries a week of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Fresh from the roasting ovens! The date plainly stamped on the face of each package! You will never find one that is more than ten days old, for they are taken back and replaced by fresh.

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GEORGE GERSHWIN, famous young composer of musical comedies and orchestral music, is vividly interested in every forward-looking accomplishment from the development of radio to as personal a benefit as fresher, better coffee. "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "—coffee with a fresh, vigorous flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is especially good."

JOHN HELD, JR. . . . portraitist of the American "flapper". . . a brilliant host to gayly clever people. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is served in his three homes, in New York, at Palm Beach and at his very famous farm. "Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says, "has the verve, the fragrance, found only in good coffee freshly roasted."

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee-DATED

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caring more for each other than for anybody else, no matter what people or what circumstances come between us.

He had a feeling for me that was as solid as a rock. He had no thought of parting with me. But I was not much use to him at this time. My need of him was too great.

I remember one night in the early spring of nineteen-eighteen when he got leave and came to me. I was so glad he had come. I was sick, so sick that several times I almost admitted it. I lay in his arms and felt the strong beating of his heart and basked in the strength that radiated from him. I had been frightened. All that March the Germans had been thrusting farther into France. It was the time when the whole world thought the Allies were beaten.

It had been a waste, then, all we had done. I was beginning to hear of the death of American boys I had known with the Rainbow Division. And on Good Friday three of the girls from our hospital had gone to Mass at a church that was celebrated for its music. They had not come back. It was the church of St. Gervais, which was destroyed by a direct hit from the gun named Big Bertha.

I had been frightened all night. So now it was heaven to be in his arms and have a sense that his nerves were like ropes of steel. It is literally true that he did not know fear. He was stoical as an Indian.

When he had to get ready to go I still lay there in a drowse of satisfaction. Presently he sat down in a chair by the window. I looked adoringly at him. He was sitting hunched in his chair, his chin on his chest. It struck me that I had not done as much for him as I usually did.

Though he knew nothing of sickness or fear, he knew fatigue, and it was that which I had always lifted from him. But how could I have given him anything then, when I had been taking from him all the time? He wasn't really any the better for having been with me.

That gave me a heartache. I felt I'd failed him. It struck me as one of the cruel, foxy things the war did that because I was an American I couldn't be in France to comfort Waldron unless I was doing war work, and that because I was doing war work I couldn't comfort him. But I promised myself that I would rest up; that next time it would be all right.

Suddenly I felt that below the heavy mask of his fatigue he was thinking the same thing: that I was not much use to him. That possibly some other woman might be of more use to him at that moment.

He was thinking this in his massive, immovable way. His thoughts lay in his mind like colossal blocks of stone, enormous beams of timber.

I sat up and cried out, "You won't make love to any other woman? Swear to me you won't make love to any other woman!"

He raised his heavy eyebrows in surprise, and said, "Don't be silly."

I could see the wall of his immovable thought towering above me. "She will be no worse off if I go to another woman for what she cannot give me just now, so long as she does not know."

I sobbed, "I'm tired tonight; I know I'm looking awful."

He said, "You are perfectly beautiful." I read his thought: "I am not letting her down, for I would never leave her. It would be only a temporary means."

I fell back weeping; which naturally didn't help.

We had many scenes like that. Either he was tired and thinking those thoughts, or he was not tired because some other woman had been more of a calm refuge to him than I was; or so it seemed to me. I think I was right in my suspicion. Indeed, I know I was. There was a blond Polish girl working in a base hospital near his airdrome, of whom I heard a little then; of whom I have heard more since.

He was inflexible in his attitude toward this situation. He denied everything. Yet I am sure that never for a moment did he consider suppressing his vagrant inclinations and being faithful to me. He knew what he needed at that moment.

The situation worked out as incessant torture for me. I banished it to the back of my mind except when I was with him, and absorbed myself in my work. But the moment I woke up in the morning I felt sick with misery, however much I succeeded in not letting myself think of what was making me miserable. I went about with a throbbing ball in my throat and a pain at my heart which was so real it made me forget the physical disorder that was gaining on me day by day.

In the late spring of nineteen-eighteen —when my relations with Waldron were in a turmoil, when the war had become just a floundering mess—I was sent on a job that was blatantly unsatisfactory.

I was sent out to American base hospitals to institute what was known as "Sunshine Rooms." This seemed to me then, and seems to me now, a futile enterprise.

It was a copy—carried out with certain grave inaccuracies—of an English idea. In England they had found that their shell-shocked patients recovered from the initial stages of violent physical and mental distress if they were put by twos or threes into small wards that were cheerfully furnished, and suggested a hospital as little as possible. The walls were usually painted sunshiny yellow or spring green; chintz curtains were hung at the windows; there were pictures and flowers in the rooms. Often after several weeks the patients would calm down and be able to go into a ward, or even go home.

Someone in the American medical service was impressed by this. And the result was that Adelaide Mackinzie and I were chosen to go to various hospitals in the Vosges and put through this plan for our people.

It took from two to four weeks at each hospital. And if I had spent those weeks giving facial massages to ladies of eighty-five, I should not have been wasting my time more completely. You see, I was putting these Sunshine Rooms into base hospitals, of which there were none too many. The result was that again and again I arranged my room and installed two shell-shocked soldiers, and then saw the whole thing knocked to pieces because a fresh attack filled the hospitals with so many cases they had to use every square inch of space.

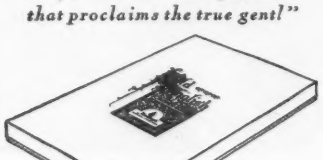
I get angry even now when I think of it. Can you imagine what it was like then, when there was obviously need for every drop of energy that could be devoted to the alleviation of pain, to see the whole of my energy poured down the waste pipe of this tomfoolery? And there seemed no way of stopping it, because none of the representatives our superiors sent up to headquarters was ever regarded as worthy of attention.

Mind you, this is no accusation against headquarters. The war was too big. The negligence of headquarters was inevitable. I dare say if anybody had taken

HER LETTER

(The rest of what she wrote was his affair)

"So you noticed that I used Montag's Old English Crushed Bond. It was nice of you to send me that big box—envelopes and all. You say, 'It's such writing paper that proclaims a lady of taste.' To which I ups and answers, 'It's such thoughtfulness that proclaims the true gent!"



Montag's Old English Crushed Bond is a distinguished, heavy weight, large rag content, hand-deckled sheet. Its fine, two-toned, crushed finish in a variety of sizes and shapes, is appropriate for men as well as women. *Sold in quire boxes and by the pound with envelopes to match, at great savings.*

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OLD ENGLISH

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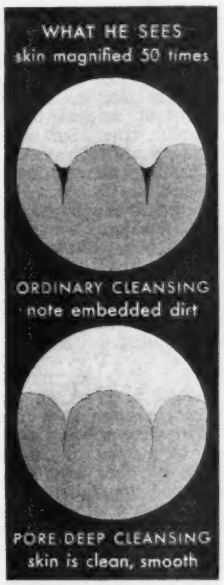

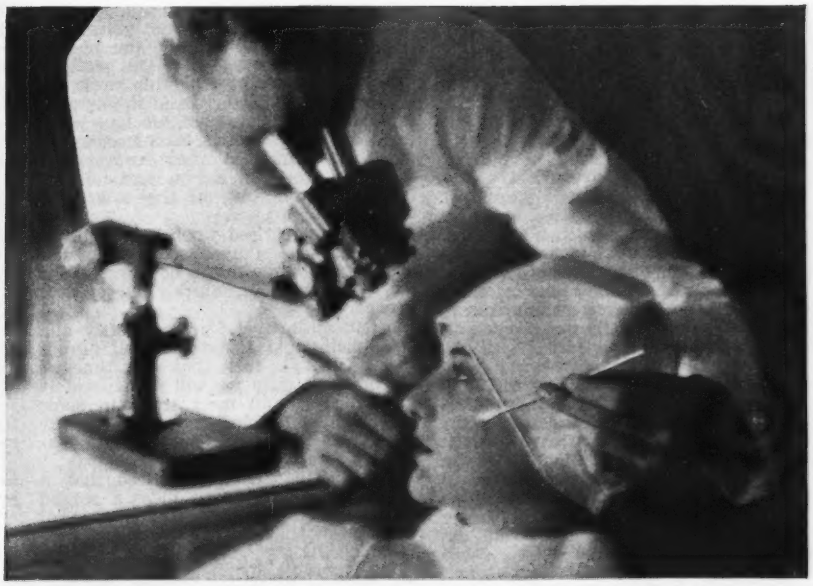

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES AGREE: "Doctors always use liquid solvents for thorough cleansing."

Only a specialist told her the truth

SOMETHING must be done. Her skin was showing the unmistakable signs of age that every woman dreads—enlarged pores, tiny new wrinkles, sallowness, a coarsened, sluggish texture.

DIAGNOSIS—Regardless of cost she felt she must learn the cause of these blemishes—see if they couldn't be corrected. At the suggestion of her own physician she visited one of the greatest skin specialists in New York. He said to her:

"Madam, the surface of your skin is thoroughly clean but the pores are clogged with impurities—filled with an oily mixture of greasy dirt from the outside and bodily secretions from within. Germs lodge in those unclean depths. This condition interferes with the circulation. The life of the tissue is impaired. To remedy this you must cleanse the pores, dissolve out the embedded dirt. Then normal circulation will be restored. Don't forget: a clean skin is a healthy skin which will remain young for many, many years."

TREATMENT — With her new liquid solvent she did precisely as he had advised. Almost at once her skin began to feel better. She experienced that delightful sensation of renewed life in the skin itself. The natural coloring and the fine texture of her complexion were being restored. Before long her friends began to ask her what new beauty treatment she had discovered ... "It's a very simple thing," she said. "Just a matter of pore-deep cleansing with Ambrosia."

WHAT IT IS—Ambrosia, the liquid solvent that cleanses the depths of the pores, is new to American women. It was first made by a French chemist many years ago. It was named by Empress Eugenie. Until recently it was made only to private order.

Ambrosia penetrates instantly, dissolves the pore-deep dirt, rouses the circulation, normalizes and refines the skin. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles ... Safe—no caustic alkali, no wax! ... Quick—convenient! ... Nothing to wipe away! Write for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 4-F, 114 5th Ave., N. Y. —69 York St., Toronto, Can. No advance in price in Canada.

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AMBRŌSIA the pore-deep cleanser

time off to look into this matter of Sunshine Rooms it would have meant that he couldn't get on with some real job, such as the establishment of research laboratories or what not.

But it was an intolerable business from every point of view. It involved being bumped about all over France in trains that were jammed full of French soldiers on leave. As they sat huddled up like bundles of old clothes and slept, they had the terrible meek look of being in the right that dead people have; the look that makes you feel that you would do anything to make it up to them.

Seeing our boys fresh-faced and full of pep was something I couldn't get used to. It was chromolithograph in its glaring pathos. You could see the golden-haired darling dancing along the railroad tracks after the butterfly, while behind him the locomotive thunders . . . And that was what really was happening. And it couldn't be stopped.

Of course I was taking the war especially badly because I was really ill. But I wouldn't give in because they would have sent me back to Paris. And the one good thing about this Sunshine Room job, from my point of view, was that it enabled me to fool myself about my relations with Waldron.

So long as I was down in the Vosges I could say to myself, "If I were not here I'd be in Paris, and I'd see Waldron, and we'd have a wonderful time." But if I were in Paris, then I would be seeing Waldron, and we would not be having a wonderful time. I'd be writhing helplessly before his gravity, quarreling with him, challenging him, while he denied everything and went on thinking: "She is not herself; she has nothing to give me at present. I will go to somebody else; it will do her no harm so long as she does not know it."

I was so miserable in mind and body that I laughed all the time when I was with other people. I fancy that I was more attractive than I have ever been. Ordinarily I am heavy, both in my physical make-up and in my manner, but at that time I was thin and animated, and my eyes were blazing bright.

Through being especially charming I got in rather deep with several men—officers and doctors. Especially with that doctor at the hospital near Nancy.

I simply was past myself when I got to that hospital. I had been three months on this tomfoolery. My hands were itching to get at some real work. I was dead-tired, but I could not rest. I hardly slept at all. That war-time feeling, "Nothing matters," seemed to be speaking in my ear. So I said bluntly what I thought of my job.

I said it to the first doctor I encountered, a handsome chap of thirty or so, who listened gravely, looking down on the toes of his boots, and did not seem to hear; so I told him over again.

He raised his head at last and looked into my eyes and said softly, "Why, you ought to be doing that in the center of the Metropolitan stage, with all the people in the Horseshoe wearing their diamonds."

I had to laugh. But I asked him, "Wouldn't you be angry if it were you?"

He answered, "Sure. But I'd be a fool. And so . . ." He looked at me in a way which suggested that he and I ought to know better because of some secret knowledge that we shared, some wisdom from which we should have drawn serenity. Then he moved on.

I was in that hospital for two weeks. Every day he came nearer to me with this pretense of something we both knew that made us superior to other people. Every day he made it more apparent that this something was sex; that both of us were great lovers.

He was like Waldron—a good, cunning, primitive animal, who you felt would maneuver his part of the human herd out of any deep hole it might get into. You could see that from his work; he was a splendid doctor. And it was good to realize that a man of his type could find what he wanted in me; that he didn't have to turn away from me to someone else as Waldron had. I still loved Waldron, but all the same this made me happy.

I wasn't surprised when one night he passed me in an upper corridor of the hospital, drew me into a doorway, kissed me, and went on quickly as a door opened.

I felt soothed and rested, softly and lazily victorious. I said to myself, "Probably he will see to it that next time we are both off duty we will go separately in to Nancy and meet there in some hotel. He will order a meal in a private room. He will make exciting and disturbing love to me." Then I stopped.

For the first time I realized that it was possible for me to have a second lover. There wasn't some mystical mechanism that would save me if anything of the sort seemed likely to happen. It wasn't an impossibility.

I felt lost, as if I had walked too far from home and didn't know the way back.

I said to myself, "But I love Waldron." However, I realized that that wouldn't operate as a magical safety device. This was a thing that might happen; if I didn't want it to happen, I had to prevent it by my own will.

I was tired and confused and disgusted. I wanted that doctor to feed my nerves, in the way I used the air raids.

They happened here all the time. And they were much more personal than they were in Paris. As you lay in bed you would hear the regular rolling rhythm of the great guns at the front. Then it would suddenly be broken and blotted out by nearer crashes and bangs, by the r-r-rip of shrapnel, the tick-tack of machine guns, the wop and wallow of bombs.

You'd hear feet running under your window, and an irate voice, "It's that swine Gustav back again!" and then the blatter of a shotgun discharged as angrily as if Gustav had been a familiar sneak thief who had been seen disappearing over the fence, instead of an unknown presence halfway to the stars.

I don't know how far I should have gone with the doctor if it hadn't been for what happened at a French hospital outside Nancy.

A crowd of us had been to a concert at the Nancy Y. M. C. A. When it was time to go home the rest all clambered into a big army car that belonged to a major at our hospital, and I was left behind, half by accident and half by design, with an attractive young captain who had a two-seater. I don't remember much about him except that he was a Southerner and he repeated the usual patter about my beautiful eyes. He hadn't time for much of it, because soon an air raid broke.

It was terrific.

He said, "Shall we get off the road?"

I answered, "Not for me. I think it's grand!"

It did look grand. The unperturbed, ironically benignant-looking moon; the searchlights making crosses and cabalistic patterns on the blue night; the red flashes where the shrapnel burst around the enemy plane.

He opened his engine and we ate up the road. The thing became terrific. The party that had gone ahead of us waved and screamed for us to come along with them, but we shot on. However, we couldn't keep up the bluff long. The enemy plane was right overhead now, and the fire was heavy.

The young captain slowed up the automobile by a long low building which was flying the Red Cross flag. "I guess we just *hev* to take cover," he said.

I stepped out of the automobile; and the ground I stepped on was shaken by a tremendous explosion. The Hun had hit something quite close.

"Go on in," he said. "I'll be with you in a minute."

I went into a gateway, and a sentinel spoke to me out of the shadow, thrusting his bayonet into the light, so that it gleamed menacingly. I told him who I was, what hospital I came from, and that I wanted to take shelter. He told me to step into the porter's lodge.

I found the porter at his doorway, looking out into the darkness of a compound in which were various one-story wooden buildings. There were sounds of shouting and agitations in the farthest corner of the compound. The porter turned back to his room, clicking his tongue with annoyance.

"They thought something in the hospital had been hit," he grumbled, placing a chair for me. "But life is not as exciting as all that."

That struck me as a delicious thing for anyone to say right in the heart of the biggest war that ever has been seen!

I sat down and we talked a bit; and then in a moment's lull of bomb and shrapnel I heard a door bang. It seemed to be the door of the nearest wooden building. There was a flurry of light footsteps, and a girl ran into the lodge.

She had lost her head, poor thing. A patient was frightfully ill, dying, she thought, and she had sent an orderly to fetch the night sister, and he had not come back, and there had been that awful crash from the direction in which she had sent him. And the patient was getting worse, and she must get the night sister.

"Take me back to your ward," I said. "I'll look after it while you're gone. Then you can find the night sister."

She was very grateful. We went over the enclosure with the air raid writing patterns of fire and light on the moonshine. Either the hospital was being dismantled or was not yet finished; there were only ten beds in the long ward into which she led me.

"It's that one who's so sick," the nurse whispered, pointing at the nearest bed on the right.

He certainly was a fearful-looking object. He was a heavy man, all of two hundred and fifty pounds, I should say; and his face was blue. He was breathing stertorously.

"Well, run along and find the night sister, and I'll see that nothing goes wrong while you're away," I said; and she slipped out.

Then it happened. The end of the world. A crash so violent that I staggered and there was a blackness before my eyes.

And as the blackness lifted there was a yelp of fear. It was from the fat man. He had jerked himself out of his sleep; he had hearkened to the splitting and rending of the earth; he had yelped; he had rolled over in a convulsion of terror; he was falling out of bed.

But he never quite fell out of bed. I was there too soon. I pressed him upwards, backwards, till he was safely on the mattress. Two hundred and fifty pounds? He was three hundred; he was four hundred; he was as heavy as the moon, as the earth!

There seemed to be somebody with arms around my hips, dragging me down and down.

Something funny had happened to the room. The shadows at the end of it were flying down on my face like birds.

Presently there was blood everywhere. I was lying in it.

The men were bending over me, their flannel nightdresses flapping on their hairy legs. They were saying astonishingly sweet and gentle things; how sweet and gentle and tactful, I did not realize till afterwards. It is magnificent the way the French take certain things for granted without foolish embarrassment.

THEN other people came. I was placed on a stretcher and carried to some place that I never saw, answered questions through a fog, was given treatment that made me cry, and put in an ambulance and driven back to my own hospital, where they performed an emergency operation.

What had happened was that by repeated lifting of overheavy weights, I had gradually torn my uterus from my body. It had been hanging by a thread and when I lifted the fat man the rupture was complete.

It happened to many nurses in the war. It means, of course, that you can never have any children.

The emergency operation only patched up matters for the time being. I had still to undergo a major operation, and for that I chose to go back to New York. That was silly, I suppose. I could have had it done just as well in Paris. But I wanted my own people round me. Not that I was frightened. I was just tired.

I didn't leave Paris until I had seen Waldron. I pondered over that meeting before it happened. It isn't a light matter to have to tell the man you are going to marry that you never can have children; particularly if he has been your lover for a year or two and there have been ever so many times when you have talked of having children and of wanting them.

I would tell Waldron, and he would take it the right way. He would not care too much. He would say that I meant so much to him that marriage to me without children would mean more than marriage to anybody else with children could possibly mean. But also he would not care too little. He would mind my not being able to have his children.

But when I next saw Waldron he had come from a raid up in the air. He sat in a chair in a slant of sunlight that came in through a chink in the *jalousies*.

"You're tired," I said.

He said, "Sure. I'm darned near through."

There was a look about his mouth I didn't like. I said, "Waldron, you've been drinking too much."

He said, "A lot of us find we have to now."

What was the use of trying to tell him? I could tell from his perfunctory inquiries about my health that he wasn't in a mood to listen to my news patiently. His fatigue had let loose in him that resentment against sickness in womenfolk which lots of men have.

And as for the consequences of my operation, he wouldn't have helped me at all. Probably he would have cared much too little. "Aw, what does that matter? We can get on without kids." Which would have been going back on things that had been between us.

I had been staring at the carpet. When I raised my eyes I saw he was watching my hand clenching and unclenching on my knee. That obstinate look had come on his face. He thought I was jealous as usual, and he was preparing to deny everything.

I laughed. He would have been shocked if he had known how little that seemed to matter now.

He looked at me inquiringly.

"Let's go out," I said.

"Are you well enough?"

"Oh, sure."

We strolled down to the Seine, and stood leaning on the parapet.

Waldron said, "Sick or well, you are the finest girl that ever walked. I guess we were made for each other, all right."

We were intimate again, gay and friendly. Of course, whatever happened, we belonged to each other.

I swung round to him, with the words on my lips, "Then isn't it a pity that——"

But he looked so tired. What was the use of telling him now? I could wait till some time when I was more myself; when he was less tired.

So I checked what I was going to say and stood there, quite satisfied.

But he had noticed that I had been on the point of saying something. And he wasn't satisfied. Once or twice I caught him looking at me sharply, as if he suspected something.

Long afterwards I learned that his suspicions had been wildly wrong. As I had cut in with this suppressed remark just after he had said that we were made for each other, he had imagined that I had started to say, "I'm afraid I don't think we are," or words to that effect. And he had worked out that I hadn't said it because I didn't want to break it to him while he was risking his life at the front. And he was too tired to take it up with me.

I noticed that he seemed quiet on the way home. But I thought we were just having a nice, restful time together. That's the way it seemed to me at dinner that night, too.

It was all a question of fatigue.

I went home to New York quite happy about him.

It was queer returning to New York. The sky line was all changed. We were living in another apartment that hadn't been built when I left. Mother and Father seemed old. And when Edna came in to sit by my bed I marveled at her luxuriousness. She had become more beautiful during the war. It used to refresh me to drink in her loveliness, her scentedness, her wonderful clothes.

They operated on me, and I got over it splendidly. I am really very strong. That is why it did not interfere so much with my recovery when, about a fortnight after the operation, I got a cable from Waldron saying that he had married a girl named Marion Ellis.

I want to explain that I hadn't told Waldron I was going to have an operation in New York. He thought I was going home for a rest. I am sure he wouldn't have done it if he had known my condition.

They thought I was crazy when I insisted on going back to France, but I had to go. It was a hard thing to explain, but I wanted to be wanted, and the war seemed the only thing left that wanted me. My family wanted me, of course, but that wasn't enough. If I went back to France my work would have value. And it would take all my time and energy, so that I would have none left over to suffer with. If I also had none left over to go on living with, that couldn't be helped. I really didn't care.

My family didn't want me to go. Edna was the worst. She fairly blazed at me. Although it was affection that was behind her attitude she was disgusted, as if I were giving way to some vice.

"Mother, she's crazy! Can't you make her stop?"

But Mother didn't make me stop. Instead she said, "I am going with her."

We all looked at her. "You! What would you do in France?"

"Look after you, principally."

We sailed as soon as the doctors would pass me, which was in October.

It was good to travel with Mother. It restored my assurance to have everyone admiring her and feeling that she was absolutely correct and lovely. And once or twice I overheard her talking of me in a way that made me realize that as a mother she was an artist. She was building up by subtle touches an impression of me as a serene, undefeated personality, who had never known any reverse but ill health.

On the boat and when we got to Paris everybody was saying that the war was nearly over and that an armistice might be declared at any moment. I just laughed. I said I'd been hearing that for the past three years. But I was rather impressed when I got back to my job in the hospital at Neuilly and found they were talking the same way, for usually they did know things up there.

And the end was not long in coming. Nobody who was in Europe will ever forget the few days before the armistice. You were stretched on a rack of anticipation that you hated because it was merely anticipation; that you loved because of what you were anticipating. It was like awaiting your lover.

Then came that November morning when we knew the armistice was signed.

How a wave of gladness swept along the wards! How the men in their beds clapped and cheered; how the men on crutches capered and did their best to dance; how the nurses broke into a chorus of gladness!

And I, standing in the middle of the ward, laughing with the rest, thought, "Now Waldron will not be killed."

Something crude in the core of me burst out, "Well, what of that? If he had been killed in nineteen-seventeen he would have belonged to you forever, sealed up in his grave. Whereas now . . ."

I WAS wringing somebody's hand and joining in "The Star-Spangled Banner"; but I finished the argument with myself. "Anything is better than that he should have been killed."

That evening three of the men at the hospital took two girls and myself out to dinner. Mother told me to go; she said she had a headache and wanted to stay home. We had a wonderful dinner at Larue's, near the Place de la Madeleine. It was fun getting down there; people were acting so crazy, riding about on the taxis and dancing along the streets.

It was as though a spring madness had seized on them. For they weren't carrying on this way because of liquor. It was real joy that was sweeping through them. I felt it rushing through my own veins, though my heart was heavy.

We drank champagne. I don't think so much of champagne. It doesn't really cheer you up, if you're thoroughly down.

Certainly I gave it its chance. I drank it till the walls seemed to tremble as if they were hangings. Then I found myself thinking a crazy thought. I said to myself, "I wonder if any of the spiritualist mediums are any good. I'll get in touch with one of them tomorrow, and see if I can get a message through from Waldron." I imagined myself sitting in warm darkness, hearing Waldron's voice saying kind, loving things.

Then I remembered that Waldron wasn't dead. That he was gone from me much farther than the next world.

I leaned forward in my chair and tried to get back into the crowd and talk as they were talking and laugh as they were laughing. But somehow I couldn't.

They kept on speaking to me and I had to answer them. But all I wanted to do was to put my head down on the tablecloth and whisper, "I've lost my man! I've lost my man!" And that of course I couldn't do.

When we got into the street I gave them the slip and went to our hotel. Mother was on the balcony looking at the crowds of people in our street.

"Mother, they're all dancing in the streets," I said. I dropped my hat and coat on a chair.

"Yes, they're all dancing in the streets," she said; and she came into the room.

I sat covering my eyes. But suddenly I heard the sound of bitter weeping.

Mother was weeping, terrible, deep, shattering tears. I jumped up and pulled her down into a chair. "Mother, dearest, what's the matter?"

She sobbed and sobbed, and finally said in a stricken whisper, "Oh, what the war's done to you!"

The love in her voice almost killed me. There was such a pitiful disappointment in it. As if she had told me in so many words, I understood that when she was young something terrible had happened to her and that the one thing that had kept her up all these years was the hope that we would have all she had missed.

And here I was. The war had taken my youth and my health; it had thrust sex on me in its cruelest and barest form (I realized that though I hadn't told her about that, she knew); it had taken my man from me; it had taken all prospect of children from me. No wonder she was crying.

But I suddenly remembered how, early in my hospital career, I had looked down into a man's eyes and seen clear through to his throat—and hadn't dropped the tray of instruments I was carrying. I remembered how I had learned to carry on through discouragement and fatigue and disgust. I remembered how glorious it had been to find myself able to rise to every demand the war made of me, and what a sense of security, of assured and honorable occupation, it had given me to know that no day would pass when the war wouldn't make some demand. And as for my loss of health, and my sterility, you couldn't make a war without sacrifices . . .

I cried out, "Oh, Mother, don't you understand? I wouldn't have missed the war for anything!"

Now the war is over, but the last chapter of Corinne Andrews' war-time romance comes five years later—in Rebecca West's Final Installment

Tuppy Changes his Mind *by P. G. Wodehouse* *(Continued from page 51)*

some return for their hospitality. I don't want them to look upon me as one of those ill-mannered modern young men you read about in the papers, who grab everything they can lay their hooks on and never buy back. If people ask you to lunch and tea and what not, they appreciate it if you make them some little present in return."

"Well, give them your football boots. In passing, why did you want the bally things?"

"I'm playing in a match next Thursday."

"Down here?"

"Yes. Upper Bleaching versus Hockley-cum-Meston. Apparently it's the big game of the year."

"How did you get roped in?"

"I happened to mention in the course of conversation the other day that, when in London, I generally turn out on Saturdays for the Old Austinians, and Miss Dalgleish seemed rather keen that I should help the village."

"Which village?"

"Upper Bleaching, of course."

"Ah, then you're going to play for Hockley?"

"You needn't be funny, Bertie. You may not know it, but I'm pretty hot stuff on the football field. Oh, Jeeves."

"Sir?" said Jeeves, entering right center.

"Mr. Wooster tells me you have my football boots."

"Yes, sir. I have placed them in your room."

"Thanks. Jeeves, do you want to make a bit of money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then put a trifle on Upper Bleaching for the annual encounter with Hockley-cum-Meston next Thursday," said Tuppy, exiting with swelling bosom.

"Mr. Glossop is going to play on Thursday," I explained, as the door closed.

"So I was informed in the Servants' Hall, sir."

"Oh? And what's the general feeling there about it?"

"The impression I gathered, sir, was that the Servants' Hall considers Mr. Glossop ill-advised."

"Why's that?"

"I am informed by Mr. Mulready, Sir Reginald's butler, sir, that this contest differs in some respects from the ordinary football game. Owing to the fact that there has existed for many years considerable animus between the two villages, the struggle is conducted, it appears, on somewhat looser and more primitive lines than is usually the case when two teams meet in friendly rivalry. The primary object of the players, I am given to understand, is not so much to score points as to inflict violence."

"Good Lord, Jeeves!"

"Such appears to be the case, sir. The game is one that would have a great interest for the antiquarian. It was played first in the reign of King Henry the Eighth, when it lasted from noon till sundown over an area covering several square miles. Seven deaths resulted on that occasion."

"Seven!"

"Not inclusive of two of the spectators, sir. In recent years, however, the casualties appear to have been confined to broken limbs and other minor injuries. The opinion of the Servants' Hall is that it would be more judicious on Mr. Glossop's part were he to refrain from mixing himself up in the affair."

I was more or less aghast. I mean to say, while I had made it my mission in life to get back at young Tuppy for that business at the Drones', there still remained certain faint vestiges, if vestiges is the word I want, of the old esteem.

Besides, there are limits to one's thirst for vengeance. Deep as my resentment was for the ghastly outrage he had perpetrated on me, I had no wish to see him toddle unsuspiciously into the arena and get all chewed up by wild villagers.

A Tuppy scared stiff by a Luminous Rabbit—yes. Excellent business. The happy ending, in fact. But a Tuppy carried off on a stretcher in half a dozen pieces—no. Quite a different matter. All wrong. Not to be considered for a moment.

Obviously, then, a kindly word of warning while there was yet time was indicated. I buzzed off to his room forthwith, and found him toying dreamily with the football boots.

I put him in possession of the facts.

"What you had better do—and the Servants' Hall thinks the same," I said—"is fake a sprained ankle on the eve of the match."

He looked at me in an odd sort of way. "You suggest that, when Miss Dalgleish is trusting me, relying on me, looking forward with eager, girlish enthusiasm to seeing me help her village on to victory, I should let her down with a thud?"

I was pleased with his ready intelligence. "That's the idea," I said.

"Faugh!" said Tuppy—the only time I've ever heard the word.

"How do you mean, 'Faugh'?" I asked.

"Bertie," said Tuppy, "what you tell me merely makes me all the keener for the fray. A warm game is what I want. I welcome this sporting spirit on the part of the opposition. I shall enjoy a spot of roughness. It will enable me to give of my best.

"Do you realize," said young Tuppy, vermilion to the gills, "that she will be looking on? And do you know how that will make me feel? It will make me feel like some knight of old jousting under the eyes of his lady. Do you suppose that Sir Lancelot or Sir Galahad, when there was a tourney scheduled for the following Thursday, pretended they had sprained their ankles just because the thing was likely to be a bit rough?"

"Don't forget that in the reign of King Henry the Eighth——"

"Never mind about the reign of King Henry the Eighth. All I care about is that it's Upper Bleaching's turn this year to play in colors, so I shall be able to wear my Old Austinian shirt. Light blue, Bertie, with broad orange stripes. I shall look like something, I tell you."

"But what?"

"Bertie," said Tuppy, now becoming purely gaga, "I may as well tell you that I'm in love at last. This is the real thing. I have found my mate. All my life I have dreamed of meeting some sweet open-air girl with all the glory of the English countryside in her eyes, and I have found her.

"How different she is, Bertie, from these hothouse, artificial London girls! Would they stand in the mud on a winter afternoon, watching a football match? Would they know what to give an Alsatian for fits? Would they tramp ten miles a day across the fields and come back as fresh as paint? No!"

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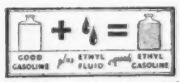

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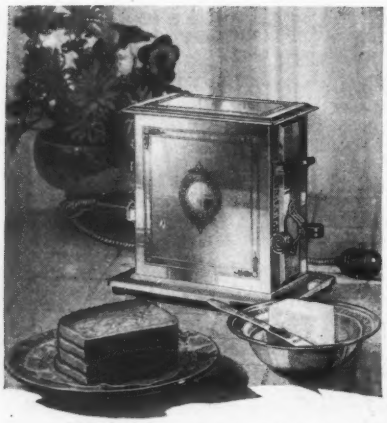

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"Bertie, I'm staking everything on this game on Thursday. At the moment, I have an idea that she looks on me as something of a weakling, simply because I got a blister on my foot the other afternoon and had to take the bus back from Hockley. But when she sees me going through the rustic opposition like a devouring flame, will that make her think a bit? Will that open her eyes? What?"

"What?"

"I said 'What?'"

"So did I."

"I meant, Won't it?"

"Oh, rather."

Here the dinner gong sounded, not before I was ready for it.

Judicious inquiries during the next couple of days convinced me that the Servants' Hall at Bleaching Court, in advancing the suggestion that young Tuppy, born and bred in the gentler atmosphere of the metropolis, would do well to keep out of local disputes and avoid the football field on which these were to be settled, had not spoken idly. It had weighed its words and said the sensible thing. Feeling between the two villages undoubtedly ran high, as they say.

You know how it is in these remote rural districts. Life tends at times to get a bit slow. There's nothing much to do in the long winter evenings but listen to the radio and brood on what a tick your neighbor is. You find yourself remembering how Farmer Giles did you down over the sale of your pig, and Farmer Giles finds himself remembering that it was your son, Ernest, who bunged the half-brick at his horse on the second Sunday before Septuagesima. And so on and so forth.

How this particular feud had started, I don't know, but the season of peace and good will found it in full blast. The only topic of conversation in Upper Bleaching was Thursday's game, and the citizenry seemed to be looking forward to it in a spirit that can only be described as ghoulish. And it was the same in Hockley-cum-Meston.

I paid a visit to Hockley-cum-Meston on the Wednesday, being rather anxious to take a look at the inhabitants and see how formidable they were. I was shocked to observe that practically every second male might have been the Village Blacksmith's big brother. The muscles on their brawny arms were obviously strong as iron bands, and the way the company at the Green Pig, where I looked in incognito for a spot of beer, talked about the forthcoming sporting contest was enough to chill the blood of anyone who had a pal who proposed to fling himself into the fray. It sounded rather like Attila and a few of his Huns sketching out their next campaign.

I went back to Jeeves with my mind made up.

"Jeeves," I said, "you, who had the job of drying and pressing those dress clothes of mine, are aware that I have suffered much at young Tuppy Glossop's hands. By rights, I suppose, I ought to be welcoming the fact that the Wrath of Heaven is now hovering over him in this fearful manner.

"But the view I take of it is that Heaven looks like overdoing it. Heaven's idea of a fitting retribution is not mine. In my most unrestrained moments I never wanted the poor blighter assassinated. And the idea in Hockley-cum-Meston seems to be that a good opportunity has arisen of making it a bumper Christmas for the local undertaker.

"There was a fellow with red hair at the Green Pig this afternoon who might have been the undertaker's partner, the way he talked. We must act, and speedily, Jeeves. We must put a bit of a jerk in it and save young Tuppy in spite of himself."

"What course would you advocate, sir?"

"I'll tell you. He refuses to do the sensible thing and slide out, because the girl will be watching the game and he imagines, poor lizard, that he is going to shine and impress her. So we must employ guile. You must go up to London today, Jeeves, and tomorrow morning you will send a telegram, signed 'Angela,' which will run as follows. Jot it down. Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"'So sorry——'" I pondered. "What would a girl say, Jeeves, who, having had a row with the bird she was practically engaged to, because he told her she looked like a Pekingese in her new hat, wanted to extend the olive branch?"

"'So sorry I was cross,' sir, would, I fancy, be the expression."

"Strong enough, do you think?"

"Possibly the addition of the word 'darling' would give the necessary verisimilitude, sir."

"Right. Resume the jotting. 'So sorry I was cross, darling.' No; wait, Jeeves. Scratch that out. I see where we have gone off the rails. I see where we are missing a chance to make this the real Tabasco. Sign the telegram not 'Angela' but 'Travers.'"

"Very good, sir."

"Or, rather, 'Dahlia Travers.' And this is the body of the communication. 'Please return at once.'"

"'Immediately' would be more economical, sir. Only one word. And it has a stronger ring."

"True. Jot on, then. 'Please return immediately. Angela in a hell of a state.'"

"I would suggest 'Seriously ill,' sir."

"All right. 'Seriously ill.' 'Angela seriously ill. Keeps calling for you and says you were quite right about hat.'"

"If I might suggest, sir——?"

"Well, go ahead."

"I fancy the following would meet the case. 'Please return immediately. Angela seriously ill. High fever and delirium. Keeps calling your name piteously and saying something about a hat and that you were quite right. Please catch earliest possible train. Dahlia Travers.'"

"That sounds all right."

"Yes, sir."

"You like that 'piteously'? You don't think 'incessantly'?"

"No, sir. 'Piteously' is the *mot juste*."

"All right. You know. Well, send it off in time to get here at two-thirty."

"Yes, sir."

"Two-thirty, Jeeves; you see the devilish cunning?"

"No, sir."

"I will tell you. If the telegram arrived earlier, he would get it before the game. By two-thirty, however, he will have started for the ground. I shall hand it to him the moment there is a lull in the battle. By that time he will have begun to get some idea of what a football match between Upper Bleaching and Hockley-cum-Meston is like, and the thing ought to work like magic. I can't imagine anyone who has been sporting awhile with those thugs I saw yesterday not welcoming any excuse to call it a day. You follow me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good, Jeeves."

"Very good, sir."

You can always rely on Jeeves. Two-thirty I had said, and two-thirty it was. The telegram arrived almost on the minute.

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I was going to my room to change into something warmer at the moment, and I took it up with me. Then into the heavy tweeds and off in the car to the field of play. I got there just as the two teams were lining up, and half a minute later, the whistle blew and the war was on.

What with one thing and another—having been at a school where they didn't play it and so forth—Rugby football is a game I can't claim absolutely to understand in all its niceties, if you know what I mean. I can follow the broad, general principles, of course.

I mean to say, I know that the main scheme is to work the ball down the field somehow and deposit it over the line at the other end, and that, in order to squelch this program, each side is allowed to put in a certain amount of assault and battery and do things to its fellow man which, if done elsewhere, would result in fourteen days without the option, coupled with some strong remarks from the Bench. But there I stop. What you might call the science of the thing is to Bertram Wooster a sealed book. However, I am informed by experts that on this occasion there was not enough science for anyone to notice.

There had been a good deal of rain in the last few days, and the going appeared to be a bit sticky. In fact, I have seen swamps that were drier than this particular bit of ground. The red-haired bloke whom I had encountered in the pub paddled up and kicked off amidst cheers from the populace, and the ball went straight to where Tuppy was standing, a pretty color scheme in light blue and orange. Tuppy caught it neatly and hoofed it back, and it was at this point that I understood that an Upper Bleaching versus Hockley-cum-Meston game had certain features not usually seen on the football field.

For Tuppy, having done his bit, was just standing there looking modest, when there was a thunder of large feet and the red-haired bird, galloping up, seized him by the neck, hurled him to earth and fell on him. I had a glimpse of Tuppy's face, as it registered horror, dismay and a general suggestion of stunned dissatisfaction with the scheme of things, and then he disappeared.

By the time he had come to the surface, a sort of mob warfare was going on at the other side of the field. Two assortments of sons-of-the-soil had got their heads down and were shoving earnestly against each other, with the ball somewhere in the middle.

Tuppy wiped a fair portion of Hampshire out of his eye, peered round him in a dazed kind of way, saw the mass meeting and ran towards it, arriving just in time for a couple of heavyweights to gather him in and give him the mud-treatment again. This placed him in an admirable position for a third heavyweight to kick him in the ribs with a boot like a violin case. The red-haired man then fell on him. It was all good, brisk play, and looked fine from my side of the ropes.

I saw now where Tuppy had made his mistake. He was too dressy. On occasions such as this it is safest not to be conspicuous, and that blue-and-orange shirt rather caught the eye. A sober beige, blending with the color of the ground, was what his best friends would have recommended.

And in addition to the fact that his costume attracted attention, I rather think that the men of Hockley-cum-Meston resented his being on the field at all. They felt that, as a non-local, he had butted in on a private fight and had no business there.

At any rate, it certainly appeared to me that they were giving him preferential treatment. After each of those shoving-bees to which I have alluded, when the edifice caved in and tons of humanity wallowed in a tangled mass in the juice, the last soul to be excavated always seemed to be Tuppy. And on the rare occasions when he actually managed to stand upright for a moment, somebody—generally the red-haired man—invariably sprang to the congenial task of spilling him again.

In fact, it was beginning to look as though that telegram would come too late to save a human life, when an interruption occurred. Play had worked round close to where I was standing, and there had been the customary collapse of all concerned, with Tuppy at the bottom of the basket, as usual. But this time, when they got up and started to count the survivors, a sizable cove in what had once been a white shirt remained on the ground. And a hearty cheer went up from a hundred patriotic throats as the news spread that Upper Bleaching had drawn first blood.

The victim was carried off by a couple of his old chums, and the rest of the players sat down and pulled their stockings up and thought of life for a bit. The moment had come, it seemed to me, to remove Tuppy from the *abattoir*, and I hopped over the ropes and toddled to where he sat scraping mud from his wishbone.

His air was that of a man who has been passed through a wringer, and his eyes, what you could see of them, had a strange, smoldering gleam. He was so crusted with alluvial deposits that one realized how little a mere bath would ever be able to effect. To fit him to take his place once more in polite society, he would certainly have to be sent to the cleaner's. Indeed, it was a moot point whether it wouldn't be simpler just to throw him away.

"Tuppy, old man," I said.

"Eh?" said Tuppy.

"A telegram for you."

"Eh?"

"I've got a wire here that came after you left the house."

"Eh?" said Tuppy.

I stirred him up a trifle with the ferrule of my stick, and he seemed to come to life.

"Be careful what you're doing, you silly ass," he said, in part. "I'm one solid bruise. What are you gibbering about?"

"A telegram has come for you. I think it may be important."

He snorted in a bitter sort of way. "Do you suppose I've time to read telegrams now?"

"But this one may be frightfully urgent," I said. "Here it is."

But, if you understand me, it wasn't. How I had happened to do it, I don't know, but apparently, in changing the upholstery, I had left it in my other coat.

"Oh, my gosh," I said. "I've left it behind."

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does. It's probably something you ought to read at once. Immediately, if you know what I mean. If I were you, I'd just say a few words of farewell to the murder squad and come back to the house right away."

He raised his eyebrows. At least, I think he must have done so, because the mud on his forehead stirred a little, as if something was going on underneath it.

"Do you imagine," he said, "that I would slink away under her very eyes?

Cultivating **Beautiful Hands** *on just* **3** *minutes a day*

Busy women are finding Many Advantages in the new Cutex Liquid Polish

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Good Looks Editor
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"I use liquid polish because it stays on longer and keeps my nails looking better than any perfunctory buffing.

Liquid polish should be applied smoothly with a tiny brush in three strokes, making the last stroke in the center heaviest to give the deepest tone.

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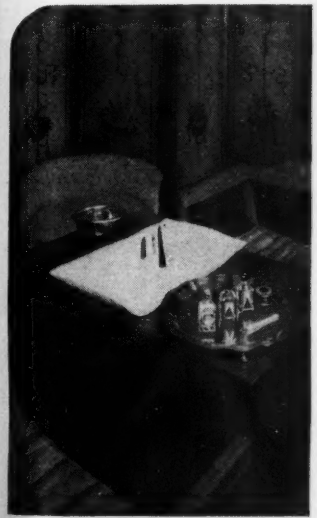

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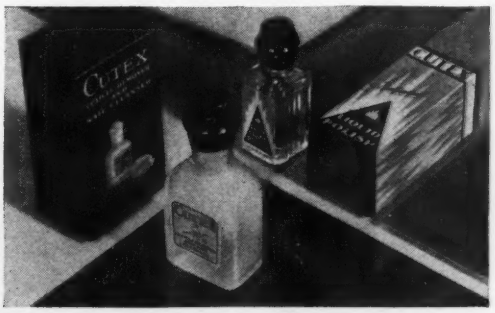

Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

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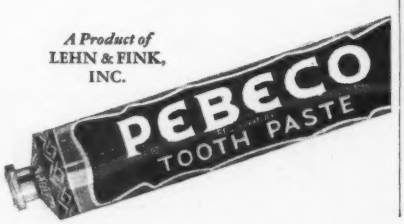

Good Lord! Besides," he went on, in a quiet, meditative voice, "there is no power on earth that could get me off this field until I've thoroughly disemboweled that red-haired bounder. Have you noticed how he keeps tackling me when I haven't got the ball?"

"Isn't that right?"

"Of course it's not right. Never mind! A bitter retribution awaits that bird. I've had enough of it. From now on I assert my personality."

"I'm a bit foggy as to the rules of this pastime," I said. "Are you allowed to bite him?"

"I'll try and see what happens," said Tuppy, struck with the idea and brightening a little.

At this point, the pallbearers returned and fighting became general again all along the Front.

There's nothing like a spot of rest and what you might call folding of the hands for freshening up the shop-soiled athlete. The dirty work, resumed after this brief breather, started off with an added vim which it did one good to see. And the life and soul of the party was Tuppy.

You know, only meeting a fellow at luncheon or at the races or loafing round country houses and so forth, you don't get on to his hidden depths, if you know what I mean. Until this moment, if asked, I would have said that Tuppy Glossop was, on the whole, essentially a pacific sort of bloke, with little or nothing of the tiger of the jungle in him. Yet here he was, running to and fro with fire streaming from his nostrils, a positive danger to traffic.

Yes, absolutely. Encouraged by the fact that the referee either was filled with the spirit of Live and Let Live or else had got his whistle choked up with mud, the result being that he appeared to regard the game with a sort of calm detachment, Tuppy was putting in some very impressive work. Even to me, knowing nothing of the finesse of the thing, it was plain that if Hockley-cum-Meston wanted the happy ending they must eliminate young Tuppy at the earliest possible moment.

And I will say for them that they did their best, the red-haired man being particularly assiduous. But Tuppy was made of durable material. Every time the opposition talent ground him into the mire and sat on his head, he rose on stepping-stones of his dead self, if you follow me, to higher things. And in the end it was the red-haired bloke who did the dust-biting.

I couldn't tell you exactly how it happened, for by this time the shades of night were drawing in a bit and there was a dollop of mist rising, but one moment the fellow was hare-ing along, apparently without a care in the world, and then suddenly Tuppy had appeared from nowhere and was sailing through the air at his neck. They connected with a crash and a slither, and a little later the red-haired bird was hopping off, supported by a brace of friends.

After that, there was nothing to it. Upper Bleaching, thoroughly bucked, became busier than ever. There was a lot of earnest work in a sort of inland sea down at the Hockley end of the field, and then a kind of tidal wave poured over the line, and when the bodies had been removed and the tumult and the shouting had died, there was young Tuppy lying on the ball.

And that, with exception of a few spots of mayhem in the last five minutes, concluded the proceedings.

I drove back to the Court in rather what you might term a pensive frame of mind. Things having happened as they had happened, there seemed to me a goodish bit of hard thinking to be done.

There was a servitor of sorts in the hall, when I arrived, and I asked him to send up a whisky-and-soda, strongish, to my room. The old brain, I felt, needed stimulating. And about ten minutes later there was a knock at the door, and in came Jeeves, bearing tray and materials.

"Hullo, Jeeves," I said, surprised. "Are you back?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you get here?"

"Some little while ago, sir. Was it an enjoyable game, sir?"

"In a sense, Jeeves," I said, "yes. Replete with interest and all that, if you know what I mean. But I fear that, owing to a touch of carelessness on my part, the worst has happened. I left the telegram in my other coat, so young Tuppy remained in action throughout."

"Was he injured, sir?"

"Worse than that, Jeeves. He was the star of the game. Toasts, I should imagine, are now being drunk to him at every pub in the village. So spectacularly did he play—in fact, so heartily did he joust—that I can't see the girl not being all over him. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the moment they meet, she will exclaim, 'My hero!' and fall into his bally arms."

"Indeed, sir?"

I didn't like the man's manner. Too calm. Unimpressed. A little leaping about with fallen jaw was what I had expected my words to produce, and I was on the point of saying as much when the door opened again and Tuppy limped in.

He was wearing an ulster over his football things, and I wondered why he had come to pay a social call on me instead of proceeding straight to the bathroom. He eyed my glass in a wolfish sort of way.

"Whisky?" he said, in a hushed voice.

"And soda."

"Bring me one, Jeeves," said young Tuppy. "A large one."

"Very good, sir."

Tuppy wandered to the window and looked out into the gathering darkness, and for the first time I perceived that he had a grouch of some description. You can generally tell by a fellow's back. Humped. Bent. Bowed down with weight of woe, if you follow me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

Tuppy emitted a mirthless.

"Oh, nothing much," he said. "My faith in woman is dead, that's all."

"It is?"

"You jolly well bet it is. Women are a washout. I see no future for the sex, Bertie. Blisters, all of them."

"Er—even the Dogsbody girl?"

"Her name," said Tuppy, a little stiffly, "is Dalgleish, if it happens to interest you. And if you want to know something else, she's the worst of the lot."

"My dear chap!"

Tuppy turned. Beneath the mud, I could see that his face was drawn and, to put it in a nutshell, wan.

"Do you know what happened, Bertie?"

"What?"

"She wasn't there."

"Where?"

"At the match, you silly ass."

"Not at the match?"

"No."

"You mean, not among the throng of eager spectators?"

"Of course I mean not among the spectators. Did you think I expected her to be playing?"

"BEAUTY THAT RIVALED THAT GLORIOUS ENGLISH DAY"

"Both Dee and her youngest (and by the way, she is now eighteen) were in that inevitable top rail row that is usually dominated by our younger sisters. If she had only affected just a bit more adolescent boredom I should never have detected her. For, true to England, both mother and daughter had complexions that rivaled that glorious English day for clear, fresh beauty."

—From the letters of an English traveler at home

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

There is a new and lasting freshness for your skin in this English complexion treatment

FOR THE clear and natural freshness of her skin, for her vibrant color, the English woman is famous throughout the world. It is significant that she uses only a few cosmetics. But it is more significant that those few are invariably the best—Yardley's.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream, Yardley's English Lavender Soap, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder—here is her effective beauty treatment. Yardley's soap is for the initial cleansing of her face. Yardley's Complexion Cream follows, to coax out any lingering bits of imbedded dust. Then Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder to protect the new and lovely freshness of her skin. Soft, cooling, smooth, and delicately scented, it heightens the natural radiance of her beauty. English Complexion Cream is also a nourishing cream for use at night and a foundation cream for powder. Used as a powder base, it is to be put on liberally and then *washed off in cold water.* Just enough remains to retain your powder perfectly.

Use Yardley's faithfully. Your mirror will reveal to you a new beauty—sure and poised, but at the same time, unstudied, the sort of beauty that has always been the preference of the gentlewoman. You will find these three Yardley toiletries at your favorite store. Send for our new booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

Yardley's English Complexion Cream to cleanse, freshen and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

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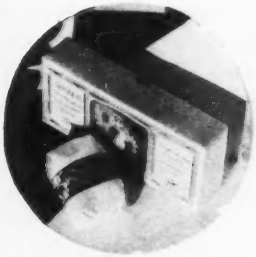

Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

Yardley's English Lavender

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for PEP . . . for HEALTH!

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BETTER BRAN FLAKES

START your day with a heaping bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Get the taste-sparkle of these crispy, crackly flakes. The famous flavor of PEP. You'd never think bran flakes could taste so delicious.

Eat them and be peppy. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are practically a perfect food with milk or cream. There's health in every spoonful. All the nourishment of wheat — the goodness of the whole grain. And just enough bran to help keep you fit and regular.

One taste. And you'll agree that Kellogg's are *better bran flakes.* Every one wants them often. Great for children. For the entire family. At every meal.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes

IMPORTANT—*Kellog's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

"But I thought the whole scheme of the thing——"

"So did I. My gosh!" said Tuppy, laughing another of those hollow ones, "I work myself to the bone for her sake. I allow a mob of homicidal maniacs to kick me in the ribs and stroll about on my face. And then when I have braved a fate worse than death, so to speak, all to please her, I find that she didn't bother to come and watch the game.

"She got a phone call from London from somebody who said he had located an Irish water spaniel, and up she popped in her car, leaving me flat. I met her just now outside her house, and she told me. And all she could think of was that she was as sore as a sunburnt neck because she had had her trip for nothing. Apparently it wasn't an Irish water spaniel at all. Just an ordinary English water spaniel.

"And to think I fancied I loved a girl like that. A nice life partner she would make! When pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou—I don't think! Why, if a man married a girl like that and happened to get stricken by some dangerous illness, would she smooth his pillow and press cooling drinks on him? Not a chance! She'd be off somewhere trying to buy Siberian eel-hounds. I'm through with women."

I saw that the moment had come to put in a word for the old firm.

"My cousin Angela's not a bad sort, Tuppy," I said, in a grave, elder-brotherly kind of way. "Not altogether a bad egg, Angela, if you look at her squarely. I had always been hoping that she and you . . . And I know my aunt Dahlia felt the same."

Tuppy's bitter sneer cracked the topsoil.

"Angela!" he woofed. "Don't talk to me about Angela. Angela's a rag and a bone and a hank of hair and an A 1 scourge, if you want to know. She gave me the push. Yes, she did. Simply because I had the manly courage to speak out candidly on the subject of that ghastly lid she was chump enough to buy.

"It made her look like a Peke, and I told her it made her look like a Peke. And instead of admiring me for my fearless honesty she bunged me out on my ear. Faugh!"

"She did?" I said.

"She jolly well did," said young Tuppy. "At four-sixteen P.M. on Tuesday the seventeenth."

"By the way, old man," I said. "I've found that telegram."

"What telegram?"

"The one I told you about."

"Oh, that one?"

"Yes, that's the one."

"Well, let's have a look at the beastly thing."

I handed it over, watching him narrowly. And suddenly, as he read, I saw him wabble. Stirred to the core. Obviously.

"Anything important?" I said.

"Bertie," said young Tuppy, in a voice that quivered with strong emotion, "my recent remarks *re* your cousin Angela. Wash them out. Cancel them. Look on them as not spoken. I tell you, Bertie, Angela's all right. An angel in human shape, and that's official. Bertie, I've got to get up to London. She's ill."

"Ill?"

"High fever and delirium. This wire's from your aunt. She wants me to come up to London at once. Can I borrow your car?"

"Of course."

"Thanks," said Tuppy, and dashed out. He had been gone only a second when

Jeeves came in with the restorative.

"Mr. Glossop's gone, Jeeves."

"Indeed, sir?"

"To London."

"Yes, sir?"

"In my car. To see my cousin Angela. The sun is once more shining, Jeeves."

"Extremely gratifying, sir."

I gave him the eye.

"Was it you, Jeeves, who phoned to Miss What's-her-bally-name about the alleged water spaniel?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought as much."

"Yes, sir?"

"Yes, Jeeves, the moment Mr. Glossop told me that a Mysterious Voice had phoned on the subject of Irish water spaniels, I thought as much. I recognized your touch. I read your motives like an open book. You knew she would come buzzing up."

"Yes, sir."

"And you knew how Tuppy would react. If there's one thing that gives a jousting knight the pip, it is to have his audience walk out on him."

"Yes, sir."

"But there's just one point. What will Mr. Glossop say when he finds my cousin Angela full of beans and not delirious?"

"The point had not escaped me, sir. I took the liberty of ringing Mrs. Travers up on the telephone and explaining the circumstances. All will be in readiness for Mr. Glossop's arrival."

"Jeeves, you think of everything."

"Thank you, sir. In Mr. Glossop's absence, would you care to drink this whisky-and-soda?"

I shook the head. "No, Jeeves, there is only one man who must do that. It is you. If ever anyone earned a refreshing snort, you are he. Pour it out, Jeeves, and shove it down."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Cheerio, Jeeves!"

"Cheerio, sir, if I may use the expression."

Treasure Ship

(*Continued from page 57*)

momentarily checked the assault. Then, like an engulfing wave, the buccaneer mob went over the Spanish soldiers, and the ship, the Santa Barbara, was taken.

There was not perhaps upon the seas at the time a more cruel, ruthless man than Easterling, and those who sailed with him adopted, as men will, their captain's standard of ferocity. Brutally they exterminated the Spanish soldiery, heaving the bodies overboard, and as brutally they dealt with those manning the guns on the main deck below, although these unfortunates readily surrendered in the vain hope of being allowed to keep their lives.

Within ten minutes of the invasion of the Santa Barbara there remained alive of her original crew only the captain, Don Ildefonso de Paiva, whom Easterling had stunned with the butt of a pistol, the navigating officer, and four deck hands who had been aloft at the moment of boarding. These six Easterling spared for the present because he accounted that they might prove useful.

While the men were busy in the shrouds about the urgent business of disentangling and repairing, the buccaneer captain began upon the person of Don Ildefonso the investigation of his capture.

The Spaniard, sickly and pallid and with a lump on his brow where the pistol butt had smitten him, sat on a locker in the handsome roomy cabin, with

A New Food Invention... *Quick Setting* Gelatin

Ready in 20 min. Mix as directed on package. Chill in tray of electric refrigerator.

Ready in 45 min. Mix as directed on package. Pour in mould. Set mould in pan of cracked ice.

Ready in 1 hr. Mix in the ordinary way. Pour in mould. Cover; set outside window on cold day.

Ready in 1½ hrs. Mix as directed on package. Set mould on bottom of electric refrigerator.

Ready to unmould in* HALF *the usual time . . . and the flavors are much more delicious

TODAY'S FOOD NEWS is about a wonderful new quick setting gelatin . . . that jells in half the usual time.

It's an entirely new formula—recently developed. And it's called Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert.

You can see from the photographs above how fast it works. Twenty minutes to an hour and a half . . . while, ordinarily, prepared gelatins made the usual way take several hours, and even then sometimes fail to jell.

With Royal you prepare your gelatin dessert in 3 minutes . . . along with the rest of the meal. At dessert time it's ready to serve—firmly set, yet tender and quivery.

This new Royal is not only quicker. It's more delicious. The flavors are true-to-the-fruit. And always fresh . . . for Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to stores regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Incorporated.

Doctors recommend gelatin, especially for children. It aids digestion, and it's rich in a valuable growth-promoting element. So let the youngsters have all they want.

THERE are dozens of ways to include this health food in your family's daily diet. Serve it tonight. Plain, or garnished with whipped cream, fruit or nuts.

But remember, when you buy—all gelatins are not alike. Ask for Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

In the Red Box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can. Five delicious flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon

ROYAL *Quick Setting* **Gelatin Dessert**

Now in colors

Pink, yellow, green, are exquisite tints in which you may select Kleenex (white, too, of course). The box is ingeniously arranged to have two sheets always at your finger tips.

This new, smart *safer* way to remove cold cream

blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

Famous beauties know the importance of this rule. That's why you find Kleenex on the dressing tables of stage and screen stars, and in up-to-date beauty salons.

Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

For handkerchiefs, too

Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to: C-4

Name.....

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Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

pinioned wrists, but striving nevertheless to preserve the haughty demeanor proper to a gentleman of Castile in the presence of an impudent sea robber. Thus until Easterling, towering over him, savagely threatened to loosen his tongue by the persuasions of torture.

Then Don Ildefonso, realizing the futility of resistance, curtly answered the pirate's questions. From these answers and his subsequent investigations, Easterling discovered his capture to exceed every hope he could have formed. There had fallen into his hands, which of late had known so little luck, one of those prizes which had been the dream of every sea rover since the days of Francis Drake.

The Santa Barbara was a treasure ship from Porto Bello, laden with gold and silver which had been conveyed across the isthmus from Panama. She had put forth under escort of three strong ships of war, with intent to call at Santo Domingo to revictual before crossing to Spain. But in the recent storm which had swept the Caribbean she had been separated from her consorts, and with damaged mainmast had been driven through the Mona Passage by this gale. She had been beating back for Santo Domingo in the hope of rejoining her escort or else awaiting there another fleet for Spain.

The treasure in her hold was computed by Easterling, when his gleaming eyes came to consider those ingots, at between two and three hundred thousand pieces of eight. It was a prize such as does not come the way of a pirate twice in his career, and it meant fortune for himself and those who followed him.

Now the possession of fortune is inevitably attended by anxiety, and Easterling's besetting anxiety at the moment was to convey his prize with all possible speed to the security of Tortuga.

From his own sloop he took twoscore men to form a prize crew for the Spaniard, and himself remained aboard her because he could not suffer himself to be parted from the treasure. Then, with damage hurriedly repaired, the two ships went about and started upon their voyage.

Progress was slow, the wind being none too favorable and the Santa Barbara none too manageable, and it was past noon before they once more had Cape Rafael abeam. Easterling was uneasy in this proximity to Hispaniola, and was for taking a wide sweep that would carry them well out to sea, when from the crow's nest of the Santa Barbara came a hail, and a moment later the object first espied by the lookout was visible to them all.

There, rounding Cape Rafael not two miles away, and steering almost to meet them, came a great red ship under full sail. Easterling's telescope confirmed at once what the naked eye had led him incredulously to suspect. This vessel was the Cinco Llagas, the original object of his pursuit, which in his haste he must have outsailed.

The truth was that, overtaken by the storm near Samaná, Jeremy Pitt, who navigated the Cinco Llagas, had run for the shelter of Samaná Bay, and under the lee of a headland, the vessel had remained snug and unperceived, to come forth again when the gale had spent itself.

Caring little how the thing had happened, Easterling perceived in this sudden and unexpected appearance of the Cinco Llagas a sign that Fortune, hitherto so niggardly, was disposed now to overwhelm him with her favors. Let him convey himself and the Santa Barbara's treasure aboard that stout red ship, and

in strength he could make good speed home.

Against a vessel so heavily armed and so undermanned as the Cinco Llagas, there could be no question of any but boarding tactics, and it did not seem to Captain Easterling that this should offer much difficulty to the swifter and more easily handled Bonaventure, commanded by a man experienced in seamanship and opposed by a lubberly fellow who was by trade a surgeon.

So Easterling signaled Chard to be about the easy business, and Chard, eager enough to square accounts with the man who already had done them the injury of slipping like water through their fingers, put the helm over and ordered his men to their stations.

Captain Blood, summoned from the cabin by Pitt, mounted the poop and, telescope in hand, surveyed the activities aboard his old friend the Bonaventure, and remained in no doubt of their significance. He might be a surgeon, but hardly a lubberly one. He had served under de Ruyter in earlier adventurous days when medicine was neglected by him, and he would show them how he had profited by the lessons learned under that great admiral.

Just as for the Bonaventure it was essential to employ boarding tactics, so for the Cinco Llagas it was vital to depend on gunfire. For with not more than twenty men in all, she could not face the odds of almost ten to one, as Blood computed them, in a hand-to-hand engagement.

So now he ordered Pitt to put down the helm and, keeping as close to the wind as possible, to steer a course that would bring them on to the Bonaventure's quarter. To the main deck below he ordered Ogle, that sometime gunner of the King's navy, who took for his gun crew all but six of the hands, who would be required for work above.

Chard perceived at once the aim of the maneuver, and swore through his teeth, for the wind was in Blood's favor. It was a further handicap to him that since the Cinco Llagas was to be captured for their own purposes it must be no part of his work to cripple her by gunfire before attempting to board. Moreover, he perceived the risk to himself of the attempt, resulting from the longer range and heavier caliber of the guns of the Cinco Llagas, if she were resolutely handled. And there appeared to be no lack of resolution about her present master.

Meanwhile the distance between the ships was rapidly lessening, and Chard realized that unless he acted quickly he would be within range with his flank exposed. Unable to bring his ship any closer to the wind, he went about on a southeasterly course with intent to circle widely and so get to windward of the Cinco Llagas.

Easterling, watching the maneuver from the deck of the Santa Barbara, and not quite understanding its purpose, cursed Chard for a fool. He cursed him the more virulently when he saw the Cinco Llagas veer suddenly to larboard and follow as if giving chase. Chard, however, welcomed this and, taking in sail, allowed the other to draw closer. Then with all canvas spread once more, the Bonaventure was off with the wind on her quarter to attempt her circling movement.

Blood understood and took in sail in his turn, standing so that as the Bonaventure turned north she must offer him her flank within range of his heavy guns. To avoid this, Chard must put up his helm and run south once more.

Easterling watched the two ships sailing away from him in a succession of

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The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes. Then it is no longer a protection.

such maneuvers for position and, purple with rage, demanded whether Chard was running away from the lubberly leech. Chard, however, was far from any thought of this. With masterly patience and self-control he awaited his chance to run in and grapple. And with equal patience and doggedness Blood saw to it that he should be given no such chance.

In the end it became a question of who should commit the first blunder, and it was Chard who committed it. In his excessive anxiety to avoid coming broadside-on with the Cinco Llagas, he forgot the chasers on her back-head and at last, in playing for position, allowed her to come too near.

He realized his blunder when those two guns roared suddenly behind him and the shot went tearing through his shrouds. It angered him, and in his anger he replied with his stern chasers; but their inferior caliber left them ineffective. Then, utterly enraged, he swung the Bonaventure about, so as to put a broadside athwart the hawse of the other, and by crippling her sailing powers lay her at the mercy of his boarders.

The heavy ground swell, however, combined with the length of range utterly to defeat his object, and his broadside thundered forth in impotence, to leave a cloud of smoke between him and the Cinco Llagas. Instantly Blood swung broadside-on, and emptied his twenty larboard guns into that smoke cloud, hoping to attain the Bonaventure's exposed flank beyond. His attempt was equally unsuccessful, but it served to show Chard the mettle of the man he was engaging, a man with whom it was not safe to take such chances.

Nevertheless, one more chance he took, and went briskly about, so as to charge through the billowing smoke and bear down upon the other ship before she could suspect the design. The maneuver, however, was too protracted for success, and by the time the Bonaventure was upon her fresh course the smoke had dispersed sufficiently to betray her to Blood, and the Cinco Llagas, lying well over to larboard, was ripping through the water at twice the speed of the Bonaventure, now ill served by the wind.

Again Chard put the helm over and raced to intercept the other and to get to windward of her. But Blood, now a mile away and with a safety margin of time, went about and returned so as to bring his starboard guns to bear at the proper moment. To elude this, Chard once more headed south and presented no more than his counter as a target.

In this manner the two vessels gradually worked away until the Santa Barbara, with the raging, blaspheming Easterling aboard, was no more than a speck on the northern horizon; and still they were as far as ever from joining battle.

Chard cursed the wind which favored Captain Blood, and cursed Captain Blood who knew so well how to take and maintain the advantage of his position. The lubberly surgeon appeared possessed of perfect understanding of the situation and was uncannily ready to meet each move of his opponent. Occasional shots continued to be exchanged at long range by the chasers of each vessel, each aiming high so as to damage the other's sailing powers, yet without success.

Peter Blood at the poop rail, in a fine back-and-breast and cap of black damascened steel which had been the property of the Spanish commander of the Cinco Llagas, was growing weary and anxious. To Hagthorpe, similarly armed beside him, and to Pitt at the whipstaff immediately below, he confessed it in the tone of his question:

"How long can this ducking and dodging continue? And however long it continues, what end can it have but one? Sooner or later the wind will drop or veer, or else it's ourselves will drop from sheer weariness. When that happens we'll be at that scoundrel's mercy."

"There's always the unexpected," said young Pitt.

"Why, so there is, and I thank you for reminding me of it, Jerry. Let's put our hopes in it, for all that I can't see whence it's to come."

It was coming at that moment and coming quickly, although Blood was the only one of them who recognized it when he saw it. They were standing in towards the land at the end of a long westerly run, when round the Point of Espada, less than a mile away, a towering, heavily armed ship came sailing as close to the wind as she dared, her ports open and the mouths of a score of guns gaping along her larboard flank, the banner of Castile flapping aloft in the breeze.

At sight of this fresh enemy of another sort, Hagthorpe loosed an oath that sounded like a groan. "And that's the end of us!" he cried.

"I'm by no means sure, now, that it may not be the beginning," Blood answered him, with something that sounded like laughter in his voice, which when last heard had been jaded and dispirited. And his orders, flowing fast, showed clearly what was in his mind.

"Run me the flag of Spain aloft, and bid Wolverstone empty his chasers at the Bonaventure as we go about."

Pitt put the helm over, and as with straining cordage and creaking blocks the Cinco Llagas swung slowly round, the gold-and-scarlet banner of Castile broke bravely from her main truck. An instant later the two guns on her forecastle thundered forth, ineffectually in one way but effectually in another. Their fire conveyed plainly to the Spanish newcomer that here he beheld a compatriot ship in pursuit of an English rover.

Explanations no doubt must follow, especially if upon the discovery of the identity of the Cinco Llagas the Spaniards should happen to be acquainted with her recent history. But that could not come until they had disposed of the Bonaventure, and Blood was content to let the future take care of itself.

Meanwhile the Spanish ship, a *guardacostas* from Santo Domingo which while on patrol had been attracted beyond the Point of Espada by the sound of gunfire out at sea, behaved precisely as was to be expected. Even without the flag now floating at her masthead, the Spanish origin of the Cinco Llagas was plain to read in the lines of her; that she was engaged with this obviously English sloop was no less plain. The *guardacostas* went into the fight without a moment's hesitation, and loosed a broadside at the Bonaventure as she was in the act of going about to escape this sudden and unforeseen peril.

Chard raged like a madman as the sloop shuddered under blows at stem and stern and her shattered bowsprit hung in a tangle of cordage athwart her bows. In his frenzy he ordered the fire to be returned, and did some damage to the *guardacostas*, but not of a kind to impair her mobility. Warming to the battle, the Spaniard went about so as to pound the sloop with her starboard guns, and Chard, having lost his head by now, also swung round so as to return or even anticipate that fire.

Not until he had done so did it occur to him that with empty guns he was helplessly vulnerable to an onslaught from the Cinco Llagas. For Blood, too, espying the opportunity while yet it was shaping, had gone about, and now drew level and hurled at him the contents of his twenty heavy guns. That broadside at comparatively short range swept his decks and shattered the windows of the coach, and one well-placed shot opened a wound in the bows of the Bonaventure almost on the water line, through which the sea rushed into the hold at every roll of the crippled vessel.

Chard realized that he was doomed, and his bitterness was deepened by perception of the misapprehension at the root of his destruction. He saw the Spanish colors at the masthead of the Cinco Llagas, and grinned in livid malice.

On a last inspiration, he struck his colors in token of surrender. It was his forlorn hope that the *guardacostas*, accepting this, and ignorant of his strength in men, would rush in to grapple him, in which case he would turn the tables on the Spaniards, and by possessing himself of the *guardacostas* might yet come out of the adventure with safety and credit.

But the vigilant Captain Blood guessed, if not the intention, at least the possibility, as well as the alternative possibility of explanations dangerous to himself from the captured Chard to the Spanish commander. To provide against either danger, he sent for Ogle, and under his instructions that skillful gunner crashed a thirty-two-pound shot amidships into the Bonaventure's water line, so as to supplement the leakage already occurring forward.

The captain of the *guardacostas* may have wondered why his compatriot should continue to fire upon a ship that had struck her colors, but the circumstance would hardly seem to him suspicious, although it might be vexatious, for its consequence appeared to be the inevitable destruction of a vessel that might yet have been turned to account.

As for Chard, he had no time for speculations of any kind. The Bonaventure was now making water so fast that his only hope of saving the lives of himself and his men lay in attempting to run her aground before she sank. So he headed her for the shoals at the foot of the Point of Espada, thanking heaven that she might now run before the wind, although at an ominously diminishing speed, despite the fact that the buccaneers heaved their cannon overboard to lighten her as they went.

She grounded at last in the shallows, with the seas breaking over her stern and forecastle, which alone remained above water. These and the shrouds were now black with the men who had climbed to safety. The *guardacostas* stood off with idly flapping sails, her captain wondering to behold the Cinco Llagas, half a mile away, already heading northwards.

Aboard her presently, Captain Blood was inquiring of Pitt if a knowledge of Spanish signals was included in his lore of the sea, and if so would he read the signals that the *guardacostas* was flying. The young shipmaster confessed that it was not, and expressed the opinion that as a consequence they had but escaped the frying pan to fall into the fire.

"Now here's a lack of faith in Madame Fortune," said Blood. "We'll just be dipping our flag in salute to them, to imply

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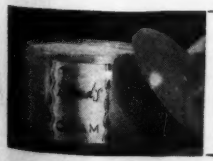

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that we've business elsewhere, and be off to attend to it. We look like honest Spaniards. Even through a telescope, in this Spanish armor Hagthorpe and I must look like a pair of dons.

"Let's go and see how it's faring with the ingenious Easterling. I'm thinking the time has come to improve our acquaintance with him."

The *guardacostas*, if surprised at the unceremonious departure of the vessel she had assisted in the destruction of that pirate sloop, either took it for granted that she had business elsewhere, or else was too intent upon making prisoners of the crew of the Bonaventure to attempt to follow. And so it fell out that some two hours later Captain Easterling, waiting off the coast between Cape Rafael and Cape Engaño, beheld to his stupefaction and horror the swift approach of Peter Blood's red ship.

He had listened attentively and in some uneasiness to the distant cannonade, but he had assumed its cessation to mean that the Cinco Llagas was taken. The sight now of that frigate, sailing briskly, jauntily and undamaged, defied belief. What had happened to Chard? There was no sign of him upon the sea. Could he have blundered so badly as to allow Captain Blood to sink him?

Speculation on this point was presently quenched by speculation of an infinitely graver character. What might be this cursed doctor-convict's present intention? If Easterling had been in case to board him he would have known no apprehension, for even his prize crew on the Santa Barbara outnumbered Blood's men by more than two to one. But the crippled Santa Barbara could never be laid board and board with the Cinco Llagas unless Blood desired it, and if Blood meant mischief as a result of what had happened with the Bonaventure, the Santa Barbara must lie at the mercy of his guns.

The reflection, vexatious enough in itself, was maddening to Easterling when he considered what he carried under hatches. Fortune, it now began to seem, had not favored him at all. She had merely mocked him by allowing him to grasp something which he could not hold.

But this was by no means the end of his vexation. For now, as if the circumstances in themselves had not been enough to enrage a man, his prize crew turned almost mutinous. Led by a scoundrel named Gunning, a man almost as massive and ruthless as Easterling himself, they furiously blamed their captain and his excessive and improvident greed for the peril in which they found themselves, a peril of death or capture embittered by the thought of the wealth they held.

With such a prize in his hands Easterling should have taken no risks. He should have kept the Bonaventure at hand for protection and paid no heed to the empty bulk of the Cinco Llagas. This they told him in terms of fiercest vituperation whose very justice left him without answer other than insults, which he liberally supplied.

While they wrangled thus, the Cinco Llagas drew nearer, and now Easterling's quartermaster drew his attention to the signals she was flying. These demanded the immediate presence aboard her of the commander of the Santa Barbara.

Easterling was taken with panic. The high color receded from his cheeks; his heavy lips grew purple. He vowed that he would see Doctor Blood in hell before he went. His men assured him that they would see him in hell, and shortly, if he did not go. Gunning reminded him that Blood could not possibly know what the Santa Barbara carried, and that therefore it should be possible to cozen him into allowing her to go her way without further molestation.

A gun thundered from the Cinco Llagas, to send a warning shot across the bows of the Santa Barbara. That was enough. Gunning thrust the quartermaster aside and himself seized the helm and put it over, so that the ship lay hove to as a first intimation of compliance. After that the buccaneers launched the cockboat and a half-dozen of them swarmed down to man her. Almost at pistol-point, Gunning compelled Captain Easterling to follow them.

When presently Easterling climbed into the waist of the Cinco Llagas where she lay hove to, a cable's length away across the sunlit waters, there was fury in his eyes and terror in his soul. Straight and tall, in Spanish corselet and headpiece, the despised doctor stood forward to receive him. Behind him stood Hagthorpe and a half-score of his followers. He seemed to smile.

"At last, captain, ye stand where ye have so long hoped to stand: on the deck of the Cinco Llagas."

Easterling grunted ragefully for only answer to that raillery. His great hands twitched as if he would have them at this Irish mocker's throat. Captain Blood continued to address him.

"It's an ill thing, captain, to attempt to grasp more than ye can comfortably hold. Ye'll not be the first to find himself empty-handed as a consequence. That was a fine fast-sailing sloop of yours, the Bonaventure. Ye should have been content. It's a pity that she'll sail no more; for she's sunk, or will be entirely at high water."

Abruptly he asked: "How many hands are with you?" and he had to repeat the question before he was sullenly answered that forty men remained aboard the Santa Barbara.

"What boats does she carry?"

"Three with the cockboat."

"That should be enough to accommodate your following. Ye'll order them into those boats at once if ye value their lives, for in fifteen minutes from now I shall open fire on the ship and sink her. This because I can spare no man for a prize crew, nor can I leave her afloat to be repossessed by you and turned to further mischief."

Easterling began a furious protest that was mixed with remonstrances of the peril to him and his of landing on Hispaniola. Blood cropped it short.

"Ye're receiving such mercy as ye probably never showed to any whom ye compelled to surrender. Ye'ld best profit by my tenderness. If the Spaniards on Hispaniola spare you when ye land there, ye can get back to your hunting and buccaning, for which ye're better fitted than the sea. Away with you now."

But Easterling did not at once depart. He stood with feet planted wide, clenching and unclenching his hands. At last he took his decision.

"Leave me that ship, and in Tortuga, when I get there, I'll pay you fifty thousand pieces of eight. That's better nor the empty satisfaction of turning us adrift."

"Away with you!" was all that Blood answered him, his tone more peremptory.

"A hundred thousand!" cried Easterling.

"Why not a million?" wondered Blood. "It's as easily promised, and the promise as easily broken. Oh, I'm like to take your word, Captain Easterling, as like as I am to believe that ye command such a sum as a hundred thousand pieces of eight."

Easterling's baleful eyes narrowed. Behind his black beard his thick lips tightened. Almost they smiled. Since there was nothing to be done without disclosures, nothing should be done at all. Let Blood sink a treasure which in any case must now be lost to Easterling. There was in the thought a certain bitter negative satisfaction.

"I pray that we may meet again, Captain Blood," he said, falsely, grimly unctuous. "I'll have something to tell you then that'll make you sorry for what ye do now."

"If we meet again I've no doubt the occasion will be one for many regrets. Good day to you, Captain Easterling Ye've just fifteen minutes, ye'll remember."

Easterling sneered and shrugged, and then abruptly turned and climbed down to the rocking boat that awaited him.

When he came to announce Blood's message to his buccaneers, they stormed and raged so fiercely at the prospect of thus being cheated of everything that they could be heard across the water aboard the Cinco Llagas, to the scornful amusement of Blood, who was far from suspecting the true reason of all that hubbub.

He watched the lowering of the boats, and was thereafter amazed to see the decks of the Santa Barbara empty of that angry vociferous mob. The buccaneers had gone below before leaving, each man intent upon taking as much of the treasure as he could carry upon his person. Captain Blood became impatient.

"Pass the word down to Ogle to put a shot into her forecastle. Those rogues need quickening."

The roar of the gun, and the impact of the twenty-four-pound shot as it smashed through the timbers of the high forward structure, brought the buccaneers swarming up on deck again, and thence to the waiting boats with the speed of fear. Yet a certain order they preserved for their safety's sake, for in the sea that was running, the capsizing of a boat would have been an easy matter.

They pushed off; their wet oars flashed in the brilliant sunlight, and they began to draw away towards the promontory not more than two miles to windward. Once they were clear, Blood gave the word to open fire, when Hagthorpe clutched his arm.

"Wait, man! Wait! Look! There's someone still aboard her."

Surprised, Blood looked, first with the naked eye, then through his telescope. He beheld a bareheaded gentleman in corselet and thigh boots, who clearly was no buccaneer of the kind that sailed with Easterling, and who stood on the poop frantically waving a scarf. Blood was quick to guess his identity.

"It'll be one of the Spaniards who were aboard when Easterling took the ship and whose throat he forgot to cut."

He ordered a boat to be launched to bring the Spaniard off, and sent six men with Dyke, who had been a petty officer in the King's navy and spoke Spanish tolerably well.

Don Ildefonso, who had worked himself free of the thong that bound his wrists, stood in the forechains to await the coming of that boat. He was quivering with excitement at this deliverance of himself and the vessel in his charge with her precious freight; a deliverance which he regarded as little short of miraculous. For, like the *guardacostas*, Don Ildefonso, even if he had not recognized the Spanish lines of

this great ship which had come so unexpectedly to the rescue, must have been relieved of all doubt by the flag of Spain which had been allowed to remain floating at the masthead of the Cinco Llagas.

So with speech bubbling eagerly out of him in that joyous excitement of his, the Spanish commander poured into the ears of Dyke, when the boat brought up alongside, the tale of what had happened to them and what they carried. Because of this it was necessary that they should lend him a dozen men so that with the five now under hatches on the Santa Barbara he might bring his precious cargo safely to Santo Domingo.

To Dyke this was an amazing and exciting narrative. But he did not on that account lose grip of his self-possession. Lest too much Spanish should betray him to Don Ildefonso, he took refuge in curtness.

"*Bueno,*" said he. "I'll inform my captain." Under his breath he ordered his men to push off and head back for the Cinco Llagas.

When Blood heard the amazing tale and had digested his amazement, he laughed. "So this is what that rogue would have told me if ever we met again. Faith, it's a satisfaction to be denied him."

Ten minutes later the Cinco Llagas lay board and board with the Santa Barbara. In the distance Easterling and his men, observing the operation, rested on their oars to stare and mutter. They saw themselves cheated even of the meager satisfaction for which they had looked in Blood's sinking of an unsuspected treasure. Easterling burst into fresh profanity.

"It'll be that cursed Spaniard I forgot in the cabin who'll ha' blabbed o' the gold. Oh, 'sdeath! This is what comes o' being soft-hearted."

Meanwhile to Don Ildefonso, who had been able to make nothing of this boarding maneuver, Captain Blood, delivering himself in the impeccable Castilian of which he was master, and save for the light eyes in his bronzed face, looking every inch a Spaniard, was offering explanations.

He was unable to spare a crew to man the Santa Barbara, for his own following was insufficient. Nor dared he leave her afloat, since in that case she would be repossessed by the abominable pirates whom he had constrained to abandon her. It remained, therefore, before scuttling her, only to transship the treasure with which Don Ildefonso informed him she was laden.

At the same time he would be happy to offer Don Ildefonso and his five surviving men the hospitality of the Cinco Llagas as far as Tortuga; or, if Don Ildefonso preferred it, as seemed probable, Captain Blood would seize a favorable moment for allowing them to take one of his boats and land themselves upon the coast of Hispaniola.

Now this speech was the most amazing thing that had yet happened to Don Ildefonso in that day of amazements.

"Tortuga!" he exclaimed. "Tortuga! You sail to Tortuga, do you say? But what to do there? In heaven's name, who are you, then? What are you?"

"As for who I am, I am called Peter Blood. As for what I am, faith, I scarce know myself."

"You are English!" cried the Spaniard.

"Ah, no. That, at least, I am not." Captain Blood drew himself up with great dignity. "I have the honor to be Irish."

"Ah, bah! Irish or English, it is all one."

"Indeed and it is not. There's all the difference in the world between the two."

The Spaniard looked at him with angry eyes. His face was livid, his mouth scornful. "English or Irish, the truth is you are just a cursed pirate."

Blood's eyes looked wistful. He fetched a sigh. "I'm afraid you are right," he admitted. "It's a fate I've sought to avoid. But I must yield to circumstances which seem to thrust it upon me."

Captain Blood comes to the rescue of his faithful followers imprisoned in Porto Rico—and takes the part of the Governor's Lady—in Next Month's Chronicle of that gallant buccaneer

The Pant House *by Montague Glass* (*Continued from page 89*)

people which done their trading through Max Politzer and got in big on International Waterworks, she got him orders for oil-painted portraits, and now Philip's such a *takeff* he has the nerve to charge the Stattenheims two thousand dollars for an overmantel."

"Well," Ike said, as a relief to putting down stock quotations at Mrs. Littenfeld's dictation, "that might or might not be a big price for an overmantel, if I knew what an overmantel was."

"An overmantel," Mrs. Littenfeld explained, "is a picture which is fitted in over the mantelpiece in the living room of the Stattenheim pant house, so Mrs. Stattenheim wanted an ancestor there."

"There must be a mistake somewheres," Ike remarked, "because the only ancestor from Stattenheim which I knew was his grandfather Leopold Stattenheim, used to run a little drygoods store to catch the overflow from Ridley's on Grand Street, and if ever a feller looked like a Bavarian burglar wearing white side whiskers and gold spectacles for a disguise, that man was Leopold Stattenheim."

"You don't understand!" Mrs. Littenfeld said. "It's the fashion that you should have an imitation Dutch flower piece or one of them Dutch ancestors over the mantelpiece, so Philip is working night and day by the art museum in Central Park, making a copy from an antic picture which would cost at retail twenty thousand dollars, and when he gets through, Millie says that if you could tell the copy from the original you've got to be already an expert."

"Tell me, Mommer," Ike asked, "is your niece Millie Weiss so interested in Philip Kasnik like all that?"

He did not particularly want to know. He had always believed that Millie Weiss was old enough and pretty enough to know her own mind and where to place her affections, but he did want to prevent any further figuring on the stock market, at least for that evening.

"Don't ask *me,*" Mrs. Littenfeld replied. "All I know is that Max Politzer is crazy about her, and since he bought Intercolonial Asbestos at eighty and it is now three hundred and twenty with two split-ups, y'understand, he must be worth in that stock alone two hundred thousand dollars, so put that down also."

Ike almost groaned aloud. "How long is this here 'putting-down' going to go on?" he asked.

"I want you to make a memorandum from six more stocks, which not only Max Politzer but also Ludwig Stattenheim have got absolutely inside information will be up anyhow a hundred and fifty points with at least one split-up by November first," Mrs. Littenfeld said.

"And after I put them down—what?" Ike inquired, mildly enough.

"Then I want that you should go down and see Max Politzer, and buy them on anyhow a forty-point margin," she said firmly. "You can't lose."

To this manifesto Ike made no immediate reply, and Mrs. Littenfeld took the opportunity to elaborate on her decision.

"I don't want you that all your life you should grind away in the clothing business and make a bare living," she continued. "You should be a man among men and not a slave."

"And then, I suppose, you would also live in a pant house like Mrs. Stattenheim, with overmantels and flower gardens," he said.

"Why not?" Mrs. Littenfeld demanded. "Ain't I just so much entitled to a pant house as Mrs. Stattenheim? Who *was* she, anyway? Esther Skolnik what taught for years in the Chrystie Street school, even after she got married and the Board of Education didn't know it, because in them days married teachers wasn't allowed."

"Is she to blame that she wanted to help out her husband in his early struggles instead of holding out housekeeping money on him?" Ike asked, and thereat such a furious renewal of the family row began that it was almost two o'clock before Mrs. Littenfeld fell asleep, while Ike lay awake until almost daylight.

When he did fall asleep, however, he had come to a momentous decision, and that morning after a meager breakfast he gathered together the notes of his wife's Wall Street Hints and proceeded immediately to the office of Sigmund Linzberger, for the purpose of buying at least some of the stocks.

"Sigmund," he said breathlessly, "look at this!"

He handed Sigmund the memorandum of stocks dictated by Mrs. Littenfeld the previous evening, and after Sigmund had removed his regular glasses and assumed his reading glasses, he placed the piece of paper carefully on his desk and clamped a heavy metal ash receiver on it as though he expected the memorandum would leap from the blotter at any moment and bite him in the hand.

"What are these cats and dogs?" Sigmund asked, and Ike shrugged.

"*You* are the stockbroker, not *me,*" he said, "which if you are such a financial expert like you claim you are, Sigmund, you would know that all them stocks there will be up a hundred and fifty points by November first with at least one split-up."

"And who told you this?" Sigmund demanded.

"My wife," Ike said, "which she got her tips from Max Politzer and his best customer Ludwig Stattenheim, and I'll tell you the truth, Sigmund, the old lady was right about International Waterworks."

"Sure, she was right!" Sigmund replied. "This morning it opened twenty points up."

Ike groaned aloud. "Then I'll never hear the end of it from my wife," he said, "and it's all your fault."

Sigmund rose from his desk and glared at him. "Max Politzer is a crook; Stattenheim is a poor fool and your wife is a silly old woman," he almost shouted.

"But does that alter the fact that the stock went up twenty points?" Ike asked.

"What do you want me to do?" Sigmund roared. "Give you my check for twenty points on a hundred shares? Because I ain't going to do it. If you hadn't taken the bull by the tail and sold them shares, your wife would hung onto them till they fell to zero.

"A speculator don't know when to take his profits. That's what makes him a speculator, Ike; otherwise he'd be an investor. Bring her down here yourself and I'll explain things to her. I'll tell her just how it happened that you are now worth in good widows' securities pretty near a million."

"For heavens' sakes, don't do that!" Ike exclaimed.

"But ain't you already a good object lesson?" Sigmund asked.

"Me an object lesson?" Ike cried. "Do you want to ruin me? She thinks I'm worth at the most a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and that's why she wants me to speculate. She wants to have already a pant house like Ludwig Stattenheim, with overmantels and *Gott weiss was noch.*"

"Well, why not?" Sigmund said. "You should live on your means, Ike, and not like you do live. Look at me! I ain't got half your income and I subscribe to three orchestras and the opera. Don't I live in a penthouse? I have also a cottage at Seabright and last winter I bought my wife a mink coat for five thousand dollars."

Ike bit his lip for a moment. "I'm an ignorant man, Sigmund," he said. "All I know is the clothing business and how would I look in a pant house?"

"It's 'penthouse,' not 'pant house,'" Sigmund corrected.

"Well, if I couldn't even pronounce it," Ike retorted, "how could I live in it?"

He was evidently in a hurry to leave before Sigmund found more fault with him, so he shook Sigmund's unresisting fat hand gratefully. "Well, anyhow, you advise me not to buy these things," he said.

"Don't even dream of it!" Sigmund cried, and Ike departed with the memorandum in his breast pocket. It was, in fact, still in his breast pocket when Max Politzer and Millie Weiss sat down to dinner the following Friday night.

"Millie," Ike said in genuine admiration, "you look like a million dollars."

What he meant was that Millie's naturally flushed cheeks and her eyes, black and brilliant, made Mr. Littenfeld marvel that so charming a person had not yet married, and married well. As a matter of fact, there was something quite prim about Millie, which instinctively caused her to seat herself between Mr. and Mrs. Littenfeld, although a good-looking girl did not need to be particularly prim to avoid the immediate vicinity of Max Politzer.

"She ought to look like anyhow a hundred and sixty thousand dollars," Max Politzer said, "because that's what her last balance sheet showed in my office, and she didn't write it up herself. It was handed to me by my cashier."

Max Politzer's conversation was studded with "I's," "me's" and "my's" like caraway seeds in kosher rye bread. Also, he had a most unpleasant habit of ending long sentences by smacking his rather thick lips, which were emphasized by a black toothbrush mustache, and although he was hardly thirty-five years of age, his bulging eyes, double chin and thick, short neck made him appear at least ten years older and ten years nearer apoplexy.

"A hundred and sixty thousand dollars!" Mrs. Littenfeld gasped.

"Paper profits," Millie added briskly, and one could not but have admired the ringing quality of her speaking voice.

"You can always cash 'em in, if you want to be foolish," Max said, and thereupon, so far as Mrs. Littenfeld and Max were concerned, dinner was well-nigh forgotten. Instead, for Ike at least, names of stocks and quotations in three figures took all the flavor out of some excellent roast chicken and a noodle charlotte for which Mrs. Littenfeld had once been famous but which she had not cooked, except when company was expected, for over ten years.

"Mind you," Mrs. Littenfeld concluded as the black coffee arrived, "I begged him he should buy them stocks but he is stubborn like an ox."

"I guess Uncle Ike knows what he wants to do with his own money," Millie said, and Ike pressed her hand gratefully under the table.

"You bet your life I do," he said, and thereby caused an uproar in which Max Politzer collaborated vocally with Mrs. Littenfeld to convince him that he was throwing away the chance of a lifetime.

"Millie," Mrs. Littenfeld pleaded, "why don't you tell him what a fool he is?"

"Well," Millie replied, "I won't say anybody's a fool to be conservative, but when everybody is making fortunes in the Street, it does seem to me that Uncle Ike ought to be in on it too."

"There, what did I tell you!" Mrs. Littenfeld cried triumphantly, and Ike began to perspire, although it was not a particularly warm night for June. He also grew slightly flushed in the face, for at that moment he had determined on a course of action which was, for him, a trifle unethical.

That morning, when he visited Sigmund's office, he had intended to buy the stocks of Mrs. Littenfeld's choice, and for that matter the memorandum in his breast pocket was some corroboration of the lie he was about to utter. He therefore produced it immediately.

"Usually," he began, "I don't tell everybody my affairs, y'understand, but if you want to ring up Sigmund Linzberger you could find out that I was at his office ten minutes after the opening, and this is what I bought."

Safe in the knowledge that Sigmund was at his seashore cottage, he handed the memorandum to Max Politzer, who scrutinized the figures carefully.

"Why," Max exclaimed, "this is exactly what Ludwig Stattenheim is holding!"

"And why not?" Ike said calmly. "Is Ludwig Stattenheim the only *schlemiel* which has got a right to be a millionaire and live in a pant house?"

"But why didn't you buy through me?" Max said. "Ain't I a good friend of yours? Why should Linzberger make the commissions on these stocks?"

"To tell you the honest truth, Max, I never thought of buying through you," Ike explained. "Sigmund has bought the few securities I've got, and he's been a member of the Stock Exchange for thirty-five years, so what is more natural that I should buy through him?"

He patted Max's shoulder reassuringly. "But one thing I give you my solemn promise," he declared. "When I sell them, I'll do it through you and not through Sigmund, even though you *ain't* a member of the Exchange."

Mrs. Littenfeld was about to say that there was no need of rubbing it in, for Max Politzer had been rejected by the Stock Exchange membership committee so promptly that his former relations with several noted Wall Street sharks had hardly been discussed at the time of his rejection. Fortunately, she was interrupted by the ringing of the front doorbell before she had an opportunity to upbraid her husband.

"Now I wonder who that can be!" she said, and a moment later she sank back in her chair with every appearance of annoyance, for the visitor was no other than Philip Kasnik. "What are *you* doing here?" she demanded testily.

"*I* asked him, auntie," Millie said. "Sit down, Philip, and have a cup of coffee."

"Well, Philip," Ike said, smiling broadly, for he was not only relieved by the interruption but genuinely glad to see Philip, "so I hear you are now in the overmantel business."

Philip was not one of those painters who are intolerant of laymen. He realized that laymen buy pictures and that artists usually find fault with them, so he did not attempt to explain to Ike that an overmantel was also a work of art, if properly done.

"Why?" he asked. "Are you in the market for an overmantel too, Mr. Littenfeld?"

Philip was not the comic-paper type of artist. He even had his hair cut every week, because it was thick, brown and wavy and needed constant attention to keep it under control. He was also clean-shaven and his features were as regular as Max Politzer's were fat and dissipated-looking. In fact, Max Politzer provided just the sort of foil that a juvenile leading man would desire in his supporting cast.

"Say!" Ike exclaimed. "If everything goes well and I get to be a millionaire like Stattenheim, Philip, there ain't no reason why I shouldn't have a pant house with overmantels and such *Schlurums.*"

"You mean that?" Mrs. Littenfeld asked breathlessly.

"If I get to be a millionaire out of these here stocks," Ike said, looking at the memorandum, "I give you my promise, Mommer, that we'll have not only a pant house but that Philip here shall paint us also an overmantel of an ancestor, except that it'll be a real ancestor, not a fake one."

"And since when did you have a real ancestor which you could make an overmantel out of?" Mrs. Littenfeld asked.

"What's the matter with my great-grandfather *olav hasholom* the big *Gomel rav?*" Ike retorted.

"That *schlemiel!*" Mrs. Littenfeld exclaimed. "Do you suppose I'm going to have my pant house cluttered up by a back number with whiskers a yard long?"

"*Your* pant house!" Ike cried, and grew almost purple at this aspersion on his ancestor. "Let me tell you if the big *Gomel rav selig* ain't good enough for Mrs. Astor's pant house yet, let alone your pant house, then all I can say is that you should live in a basement."

He turned to Philip. "Did you ever hear?" he said. "She wants already a Dutch ancestor copied out of the Natural History Museum in Central Park."

"The Natural History Museum in Central Park!" Mrs. Littenfeld jeered. "Does he know what he's talking about?"

"Well, anyhow, just outside of Central Park near Columbus Avenue," Ike said, "so when we get this here pant house, Philip, make me an oil painting from the big *Gomel rav* for an overmantel."

"First get your penthouse and then scrap about it," Max Politzer said, and Millie patted her uncle on the back.

"Isn't this counting your chickens before they're hatched?" she asked.

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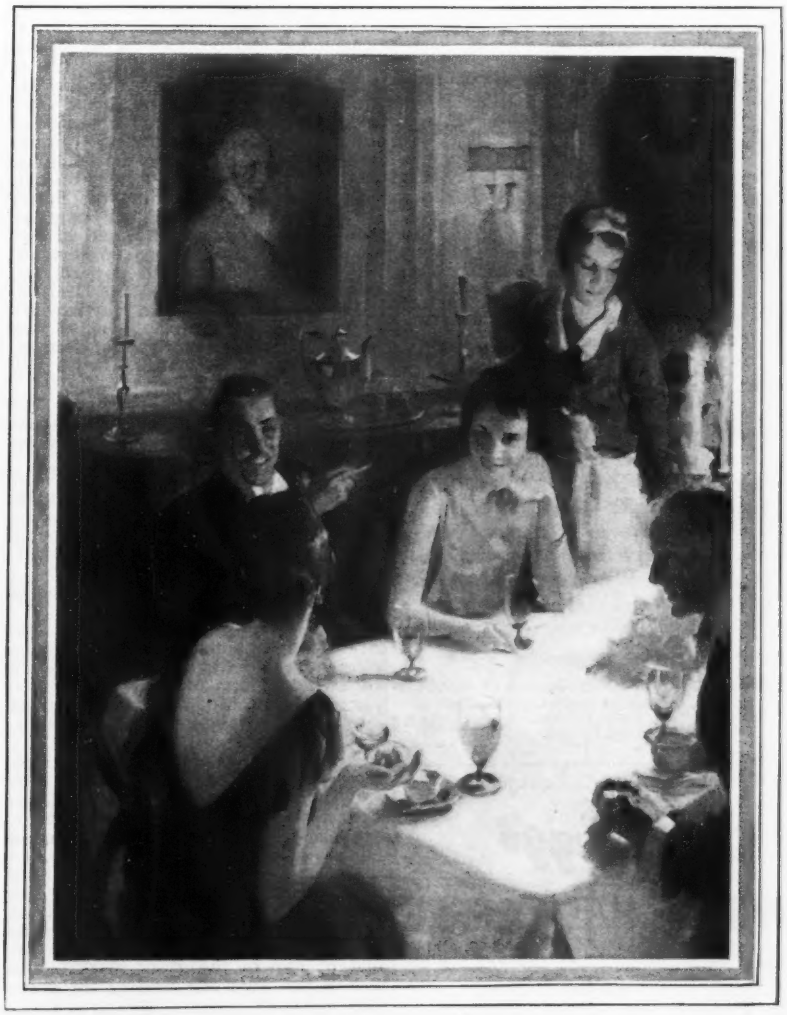

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"I don't give a nickel whether they *never* hatch," Ike said recklessly, "because I'm doing this as much for you as for anybody, Millie."

It was now Mrs. Littenfeld's turn to grow purple. She understood at once what Ike meant, and so too did Millie, for her cheeks grew rosier than ever.

"What do you mean, you're doing this for Millie?" Mrs. Littenfeld demanded, and Ike, who had forgotten for the moment Millie's paper profits so recently disclosed by Politzer, began to think he had gone a little too far.

"Well, anyhow, I've been meaning to have a portrait of my great-grandfather painted for a long time, and this here pant house is really what I've been waiting for," he explained lamely.

"But you never knew you was going to have a pant house," Mrs. Littenfeld said, "and you don't even know what the big *Gomel rav* looked like."

"Philip knows what such a man should look like," Ike declared stubbornly.

"I believe I do," Philip said. "He should have dignity, good features, perhaps an old-time fur coat and even a fur cap. I can see the thing now. It will place itself beautifully on the canvas, and of course, Mr. Littenfeld, if you don't like it, you don't have to take it or pay for it."

"But I *will* like it," he said, putting his arm around Millie's shoulders. "I ain't got no child of my own or no relations neither, and—well, anyhow, can't I do what I like with my own money?"

This last question he addressed to his wife, but Max Politzer answered it.

"First get your money," he said, "and then you can do what you like with it. This is an excellent list of stocks, Mr. Littenfeld, and I have no doubt you'll be able to afford not only a penthouse but also any kind of painting you want."

He looked patronizingly at Philip as he spoke. He was not jealous of him, nor did he begrudge Philip the money he would make out of one painting. Max himself made daily out of one stock such as International Waterworks ten thousand dollars and upward, and his contempt for Philip had been increased by the stubbornness with which he had refused to invest any of the money that he had received for painting the portraits of Max's own newly rich customers.

"Would you mind letting me have that memorandum back, Max?" Ike asked, but Mrs. Littenfeld grabbed it in a claw-like clasp.

"What do you want it for?" she said. "You've got the confirmation from Linzberger, and your check book tells you how much you paid for them, so I'll keep this memorandum. I want to follow the quotations in the papers."

Ike shrugged. "If that's your idea of amusement," he said, "go ahead."

But the very next evening, Ike discovered that he had made a profound mistake in allowing his wife to retain the memorandum, for when he arrived home he found Mrs. Littenfeld with her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkling, if not glittering.

"Another big day!" she exclaimed. "Everything went up like anything. The way I figure it, you made forty-two thousand six hundred and eighty dollars."

"I made *what?*" Ike cried. His mind still dwelt on a sale of garments he had practically forced on a Kansas City buyer, in which transaction there had been a net profit of seventy-two dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Littenfeld repeated the enormous profits of his first imaginary day in the stock market, and then it was that Ike realized the enormity of his lie.

"Well," he said huskily, "let's have dinner and forget it."

Mrs. Littenfeld looked uneasily at her husband. "What's the matter with you?" she asked anxiously. "Ain't you well?"

"Sure I'm well," he said. "I'm hungry, that's all." Yet in spite of his protestations of appetite, he ate surprisingly little—for Ike Littenfeld, that is to say.

"Listen!" Mrs. Littenfeld said. "The Stattenheims have a wonderful doctor for their stomachs. Put his name down and go to see him."

"Put *what* down!" Ike roared. "My putting-down days are over; I'll tell you *this.* And so far as I am concerned with the Stattenheims' stomachs, y'understand, they could go empty like a drum."

He said this so savagely that the next evening, when on comparing Ike's alleged stock holdings with the quotations in the evening paper, Mrs. Littenfeld found that he had gained almost thirty thousand dollars more, she was nearly afraid to mention it—nearly, but not quite.

"Well, what did Politzer tell you?" she began, after Ike had begun his soup.

"I don't know *what* he told me," Ike replied. "Should I remember everything that crook says?"

"Crook!" Mrs. Littenfeld said, nodding her head slowly as though at last realizing what depths of ingratitude her husband could plumb. "In two days he makes sixty-eight thousand seven hundred and forty dollars and he calls Politzer a crook yet!"

Ike choked on a spoonful of soup but said nothing, principally because he could think of nothing to say.

"So I tell you what I'm going to do," Mrs. Littenfeld continued. "Tomorrow afternoon, so sure as my name is Regina Littenfeld, I'm going to look for a pant house the same like Mrs. Stattenheim's and that's all there is *to* it."

A spot of color burned in each of her cheeks, for she was quite prepared to do battle on an extensive scale. She meant to move into a penthouse and she was quite ready with arguments both sound and unsound to convince Ike that it was his duty as a successful investor to look and live the part.

"A rich man like you should ought to live on your means like other people do," she began, and it seemed to Ike that her face suddenly assumed the round white shape of Sigmund Linzberger's. Now, if there was one person in the world whose opinion Ike respected, it was Sigmund, and he therefore finished his soup in silence. Mrs. Littenfeld took this to be sulkiness.

"You wouldn't even talk to me, hey?" she said while Ike wiped his mouth with his napkin and coughed away a slight huskiness caused by a stray noodle.

"Did I say we shouldn't ought to live in a pant house?" he asked at last. "Go ahead and rent a pant house and *lass mich in Ruh',* will you?"

"Popper!" Mrs. Littenfeld exclaimed, and clasped him round the neck.

"Only one thing I insist," Ike continued. "The overmantel should be *mein* great-grandfather the big *Gomel rav* and Philip should paint it."

"I don't care if you have Lon Chaney there even," Mrs. Littenfeld said delightedly, and the very next morning, she began her search for a suitable penthouse apartment.

Their lease expired October first, so she had only the summer months in which to find, lease and decorate a suitable penthouse apartment, and this was a fortunate circumstance for Ike, in that he was saved the disagreeable necessity of moving to the seaside for the months of July and August, not to speak of the attendant expense.

Moreover, when the market steadily rose during these two months, with one small setback, Mrs. Littenfeld was too busy to pay much attention to it, because not only are there comparatively few penthouse apartments in New York, but during times of such Wall Street prosperity, they are promptly snapped up by much more desirable tenants than Ike and his wife seemed to be—to high-grade rental agents, at least.

Thus September first arrived without Mrs. Littenfeld's having found a penthouse, and she told her troubles to Millie Weiss one afternoon while they were both watching the ticker in Max Politzer's uptown office, but she received little sympathy from her niece.

"You have a lot to worry about, you have, *Tante,*" Millie said.

"But our lease expires in one month," Mrs. Littenfeld protested.

"Then move into a hotel till you find a penthouse," Millie retorted.

"We should move into a hotel and give every time a bell boy comes up with ice water at least ten cents!" Mrs. Littenfeld exclaimed, and Millie almost stamped her foot impatiently.

"Honestly, *Tante,*" she cried, "you're worse than Uncle Ike! Only this morning Max Politzer was telling Stattenheim that his holdings had made him eight hundred thousand dollars since last spring, and you are talking about saving ten cents."

Mrs. Littenfeld stared at Millie. "You're crazy!" she declared.

"Am I?" Millie said. "Well, I got my balance sheet this morning and it shows three hundred thousand dollars nearly."

"Millie!" Mrs. Littenfeld exclaimed. "You're an heiress!"

"If I don't overstay the market," Millie said calmly, "and my advice to Uncle Ike is to collect his paper profits while there's still time."

"And you should do the same," Mrs. Littenfeld said.

"I'm right here at the ticker," Millie replied. "This is my business. All I need is a big black mustache and a diamond stick pin to make me a professional gambler, but we got Uncle Ike into this. He's a business man, so you tell him to look out. I don't care *what* Max Politzer says."

Mrs. Littenfeld kissed her niece so heartily that six male customers of Max Politzer's uptown office almost forgot to look at the quotation board in admiring the object of Mrs. Littenfeld's affection. That she also admired her niece's beauty goes without saying, but Mrs. Littenfeld possessed a certain old-fashioned attitude toward loveliness in the unmarried, and she thought that a discussion of this attitude might be a discreet introduction to what she really had to tell her husband when she entered his place of business that morning.

She discovered, however, that Ike was as little interested in nieces as he was in his stocks, for he was just concluding the sale of five hundred overcoats to a chain store in the Middle West at a most advantageous price.

"I'll be with you in a minute, Mommer," he said as he pressed two imported cigars on the chain store's buyer with as much tenderness as though he had been presenting orchids to a *prima ballerina.* He also saw him to the elevator with just the right combination of deference, urbanity and bonhomie, but his manner abruptly changed when he confronted his wife.

"Now what is it you want from me?" he demanded roughly.

"Listen, Popper; don't be mad," Mrs. Littenfeld said, "but it's about Millie."

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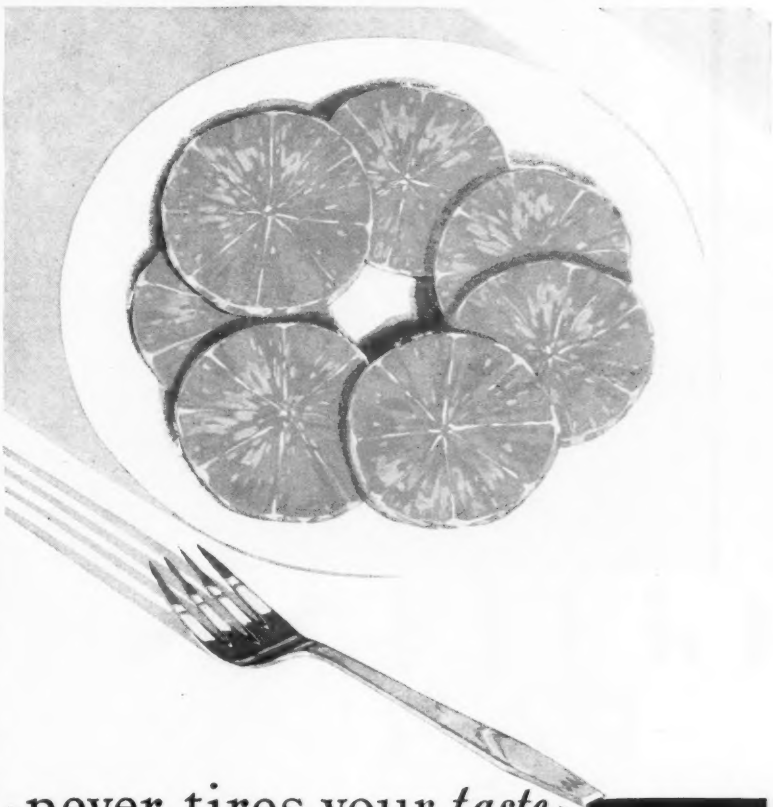

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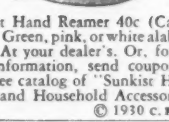

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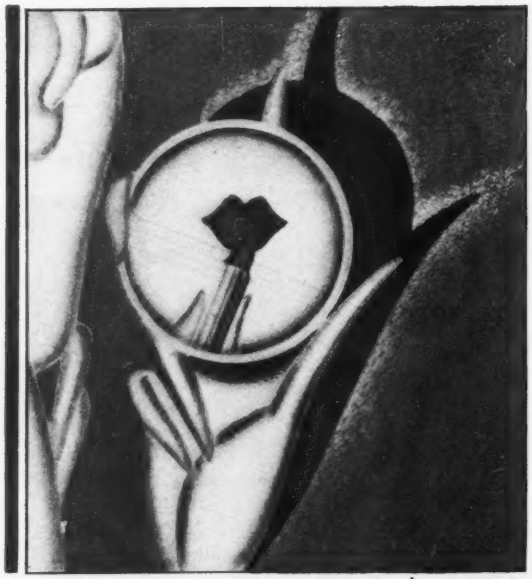

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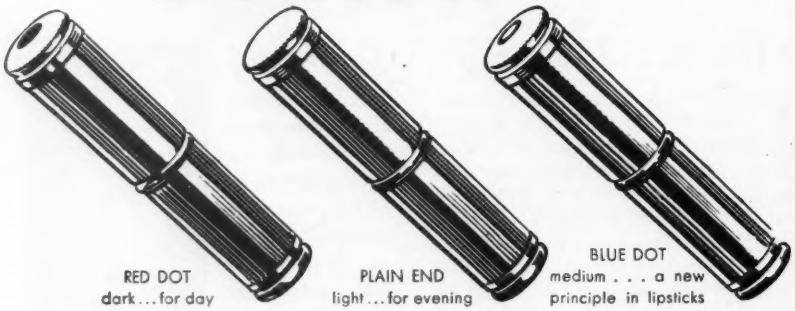

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PLAIN END
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Ike began, "that I consider Millie like my own daughter, considering we ain't got no children of our own?"

"Then why do you give this feller Philip Kasnik the job?" she said. "Couldn't a stranger do it just so well, and then maybe Millie would pay some more attention to Max Politzer."

"That gambler!" Ike roared. "Are you crazy?"

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Littenfeld retorted, taking refuge in a timeworn phrase.

"You know very well what I mean," Ike said. "Philip is the girl's own age. He's a gentleman and a fine young feller. If I should have such a son, I would be proud already."

"Then all I can say is you've got a very funny idea of sons," she declared. "Everybody knows an artist is a loafer."

"But he ain't an artist," Ike said. "He's a portrait painter and overmanteler, and that's the last I've got to say about it."

"And what did he done for you?" Mrs. Littenfeld continued. "Nothing! Whereas Max Politzer has made for you eight hundred thousand dollars."

For a moment, Ike stared at his wife. "Mommer," he said, "shall I send out for you some mathematic spirits of ammonia or something?"

"Don't you believe me?" she cried. "Then ring up Millie by Max Politzer's uptown office. You've got already the same holdings like Ludwig Stattenheim, and Millie says you've got paper profits of eight hundred thousand dollars."

Ike rested his forehead on his hand with every appearance of anguish, but Mrs. Littenfeld was too busy with the object of her errand to notice it.

"So Millie says you should right away sell," she concluded, "and make them paper profits cash investments in bonds or something."

It is certain that Ike Littenfeld had never heard Scott's aphorism, "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, When first we practice to deceive," but at that moment it described precisely Ike's state of mind.

He possessed much more resource, however, than the children whom Scott addressed, and he therefore struck his desk with his open palm, although an experienced observer might have discerned something spurious about Ike's decisive manner. Nevertheless, it convinced Mrs. Littenfeld.

"I wouldn't positively do nothing of the kind," he announced. "Max Politzer, as a husband for Millie, I wouldn't give ten cents for, but his opinion on the market, Mommer, is worth to me, I figure, anyhow a million and a quarter, and until I reach that point, I hold onto every share of stock I possess."

And the next day's market fully corroborated Ike's ultimatum, for at the opening, when Mrs. Littenfeld consulted the ticker with the frayed memorandum of Ike's alleged holdings in her hand, she found that her husband had just escaped being a millionaire, and she redoubled her efforts to find a suitable penthouse apartment. In fact, she continued her search until the early afternoon of October twenty-fourth, 1929.

For nearly a month, Ike and Mrs. Littenfeld had been living in the Washington Arch Hotel, a twenty-story structure on lower Fifth Avenue, while Mrs. Littenfeld prosecuted her search for a suitable penthouse. Their selection of this hotel had been determined by what were called serving pantries, but which were really kitchenets with electric refrigerators, so that Mr. and Mrs. Littenfeld could indulge in home cooking provided they refrained from anything with fried onions in it.

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GOOD cause you have too. Sitting beside her in the car . . . strolling down-town . . . stepping out together . . . you know you have a perfect right to take pride in her appearance. But how does she really feel about you? Very little gets by that appraising glance. . . . How do you suppose you would look to yourself, as well as others, say, on fifty feet of film? • Your tailoring is good, unquestionably. Your feet are well shod. And the Stetson emphatically lends an air of distinction. Yes, you'll pass inspection. And down deep, there's a little, sneaking feeling that you have caught a gleam of pride in her glance, too, when it happens your way. There's really nothing like a smartly proportioned Stetson to finish off any turnout.

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Stetson Hats

Mrs. Littenfeld herself did the cooking, and what with the shopping, the use of a strange sort of electric stove and the fact that the hotel charged five cents for an evening paper, she had not been paying much attention to the market.

On the afternoon of October twenty-fourth, however, she sought the advice of Millie Weiss in the uptown office of Max Politzer, for Mrs. Littenfeld had discovered a penthouse apartment, under construction but almost completed, near the Stattenheims, but when she attempted to enter Politzer's office to consult her niece, she was prevented from doing so by a wild mob which milled around the entrance and filled the interior to the point of suffocation.

As she attempted to enter, a figure disengaged itself from the general throng and dashed wildly out into the street.

"Mr. Stattenheim," Mrs. Littenfeld said, grasping his arm, for this was no other than the well-known penthouse dweller, "I would like to speak to you for a moment."

Mrs. Littenfeld never could be sure whether Mr. Stattenheim told her to go to the dickens, or whether this phrase was a euphemism for what he really did say as he ran down the street in the direction of his office. He was hatless, and if, as Ike claimed, Ludwig's ancestor, the late Leopold Stattenheim of Grand Street, had looked like a burglar, Ike undoubtedly would have characterized Ludwig Stattenheim as looking like a cross between a lunatic and a ghost, for in five hours' trading, Ludwig had become converted from a millionaire to a pauper.

At last Mrs. Littenfeld forced her way into the office of Max Politzer, where Millie Weiss presided with the utmost calm, even though her face lacked its accustomed color.

She was in fact quite pale, and well might have been, since during the same period as Mr. Stattenheim's descent, she had seen a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars dwindle to nothing, and it must also be remembered that of this three hundred thousand dollars, six thousand two hundred and fifty dollars had been in cash.

"Millie!" Mrs. Littenfeld cried. "What's the matter?"

Millie, whose calmness was a trifle unnatural, pulled her aunt into the manager's private office and clasped her around the neck.

"Thank heavens I told Uncle Ike to sell," she exclaimed. "The bottom's dropped out of the market, and there's worse coming."

"I—I don't get you," Mrs. Littenfeld said, turning paler than Millie.

"It's true, I'm telling you," Millie repeated. "The bottom's dropped out of the market, and my three hundred thousand and Stattenheim's two million are gone."

"*Ai Gewalt!*" Mrs. Littenfeld groaned, collapsing into a chair.

"So far as I know, Uncle Ike is the only person who escaped with his paper profits," Millie declared, and Mrs. Littenfeld gazed hopelessly at the floor.

"Nor him neither!" she said. "A mule he is! Nothing can move him—nothing!"

"You mean he didn't take his profits?" Millie almost shrieked.

"I begged him and I begged him!" Mrs. Littenfeld wailed. "But he says he would get as much out of it as Stattenheim."

"And he has!" Millie said emphatically. "So you'd better go down and prepare him for the worst, because the market hasn't closed yet and the ticker's two hours behind."

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Fascinating - Beautiful - Economical

"Altogether different."—"Like a totally new mode of transportation."—"Never experienced such thrilling action with so much assurance."—"A new standard of value and fascinating beauty."

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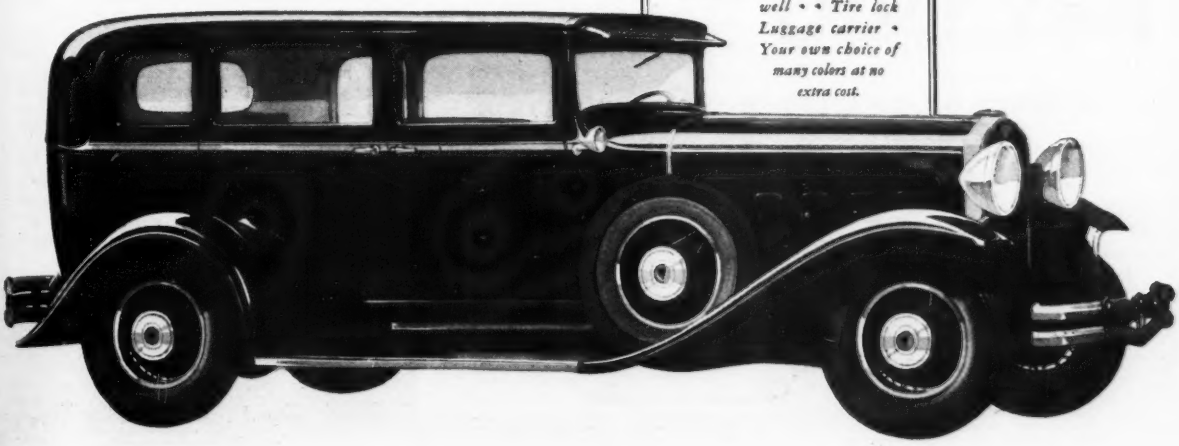

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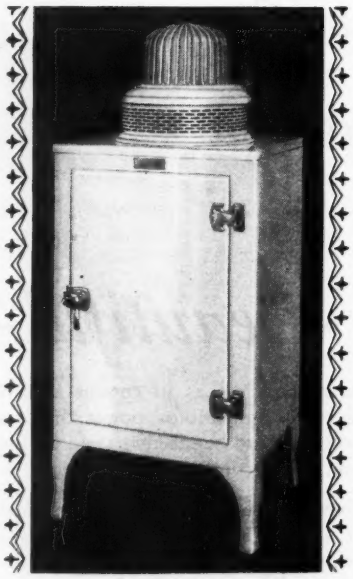

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Mrs. Littenfeld tottered to her feet and Millie let her out by a back way, so that she avoided the mob of customers and hangers-on and was able to take the subway to Ike's place of business. Ordinarily, she would have hailed a taxicab, but wives of ruined speculators don't plunge into such expensive luxuries as taxicabs, even at fifteen cents the first quarter of a mile and five cents for every succeeding quarter.

As it was, the subway carried her all too rapidly for the planning of a gentle method by which she could break the news that Ike was absolutely ruined, and when she saw Ike himself, helping a shipping clerk to count overcoats as calmly as though he were not ruined, all tactfulness forsook her. She made a rapid dash for her husband and managed to seize him round the neck.

"*Itzel leben!*" she wailed. "What have I *done* to you!"

"T'phoo-ee!" Ike exclaimed. "What's the matter? Are you *meschuggeh?*"

Mrs. Littenfeld turned to the shipping clerk, for there was no one else in whom she could confide. Unknown to Ike, the rest of the factory and office staff had gone to the nearest stock ticker. In fact, of all the people in the building, only Ike and the shipping clerk were unaware that there was a panic in Wall Street, or for that matter, were unaffected by it.

"He don't understand, *mein* poor husband!" she cried. "He's ruined, my poor husband is, and he don't know it."

For Mrs. Littenfeld to impart such information to a mere shipping clerk was as shocking to Ike Littenfeld as though he had discovered his wife surreptitiously kissing a shipping clerk, since Ike regarded shipping clerks as the lowest form of mercantile animal life.

"*Koosh!*" Ike bellowed. "What do you mean talking this way to a shipping clerk?"

Mrs. Littenfeld turned on her husband a look so fraught with mingled pain, sorrow and indignation that had he not been counting overcoats, he could not have helped being affected by it, but as he and the shipping clerk had counted the pile of overcoats three times over, and had arrived at a different result every time, he was entirely unmoved.

"My reputation is nothing to you!" he shouted. "Even to a shipping clerk, 'He's ruined,' she says, and I suppose the reason is that the stock market went down a couple points."

"A couple points!" Mrs. Littenfeld repeated. "It went to the bottom and you and Stattenheim are beggars—bankrupts." She clasped her hands wildly. "*Ai Weh ist mir!*" she cried, overcome by all the harrowing experiences of that afternoon, and then her face became white and she fell unconscious to the floor.

It was then that the shipping clerk earned his promotion to assistant chief of stock in Ike's wareroom, for while Ike simply knelt beside his wife and tried to kiss her into consciousness, the shipping clerk practiced all the principles of first aid that he had learned at the Educational Alliance on East Broadway. Brushing Mrs. Littenfeld's affectionate husband to one side, he lifted her onto the pile of overcoats, where, with her head lower than her body, she promptly began to regain her color.

"Mommer *leben!*" Ike cried. "I didn't mean to talk to you this way."

Mrs. Littenfeld nodded and pressed his hand, whereat the shipping clerk suggested that he get a taxicab and that Mr. Littenfeld take his wife home.

"No, no," she protested. "The subway will do. You are ruined, and *I* done it. It's all my fault."

In true taste and elegance

but lenient on the purse strings

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For a moment, Ike meditated confessing everything and then he thought better of it. Sometimes, he reflected, joy kills, and this was no time and place for breaking it even gently to Mrs. Littenfeld that instead of being ruined, he owned nearly a million dollars in high-grade securities, not to mention a wholesale clothing business worth at least three hundred thousand dollars.

"I will never be so ruined that I can't afford a taxicab for you, Mommer *leben*," he said smugly, and in less than half an hour they were back in their rooms at the Washington Arch Hotel, while the hotel doctor, who that afternoon had ministered to no fewer than fifty-two ruined or nearly ruined guests, speedily brought Mrs. Littenfeld to a more cheerful view of the situation.

He even reduced his fee to five dollars, in view of what he supposed to be Ike's ruined finances, and when he left, he forbade Ike or Mrs. Littenfeld to look at an evening paper, which meant a further saving in that hotel of ten cents.

Therefore Ike and his wife were quite in ignorance of how disastrous that October twenty-fourth had been, until at nine o'clock the telephone rang and announced that Miss Millie Weiss and Mr. Philip Kasnik had called to see Mr. and Mrs. Littenfeld.

"Tell them to come up," Ike said. "I've got to break this thing sometime, and I may as well do it now."

"She knows it already," Mrs. Littenfeld said. "It was her that told me to go down and see you."

"Yes?" Ike replied. He meant to confess the truth when all three were together, but he was entirely without a plan of action, and quite soon he discovered that he needed none, for when Millie Weiss entered the apartment she entirely ignored her uncle and went immediately to her aunt.

"*Tante*, you didn't find any penthouse, did you?" she began.

"No, thank heavens," Mrs. Littenfeld said.

"Then I know where you can get one cheap—the very one you're looking for," Millie said, and Mrs. Littenfeld laughed.

"Me looking for a pant house now!" she cried. "Where have we got the money to live even in anything but a cold-water walk-up?"

Millie patted her aunt gently on the shoulder and at the same time gave her uncle such a look of scorn that Ike fairly withered. Moreover, Philip went to Millie's side and put his arm protectingly around her, as though to shield her from that small-sized, clean-shaven, slightly bald serpent in human form, Mr. Isaac Littenfeld.

Not that it was difficult at that particular moment to put one's arm, protectingly or otherwise, around Millie Weiss, for not only was her face at the top form of its flushed beauty, but she was wearing a black ensemble which set off most enticingly the lightly curved lines of her figure. Even Ike, the object of her scorn, thought to himself that he had never seen her look so handsome.

"No more bluffs, Uncle Ike," she said. "You come right across and buy Stattenheim's penthouse and all its furnishings. He's willing to let it go, as a cooperative real estate proposition, with a parlor grand piano and the overmantel for eighty-five thousand dollars."

"Make it eighty," Ike croaked.

"I expected as much," Millie said in her high, clear voice, "so the penthouse and all its contents are yours for eighty."

Ike's pale face grew a trifle red. "So you expected as much, did you?" he retorted. "Well, let me tell you something, Millie. Stattenheim's up against

it, and therefore I'll make it eighty-two thousand five hundred, and the other two thousand five hundred I'm paying Philip here that he should paint me a first-class overmantel of the big *Gomel -av*, and no suggestions from the Museum of Natural History neither."

"Then you did sell, after all?" Mrs. Littenfeld cried.

"He never even bought," Millie said. "He let me make a fool of myself. I went straight to Sigmund Linzberger to beg him not to sell Uncle Ike out, and then and there I wormed the truth out of him."

"You didn't have to worm," Ike said. "Sigmund simply couldn't tell a lie. If he chopped down a cherry tree, he'd call it two cherry trees and an oak, to be on the safe side."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Millie declared, her eyes blazing; "you a millionaire all the time, and not telling your wife about it or anything!"

"My husband a millionaire!" Mrs. Littenfeld exclaimed. "What do you mean by making such kinds of accusations?"

Ike put his hand on Philip's shoulder. "Listen, Mommer," he said. "Seemingly everybody which got advice from Max Politzer is broke, including Millie and Max himself. Only Phil and me escaped, and you are asking for explanations yet!"

He put Philip's hand into Millie's and once more addressed his wife.

"What are you kicking?" he asked. "*You've* got a pant house, *Millie* has a husband and *I'm* going to have a picture from my great-grandfather."

"And it's going to be a good picture or you're not going to pay for it," Philip said.

"Don't worry," Ike concluded. "I won't."

Shattered Glass

(*Continued from page 47*)

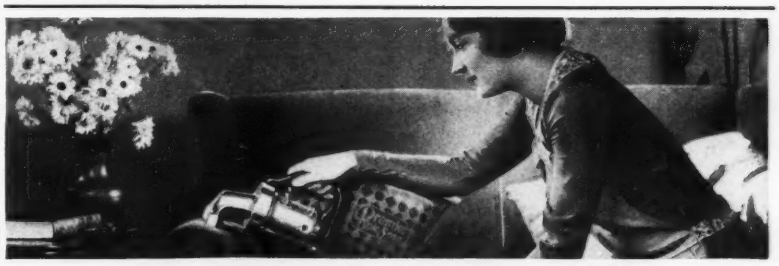
children were simply poison to Savina. From the age of twenty, when her coming-out was recognized as a failure, she had wanted only freedom and anonymity.

And so in the end she had made a compromise by trying to interest herself in charities and giving money to orchestras and in working for woman suffrage, which did not interest her much because she was so great an individualist that she did not care whether other women voted or not, and secretly believed that if they did vote it would do no more than confuse an already colossal confusion. She was born too soon to have found an outlet for her energies as the head of a business, which was clearly the destiny designed by God and Nature for her plain body and her intelligent brain.

The thing she could never escape was the fact that she was a Jerrold. What she panted for, as she discovered when she was old, was the blessing of having been born plain Mary Smith in some vague half-charted portion of the country. Then she could have had fun.

At sixty-seven it seemed to her that her life had been frittered away in an endless round of nonsense, and so Ruby Wintringham, handsome, self-possessed, successful and of an origin utterly unknown, was a kind of goddess to her.

Because she, like Hector, who went about staring morbidly into people's faces, had never really lived on her own, she now had a passionate desire to live vicariously. She wanted to know Mrs. Wintringham more intimately and to extract from her the details of her existence, and so to imagine that they were the details of her own life.



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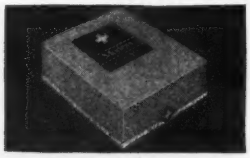

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When Pat Healy shouted into the storm, "Miss Jerrold's motor!" there appeared out of the flying snow a high old-fashioned limousine with small wheels, driven by a plump old gentleman with red cheeks, who in the days before motors had been the Jerrold family coachman and shared with his mistress a distrust of motors that led him to drive always at a discreet pace, as if the clumsy old-fashioned vehicle were some spirited beast which might easily get out of control and run off with his mistress and himself.

The two women climbed in and sat on the high seat beneath a light which Savina always kept burning, so that her limousine had the appearance of a traveling waxwork. They turned northward, the one woman young, slim and beautiful, the other fat, grotesque and old, priding herself that she was not like Hector, a snob who never really got to know people like Mrs. Wintringham.

"Now that the ice is broken we must meet again," she said, laying a hand on Mrs. Wintringham's fur coat. "I've heard so much about you from all sorts of people. Philip's been telling me about you for a year or more. You appear to be quite the thing nowadays. Philip's a nice young man." (Savina said this to see whether Mrs. Wintringham displayed any matrimonial interest in him.)

"He's a nice young man," said Ruby Wintringham, "but very serious. He makes me feel very old."

"Tosh! He's older than you are." (This was completely insincere.)

"I'm thirty-four."

"Philip is—let me see . . . It's twenty-six years since his father ran off with his aunt. Philip must be twenty-eight."

"Did his father run off with his aunt?"

"Yes. Philip's aunt, I mean. His father ran away with his wife's sister. Old Hector's sister too. It's all very complicated and it was very unpleasant. She's the one who's coming home now. Aunt Nancy. She left her husband to run off with Philip's father after Philip's mother died. She was Mrs. Carstairs and a great belle, very beautiful.

"Of course you wouldn't know about it. You were scarcely born then and you aren't a New Yorker. That's the reason she's never been home in twenty-five years—a quarter of a century.

"But Philip *is* a nice boy. He calls on me regularly, although I'm old enough to be his grandmother. Sometimes I worry about him because he's too nice. People like that invite tragedy. They haven't any protections against the world. He's in love with an actress now and I hope she's a decent woman, because if she isn't he'll take it very hard. He tells me she's wonderful, but a man in love is the last person to judge. Her name is Janie Fagan."

"Oh, Janie Fagan!"

"Do you know her?"

"Not really."

"You spoke as if you knew something about her."

"No, I don't know anything."

What Ruby said was true and yet it was a lie. She didn't *know* anything about Janie Fagan and yet she did know something. She kept seeing Janie Fagan suddenly as she'd seen her once years before on the only occasion she'd ever encountered her off the stage.

It was in the time when Ruby Wintringham herself was still a nobody, feeling her way upward toward success. She kept seeing Janie Fagan in a big studio in the Fifties, where she herself had been taken to a party given by an actor called Douglas Kane.

She remembered thinking that Janie Fagan was cheap and a little common

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CLARA BOW, *the girl whose Beauty and Personality have made her World-Famous, explains how any girl can be Captivating*

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the scintillating little Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "*It's lovely skin.* You may have marvelously appealing eyes—and a lot of charm—and a beautiful figure. But just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin!

"I got my first chance in the movies partly, at least, because of what my father calls my 'baby-smooth' skin. You see, motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up.

NANCY CARROLL *has lovely skin.*

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9 out of 10 *Screen Stars use it*

"Take Nancy Carroll, for instance," Clara Bow continues. "She keeps her fair skin delectable as an apple blossom with Lux Toilet Soap. And Mary Brian. Jean Arthur, too, keeps her skin lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

"In fact, nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad we *have* kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures.

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Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW *says:* "*People cluster around the girl with lovely skin! . . . Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!*" Clara Bow

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and she remembered thinking, "She's living with that man." She'd forgotten it until this moment, when it returned to her with an extraordinary clarity.

While Savina talked on she thought, "Janie Fagan is just the kind that would capture a nice young fellow like Philip." She stifled an impulse to say, "I know Janie Fagan. She's not the kind for him." After all, it was not her business whether Philip married Janie Fagan or not. She had no right to interfere with the success of Janie Fagan. She herself knew how hard it was to get on. Let Janie Fagan get what she wanted. She wouldn't be ruining anyone.

Philip was a fool, probably, to whom luck had given everything from the beginning and Janie Fagan had had to make her own way. And suddenly she saw that really she was on Janie Fagan's side, ranged with all those who had to fight their own battles, and that old Savina and Philip and people like that were on the other side.

She kept listening to Savina, aware that all Savina was telling her was of value because it helped her to feel at home in this world into which she had forced an entrance. It helped to give her poise and make her feel at ease in the midst of people like Fanny Towner and Old Hector. If she'd known more of such gossip and chatter tonight Fanny Towner couldn't have shut her out as if she were an upstart and an intruder.

It was a process which had gone on for so long now that it had become a habit. Savina's talk filtered into her clever brain, finding lodgment there, to be turned out when it became of use to her. She knew and she had long known that nothing was so valuable as knowing one's way about. When she was old—as old as Savina Jerrold—she would know everything there was to know of Savina's world and be as firmly fixed in it as the old lady herself—as firmly fixed in it as if she had been born a Jerrold instead of having been born in Manchuria, the daughter of a missionary named Banks.

She heard Savina saying, "Why not come in to tea tomorrow? I'm asking Lady Elsmore. That's Hector's sister, the one who ran off with Philip's father. After twenty-five years she won't feel very much at home in New York."

"I'd love to come," said Ruby.

"Will you be in if I come to your shop tomorrow?"

"I'm always in until four."

"I'd have paid you a visit sooner but I always heard you were so expensive."

"We aren't, really. It's only because we deal in rare and unique things."

"It must be pleasant having a business of your own," and there was a sudden wistfulness in Savina's voice which struck Ruby as astonishing in a woman so rich.

"It means work and that you can't always be as free as you like."

"But it means being independent. Tell me, how did you happen to go into the business?"

"By accident as much as anything else. I always knew about Chinese things, and then Mr. Quince asked me to work for him, and now I'm a partner in the business."

"I'd have liked to have had a business like that, but I was born too soon. When I was young, girls didn't do such things."

The car was stopping now and Ruby, gathering her fur coat about her, said, "It was good of you to drop me."

"Nothing, my dear, nothing," said Savina abruptly; and then, almost wistfully, "You'll come tomorrow?"

"Yes, I'd love to."

Ruby climbed down from the high motor and ran across the strip of carpet into the apartment.

Huddled in one corner under the light, Savina began to have disturbing doubts. She was asking herself whether the girl was a minx or not, for she understood suddenly that while she had been talking constantly about herself and Philip and Old Hector and Nancy Elsmore she had learned nothing whatever about Mrs. Wintringham.

She wondered why the clever young woman should have said that she "always knew about Chinese things" and who Mr. Wintringham could have been and where he was now. And how she had met her partner, the celebrated connoisseur Mr. Quince, and just how deep was this friendship with Melbourn; and whether it was true that she already had been married three times.

What had impressed Old Hector as calm and mystery, Savina suddenly suspected was only caution and calculation. There was something smooth and clever and assured about the girl which reminded her of someone else, and it was not until the motor drew up before her own brownstone house that it occurred to her that Ruby Wintringham with her poise and assurance was like Melbourn.

She thought, "Both of them are on the make." But deep in her heart she envied them and wanted to be like them. "It would be so much more interesting to have gambled for success than to have had everything handed you on a silver platter. Anyway," she thought, "I like them both. They aren't people who lie down and whine."

And somehow the contact with Ruby Wintringham and the thought of them both made her feel young and strong. She wanted to go on and on, exploring more and more deeply, unearthing other Mrs. Wintringhams that lay beneath the surface. A woman with so ripe and lovely a face wouldn't be as cold and as calculating as she appeared to be.

Savina shared a house in Murray Hill with Alida Parsons, who was two years older than herself and also unmarried. It was really Savina's house, which she had inherited from her father, and Alida had shared it with her since the day when both made the discovery that they were perfectly suited to each other and that no man was likely to disturb the settled, placid stream of their days by offering to marry either of them.

It was a big house for two people, built of ugly brownstone, wider than any two houses in the street.

Savina's father was the first of the New York bankers to become a power in the world. He wore side-whiskers and Wellington boots long after their day and was a great supporter of St. Bart's Church, whose yard made an open space at the back of his house. And when he died it was discovered that for twenty years he had had a comfortable life apart from his family with a middle-aged lady to whom he left a million dollars.

It was straight to this house that Savina came after she had dropped Mrs. Wintringham at her apartment in the Sixties. At the door she got down clumsily from the enormous old-fashioned limousine and irritably, aided by the chauffeur, she mounted the steps and was admitted by her old butler Henry, a family piece of some forty years' standing. The mere sight of Henry and the familiar hall filled her again with good humor and made her forget her exasperation at her physical clumsiness.

Savina's house and everything in it were monuments to family history and the happy habit of the years to deposit in one spot layer upon layer of old books and crimson carpets and odd cushions and old-fashioned pictures, all warmed by associations of the past. It was a house touched by life, just as Hector's flat was only an elegant museum.

To Savina each chair meant something personal and sentimental. To Hector each chair was a thing of beauty worth so many dollars in the market.

The hall was large and its walls were covered with marbleized paper. It was rather bare save for three quite bad family portraits to which Savina was attached. From the midst of it rose a spiral staircase which possessed a genuine beauty of proportion. At the bottom of the stairway Henry helped her ponderously out of a sable coat with a frayed and ragged lining.

"Is Miss Parsons still up?" she asked. And when Henry answered "Yes," she said, "Tell her I'll be down shortly, and bring me some hot punch in the sitting room, and then go to bed."

The stairs creaked under her weight. Hector told her that danger lurked in their old-fashioned construction and that she ought to have an elevator put in. But her horror of being caught between floors in an elevator was much greater than her fear of collapsing stairs. And it was a staircase whose acquaintance she had first made by tumbling down it at the age of two, and in her heart she was certain it would never betray her.

In Savina's own room Lizzie, who was the wife of Henry and almost as old, helped her to remove the sack of black satin tied in at the waist with a gold cord and the tight frivolous slippers which Savina, when corseted, could not bend down to reach, putting on in their place a large pair of felt slippers such as servants wear at their work. Then she had Lizzie with much effort remove her corsets and she put on a man's dressing gown of camel's hair. When she had frizzed her thin hair before the mirror she told Lizzie to go to bed, lighted a cigaret and went downstairs.

In the sitting room Alida was sitting beside the marble fireplace, looking pink and pretty in the glow of the lamps and the flickering light of the fire. She had white hair and a small, delicate face, pink and covered with tiny wrinkles.

Dressed in a peignoir made of lace and blue ribbon and white fox, she sat working over a tapestry frame. At her side lay the two black Scotties, Tit and Tat, and a pile of newspapers, neatly folded, which she had perused earlier in the evening in search of deaths, births and marriages among people she knew, but above all in search of crimes in which the passions of love and jealousy played a large part.

The whole room smelled faintly of the lavender which Alida, who cared about such things, always threw upon the fire each evening. It was an odor which Savina loved, because it always meant to her this warm comfortable room.

As Savina opened the door and saw Alida, looking feminine and pretty, the old sense of well-being smote her. She felt suddenly that she never again wanted to exchange the charm and comfort of this room for the wearisome social processes which people called pleasure.

It was a pleasant shape, the room, long and not too narrow, with a platform at the far end where there was a bow window looking out over St. Bart's churchyard. Across the window the curtains were now drawn, shutting out all the blizzard and

shutting in the soft warmth of the room. There were seven lamps and over the fireplace a portrait by Lenbach of Aunt Juliana holding a bunch of edelweiss. In the corner stood a square cage and in it the parrot Katie sat swinging and muttering to herself.

At the sound of the door opening Alida looked up and pushed her spectacles down a little on her delicate nose.

Savina said in her deep voice, "Oughtn't Katie to be covered and asleep?"

"She croaked and chortled so loud in the library that I thought she must be cold, so I brought her in here."

Savina went over to the cage and began to scratch the head bent toward her by the wise Katie. "You're a spoiled old bird," she said. The dogs looked at her and thumped their tails against the carpet without getting up.

"Well," said Alida impatiently, "what was the party?" She always declared that she wasn't strong enough to go out herself, but she forced Savina to accept all invitations, so that she might keep in touch with all that was happening in the frivolous world.

"Awful," said Savina. "Awful." And she related who was there and how badly Fanny Towner had behaved. She said, "I think you ought to speak to Fanny, Alida. After all she's your niece. She made a fool of herself tonight. I don't wonder poor Jim has taken to drink."

Alida said nothing but implied by her silence that the Parsons family was above reproach, and Henry came in bearing the steaming punch, which he placed on the table by the fire. Savina seated herself comfortably in an enormous armchair and placed her swollen feet on the seat of the chair opposite her. She told Henry to open the curtains over the bow window. Nobody could look in from the churchyard and it increased her sense of comfort to sit by the warm fire watching the snow whirling against the panes.

Beyond the churchyard she saw the pink-yellow glow hanging above the city. It had turned silvery in the falling snow and out of the haze there emerged a gray tower, vague and ghostlike in the storm, its lower part picked out with faint lozenges of yellow light.

She thought suddenly of Aunt Juliana's house which had once stood on the very spot where the tower swept upward, filled with wires and elevators and the most complicated machinery. Aunt Juliana's house and her terrible red-carpeted receptions seemed as remote and unreal now as if they had been part of another existence, and Savina reflected again that she didn't love New York any longer because she couldn't love a piece of whirring machinery that respected nothing but noise and change.

She poured out a glass of punch and held it to her nose, sniffing sensuously the rich odor of steaming brandy and lemon and cloves.

Alida asked, "Who is this Mrs. Wintringham?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. She has an antique shop and she seems to go about a good deal, but I don't know who she is or where she comes from." She drank some punch and Alida said:

"It doesn't seem to matter much any more, so long as people are amusing. They might have come out of jail the day before, for all anyone cares."

"She's an attractive woman, Alida. I've asked her to tea tomorrow." Alida didn't say anything and Savina said, "I think there's something the matter with Hector. He looks as if he was dying and I think he must have something wrong in his head. Nobody in his right mind would have invited those people to dinner together."

"I've been saying that for a long time."

"I think it's hard on Philip—a boy like that to have to live with an old reprobate like Hector. I think Hector's a bad influence on anybody decent. I wish Philip would get married and escape."

"Hector certainly doesn't want him to marry anybody."

"There's something awful about Hector."

"What?"

"I don't know. It's something you feel. I think he'd put Philip up to any kind of filthiness just to pump him about it. Sometimes I think Hector ought to be shut up. I think the old fool had rouge on his cheeks tonight."

She saw that Alida was watching her sharply and understood that she was talking too much about Hector and too passionately, as if he made any difference to her any longer. Quickly she said:

"I think that when we were young, Alida, women managed to control their feelings better. Nowadays they don't seem to mind what they do in public where a man is concerned."

"Maybe," said Alida with a cynical air; and something in the way she uttered the single word caused Savina to flush, thinking, "It's silly for Alida still to be jealous about Hector."

She kept thinking how lucky it was that Hector hadn't married her. It was so much better having Alida here in this warm comfortable house; so much better than if either of them was tied to some gouty, untidy old man. And with Hector it would have been worse because he was *too* tidy, always fussing if a single chair was out of place. But then if he'd married her, perhaps he would have been different now.

It was odd that the only man she had ever loved was like a woman, so fussy and *précieux*, but then she supposed it was because she herself was so like a man, with her man's brain for business and such things. Nature had a way of evening things up.

Tonight Hector had been like a bitter, disappointed old woman who couldn't bear the idea of growing old, and what had he to be disappointed about, with all the money in the world and freedom to do exactly as he pleased? But then maybe there were things she didn't know about which made him bitter—the way Alida was bitter sometimes, always reading about crimes of passion because she had never had any passion in her own life.

Hector was never one of those powerful people who take circumstances in hand and wring triumph from defeat. He wasn't a man like Melbourn, for example. No, he was perverse and impossible and his mere presence tonight upset her and made her feel unclean.

She kept seeing the soft, too-pink face and the shallow, staring, bitter eyes, and it astonished her that she had ever loved that face so much that she had made a fool of herself. But she told herself, it was not this face which she had loved, but another which had long since disappeared beneath layers of fat, self-indulgence and selfishness. The face she had loved was a pale, oversensitive, almost womanish face.

Forty years ago he had been terrified of her and it was only now that she understood how much she must have shocked and frightened him that day in the apple orchard. It was afterward that his face had begun to change. He'd never forgiven her, either, for helping poor Patrick Dantry to woo Mary Champion here in this very parlor.

Now she saw that it was better to be a stupid, handsome animal creature like Jim Towner, who never thought of himself, than an oversensitive, precious, intelligent one like Hector. It was better for himself and for everyone else. But this time, she thought, Hector must be really ill instead of imagining illnesses that did not exist. He looked thinner and, in spite of the rouge, whiter than was normal and he had eaten nothing but dry biscuits and drunk only a glass of Vichy.

She heard Alida saying, "What's the matter?" and saw that Alida was watching her, with that shadow of fear which sometimes touched one of them at the thought that something might happen to the other and that one would be left alone in the big house.

She laughed. "I was thinking about Hector," she said, and she was thankful Alida didn't know really how much she'd once been in love with Hector. And she wondered if Alida suspected what she knew now when she was old and knew the world—that Hector would never have loved any woman.

Alida pursed her lips. "The whole family is a bad lot."

"Mary Champion—Philip's mother—was all right."

"Well, she died young—before she had a chance—and Nancy made up for her."

Nancy! Why had she forgotten about Nancy? She too must be growing childish. She sat up suddenly and said, "I meant to tell you. Nancy's coming home."

"Nancy Champion?—Nancy Carstairs?"

"Yes. Tomorrow."

"She's never been home since, has she?" Alida said.

"No."

"I guess it's just as well—running off with her dead sister's husband less than a year after she was in her grave."

"It was more than two years after."

"Well, it began before Mary Champion was dead."

"Nobody knows that."

"It must have. You talk about Fanny's behavior and say women are worse nowadays."

Savina didn't answer her, but she thought, "Poor Alida! She hates Nancy Champion because she envies her."

"She couldn't have come home while her husband was still alive."

"No."

"How does Hector take it?"

"He hates it, of course. It's uncomfortable."

"Well, she's respectable now, anyway. What's her name?"

"She's Lady Elsmore."

"Lady Elsmore! She married an old rip."

Then she remembered too that Alida had had a feeling for Philip's father, who was Nancy Champion's lover. She saw that Alida had never forgiven Nancy for having run off with him.

Alida said, "She led a father to run off and desert his child."

"Patrick Dantry didn't desert his child. He'd have taken the baby with him if old Carstairs had divorced Nancy so they could have married. Poor Patrick died before he had a chance to arrange anything. You know that."

She was aware that they were perilously near to a quarrel, although they'd never had a quarrel and scarcely a sharp difference of opinion in all these years. It struck her as absurd that things dead for so long a time should still have a power so disturbing, and she wondered whether women had been so hard on Nancy not because she had done an immoral act but because she had the kind of romance which all of them secretly desired.

"I've asked Nancy and her husband

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to tea tomorrow," she said. "Perhaps you'd rather stay in your room. I promised Hector I'd help look out for her."

Alida jabbed her needle furiously into the tapestry. "You know that's impossible. I can't be rude."

"You could say you were too ill. Everyone knows you're not strong."

Again there was a furious jab at the tapestry. "You know I never do things like that. No, if you must have them I'll come down and do my best."

Savina felt a sudden impulse to laugh because she knew that nothing would keep Alida from coming down to tea.

"You seem in a great hurry about it," said Alida.

"I only wanted to make her feel comfortable. Hector won't be nice to her." But really all she wanted was to see Nancy again in this room where Patrick had made love to her; only, of course, she couldn't say that to Alida.

"They say she led a strange life for years."

"People always say that sort of thing."

"I suppose Hector doesn't mind so much, now that she's the wife of a baronet. He's such an infernal snob."

"Yes, I think that makes it better. He's more of a snob, even, than a prig." She took another drink of punch and added, "It's extraordinary how like his father Philip is. He gets more like him every day."

"I suppose they'll meet. I mean young Philip and Nancy."

"Of course."

Alida was silent for a moment. "I should think that would make it hard for her. I suppose nobody's thought of that. Has she ever seen Philip?"

"No, not since they ran away. And he was only two years old then."

"Then she doesn't know how much he looks like his father."

Savina poured herself another half-glass of punch. One of the dogs, growing too hot, rolled over on his back, with his short legs in the air. She heard the little clock strike a silver midnight and heard the booming clock in the tower answer back from out the rosy glow above the churchyard, and she thought that although she was sixty-seven it had never occurred to her that she was old, except when she saw someone like Philip rushing off to court some girl.

Perhaps she had never had the proper vanity women are supposed to have and so didn't mind her body getting fat and her hair turning gray and colorless; but for a woman like Nancy, growing old must have been a different matter. If you'd been as beautiful as Nancy, or were as beautiful as Mrs. Wintringham, the passing of each year after a certain age must be an agony to you. Nancy must be nearly sixty, and even though she'd made a brilliant marriage at middle age, it couldn't make up to her for the youth and beauty she'd lost.

She began to pity Nancy and to discover compensations for never having been beautiful. There were compensations, she told herself, but not enough perhaps to overbalance all the other things which Nancy's beauty had brought her. If Nancy wasn't a fool, she must have a store of memories to live upon.

There wasn't any doubt that she'd been wildly in love with Patrick Dantry; and after he was killed there were certainly other men, no matter what she could say to Alida in Nancy's defense. She must have loved them too, because she had always had plenty of money, even for a woman of her extravagant tastes. Whatever else had happened to Nancy, now that she was old she couldn't have regrets for the things she hadn't done.

Perhaps that was what was wrong with

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TRAIN headaches, seasickness and indigestion are often the results of the changes in food, drinking water and established habits that of necessity accompany traveling. The business trip, under such circumstances, becomes a piece of unsuccessful drudgery; the pleasure trip merely a miserable incident. But it really is not necessary to let intestinal toxicity in this manner spoil either your business or your pleasure. There is no need to permit poisons arising from a neglected eliminative system to endanger your health.

It is a simple matter to combat intestinal toxicity. Thousands are doing it by natural means. A balanced diet, fresh air, plenty of good, pure water and exercise. In addition, especially while traveling, a certain degree of assistance usually is necessary. And that assistance should be the gentle, thorough action of ENO. When you pack, put a bottle of this pleasant laxative in your grip. You can buy it at any drug store or soda fountain. But it is just as well to be prepared by taking a bottle along with you.

ENO never leaves you "all dragged out." It simply flushes and cleanses the intestinal tract and speeds up normal action. It does not gripe or disturb the day's routine. And its valuable anti-acid qualities are helpful in some cases of acidosis.

This famous, pleasant-tasting, effervescent salt is available at all druggists at 75c and $1.25 a bottle. Prepared only by J. C. Eno, Ltd., London, England; Buffalo, N. Y.; Toronto, Canada; Paris; Berlin and Madrid. Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Belmont Building, Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York City.

"Just pour it in and drink—it stirs itself!"

ENO—health aid—will cost you less than 3c a day

When you get up, take a generous teaspoonful of ENO in a glass of water. This sparkling saline, taken regularly, helps keep you fit and eager through the hardest day. For a business headache, take a glass of ENO. At soda fountains everywhere.

ENO THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALT

Hector—that he couldn't forget that he always kept himself in a glass case, denying every act, every emotion that might have disturbed him, until now when it was too late for life to make any difference to him. Perhaps he really hated Nancy's coming home because she had done all the things which he had never done and couldn't do now because it was too late.

She was aware that Alida was watching her again, and pulling herself back to reality, Savina got up clumsily and said, "It's long after midnight. You ought to be in bed."

Alida began rolling up her wools and thrust the needle into the tapestry frame while Savina went over to cover the cage of Katie, the parrot. Then she began to turn out the lamps one by one and Alida went out of the room, still a little irritated and cold from the words they had had over Nancy.

When she had gone Savina turned out the last lamp and stood in the dark, looking out of the window into the falling snow. It occurred to her that coming home after twenty-five years would be a shock to Nancy—to find that nothing remained of the world which once had been everything to you and which you had given up in a single wild burst of unruly passion.

It would be like being responsible for the death of someone you loved. It would be a shock to find nothing upon which to fasten your memories, and that even the house where you were born and the whole street in which you had played were gone forever. If you had lived so long in Europe, where nothing changed, it would make you feel old and lost.

Still thinking about Nancy, she softly summoned the two dogs and went up the stairs. At the top she found Alida waiting and she knew that Alida had been standing there in the cold hall for many minutes in order to show her that she was ashamed of the things she had said. Alida looked at her in the same anxious way, as she kissed her good night, and Savina said:

"There's nothing the matter with me. I've just had an attack of sentimentality. It doesn't happen often and when it does it hits me hard."

But she was shocked a little at the sound of her own voice because there was something in it which sounded like Hector's hard, bitter voice. In sixty-seven years no one had ever imagined that a woman with so plain a face and so big a body might know the pain and the luxury of sentiment.

When she was at last in bed with the two Scotties asleep in their baskets on the floor by her side, she discovered for the first time in her healthy life that she could not sleep. She began to repeat to herself verse after verse of the Psalms she had learned as a little girl and had not said for years, and presently she began to count sheep; but there was something alive in her brain which kept tugging her back from the borders of sleep, drawing her back and back into the years of her childhood and youth.

And slowly, as if she had fallen asleep and was dreaming, she became aware of a faint sweet scent that was fresh and springlike. It puzzled her until she understood that the scent did not exist in reality but was only the trick of a tired brain which wanted to go back to something her will had been striving to stifle.

She knew the scent. It was the smell of Aunt Juliana's apple orchard at Staatsburgh, and suddenly she saw herself walking there, not old and fat but a girl in her twenties, big and plain and healthy. The earth was warm and green

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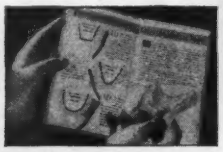

THIRD—*match impression of your teeth with dental curves shown on Bite Test Card.*

LAST—*buy the shape of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush which the Bite Test Card shows you should use.*

A simple 30-second way to choose a brush that fits your dental curve with scientific accuracy.

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2 V-shape Dental Curve needs Pro-phy-lac-tic Oval Brush.

3 □-shape Dental Curve needs Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso Brush.

DENTAL science recognizes three types of dental curve—the U-shape, V-shape and Square shape. No single tooth brush ever made can possibly fit all three.

That's why so many people today have perfect front teeth and a lot of trouble with back teeth. A tooth half brushed is only half cleaned. You can't reach every part of every tooth unless you use a brush especially made to fit your own individual dental curve.

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Each Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, whichever shape you need, is made with scientific care in a spick-and-span New England plant under the most modern hygienic conditions. Pro-phy-lac-tic quality bristles — firmly anchored—are serrated and spaced to clean between your teeth as well as on the surface. Handles come in white and six beautiful, transparent colors to match your bathroom.

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and the petals kept falling in little showers.

And she saw again a horse and rider rise suddenly from out of sight beyond the stone wall, and she saw the horse strike its knees and suddenly turn over and over with the man under it. And then the horse struggled up and with the bridle rein dragging galloped away out of sight through the trees.

The young man was Hector Champion and he lay with his face covered with blood, as still as the stone wall itself. And she saw herself tearing off a piece of her voluminous petticoat, dipping it in the rocky brook to wash away the blood; and she saw his head in her lap, the blond hair all rumpled and the too-delicate face whiter than the petals of apple blossoms.

At last, when he opened his eyes, she was so overcome by a shameless desire that for a long time she was unable to speak and only sat trembling and shaking with her big strong body turning hot and then cold. He was like a helpless child, lying there with his blond head in her lap. She was strong and powerful and could love and protect him forever.

Lying there awake, neither old nor young but ageless, she understood how even nice girls who knew better might be seduced, because it could have happened to her, Savina Jerrold, on that day when Hector's delicate curly blond head lay in her lap, and now at the end of her life the greatest regret she knew was that it had not happened.

And when Hector managed to sit up and she found there was nothing serious the matter, she trampled on her pride and told him that she thought it would be a good idea if they married each other and that she understood how sensitive he was and how difficult it was for him to talk of such things and that she loved him so much that nothing made any difference, not even marriage. And even now, forty years afterward, she blushed when she remembered how he had put her off, saying that he had to think of his mother and that he must first go to Italy to paint and that after that they might think of getting married.

But she understood perfectly that he had rejected her once and for all. And she remembered suddenly how, even in the midst of her love, she felt a sudden swift contempt, born of her own proud spirit, for his weakness. It had always been like that. Nothing had changed. She still knew at times that swift contempt for his weakness, and she still kept on thinking of him, being his friend, trying to help him.

And his painting? What had ever come of it? What had he brought back with him but some badly painted saints and bits of carved gilded wood and old brocade? In that day everybody had believed that anything which came out of Italy was Art. But long since Hector had discovered his error and all those things which he had brought back had found their way out of his possession.

Hector had looked down on her always because she had preferred worn homely things which had associations, and he was ashamed of her because she had never been able to hold her tongue at the proper time. She'd been shocking him all her life, just as she'd shocked and frightened him by her display of passion that day under the apple trees; and now, she thought, when he was old and miserable and maybe frightened, he would turn toward her.

He was glad enough, now, of her bluntness and courage. She had a strange vague certainty that he was hungry for sympathy and that he

wanted to tell her something and could not bring himself to do it.

Tomorrow she must look up Nancy, because Nancy would doubtless need cheering and Hector would doubtless be nasty to her. She was aware suddenly that there was a light somewhere near her and, opening her eyes, she saw that in the house on the opposite side of the churchyard someone had turned on the light in a room on the third floor. Through the snow the light made only a warm yellow blur.

She wondered sleepily who lived in that flat and what was happening there, and in all the other flats and houses crowded about her. She heard the clock in the tower striking two, and suddenly she was asleep.

A little while later she wakened, to find herself sitting upright, certain that someone had screamed. She lay for a time listening, but when the scream was not repeated she decided that she had been dreaming, and was quickly asleep.

When Philip Dantry said good night to his uncle Hector he wasn't thinking that the old man looked ill and lonely, because his mind was far too occupied with Aunt Nancy's return and the complication of his own existence. In his direct and simple heart he was disturbed and unhappy. When things went wrong he became helpless and troubled.

Life, he told himself, ought not to be unpleasant. People ought always to be generous and big-spirited. And it was not the legend of Aunt Nancy which troubled him now but the reality, for despite all Old Hector's plots and commands he had seen her long after his father was dead, when he was a boy of eleven, and the memory of her had returned sharply to trouble him.

It was a secret shared by himself and Aunt Nancy and old Bidda Whalen who had been a maid in the Champion family when Aunt Nancy was a little girl and was Philip's nurse long afterward. And old Bidda was dead now, having carried the secret of their meeting into the grave.

As he stepped from the elevator at Berkshire House he did not even see Pat Healy, the doorman, until he heard Pat saying, "A taxi, Mr. Dantry?" and then he smiled and said:

"No, thanks, Healy. I'll walk tonight." He halted for a moment and asked, "How's the new wife?"

"Fine, sir."

"No little Healy yet?"

Pat grinned. "Not yet, sir. But there might be at any moment."

"You like being married, don't you?"

"Sure. It keeps a fella from runnin' around and gives him somethin' to think about. It helps that restless feelin' to have a nice woman at home waitin' for you."

Yes. Philip saw all at once what he meant, and the warmth of Pat's grin filled him with a desire to confide in someone what he never had been able to confide in the cold old man who stood in the place of a father to him.

"I'm thinking about getting married myself, Pat."

"Sure and it's a good thing. I can recommend a steady diet. It's better than chasin' around."

Philip took a ten-dollar bill from his pocket. "Here's something to spend on the new little Healy. Better give it to Mrs. Healy and let her choose. I guess you and I don't know much about what babies need."

Healy took off his cap. "Thank you, sir. I guess I'll be knowin' before long and you, too, if you're thinkin' of marryin'."

The glow that warmed Pat Healy

Round red cheeks and bright blue eyes for little

CHARLES VAN RENSSELAER, III

Charles A. Van Rensselaer, III, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Van Rensselaer, of Oyster Bay, Long Island

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His mother starts his daily schedule in a way that specialists advise

HE'S very gay . . . and not awfully far removed from roly-poly—this little chap with the fine old Dutch name, Charles Van Rensselaer, III.

On Long Island there's everything to interest a little boy—coasting in winter, swimming at the Piping Rock Beach in the summer.

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He lives with simple, pre-school child routine in charge of his nurse, and supervised by a pretty young mother whom he thinks of as a charming playmate.

Regularly, for breakfast and supper, Charles eats with gusto the cereal mothers look upon as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. A famous child specialist prescribed it when he was only three months old—and Charles loves it. "Cream of Wheat has always been part of our program and I think it has a lot to do with keeping Charles so sturdy and well," says Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

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Recently we asked 221 distinguished specialists—in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Toronto—their opinion about cereals. *Every single one* answered that he approved Cream of Wheat.

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Daily food and drink stain and dull the natural whiteness of teeth

EACH DAY *this restores natural white brilliance of teeth*

. . . daily dulled by food and drink

DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) MAKES THIS SAFE MODERN TOOTH PASTE DIFFERENT FROM ANY YOU HAVE KNOWN

NEVER before have you been able to give your teeth such thorough brightening as this.

Daily food and drink leave deposits. Starches, for instance, stick like glue. Coffee and fruits stain.

That's why DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been made *not only to cleanse but to polish your teeth each time you brush them.*

Two exceedingly fine polishing agents were developed for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Working together they do what one alone could not do. They are much softer than tooth enamel, and cannot scratch or scour. But gently polish away all deposits and stains—restoring the smooth *natural* brilliance.

In addition, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste contains purest vegetable cleansers. *Everything a dentifrice can safely do is provided by* DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. *It acts quickly.* The flavor is refreshing, delightful.

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This safe double polishing will give back the natural brightness of your teeth, quickly. (*Twenty brushings sent free on request.*) THE WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, Toronto, New York.

Dr. West's TOOTH PASTE

For another surprise use a DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush!*

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extended to Philip. He felt suddenly delighted at the thought of marrying and begetting children. He, too, like Pat, felt suddenly big and powerful. Like Pat, he experienced a sudden feeling that all creation was centered in himself. They stood for a moment grinning at each other, sharing all sorts of pleasant thoughts.

"Good night, Pat."

"You'll be in late, sir?"

"Yes. You'll be gone home before I get in."

He went through the revolving door, and Pat Healy said to the elevator man, "He's a fine fella, he is. They don't make 'em any better, and the girl that gets him is gettin' a fine husband."

"Sure," said the elevator man, "and I hope it won't be a woman like most of 'em that goes in and out of here."

The moment Philip was out of the door and felt the sting of the snow against his face, he quite forgot Pat Healy and lost himself in his own troubles. The warmth suddenly went out of him and anxiety took its place when he thought that he hadn't yet even asked Janie Fagan to marry him and was a long way from having a wife and little Dantrys.

Pulling the coat collar high about his throat and his hat well over his eyes, he set out with a vigorous swinging stride westward, almost in the footsteps of Jim Towner. And as he walked he found himself repeating over and over again the words, "Aunt Nancy. Aunt Nancy. Aunt Nancy," and seeing her again in a white dress, carrying a big hat covered with flowers, under the chestnut trees of a walled garden, where there was a fountain and a terrace with stone pots filled with bright flowers.

To his romantic nature she had no reality as a person so prosaic as an aunt. To him she was a beautiful woman whom he had seen once at an impressionable age and who ever since then had been the apotheosis of all that was pure and good and beautiful in woman. She was like a figure which had visited him in a dream, never to return again.

Even the story of the scandal with his father (which had come to him bit by bit in hints and whispers over a period of years) had no reality. Even when he thought of his own mother, whom he had never seen, he thought of her in the image of her sister, Aunt Nancy.

It was as if he had been in love with her since childhood, and now she was coming back. Tomorrow, in flesh and blood, she was returning to them all.

His thoughts wandered from Aunt Nancy to Janie Fagan, and presently it struck him as strange that he should love a girl who was so like his aunt, with the same fair skin and dark eyes and hair, the same slim exciting throat.

But the thought of Janie filled him with a sudden return of anguish and fear. She might refuse him and if she refused him he did not know what he would do.

The thought kept returning to him that he was glad he'd kept himself clean and decent for the girl he meant to marry—a pure nice girl like Janie.

He told himself that if he'd gone, like most men of his age, with this woman or that just for a night, he would have hated himself now, instead of being filled with delight at the thought of beginning this new life as Janie would begin it. There was something wonderful about thinking that they would come to each other chaste and clean. A girl like Janie deserved such a marriage.

And then he began thinking about Pat Healy and how wonderful it must be to have babies of your own, and he thought

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what fine children he and Janie would have, and the blood rushed into his face and he walked more and more quickly, until he thought of what he was doing and knew that if he kept on at this pace he'd arrive at the theater long before the play was finished and would have to stand about cooling his heels.

The thought of the theater threw him into a panic of fear lest Janie had made a great success tonight and so would be lost to him forever. He told himself that he did not want her to fail, because he loved her and did not want her pride to be hurt; but he prayed inwardly that her success would not be so great that she would forget him and give herself over to the glamour of that other life which he hated.

He wanted her to have a little success, just enough to give her satisfaction without filling her head with ideas of new triumphs. He told himself that he had absolutely nothing to offer her in exchange for all the glamour and adoration and excitement she already knew.

And then, to encourage himself, he thought again of how she had asked him not to come to the theater on this opening night. "Not the first night," she had said. "I'll be nervous enough without having to think of you out in front." And when he asked, "Does it make that much difference?" she had said in a low voice, "It makes a great difference. I don't want to fail before you."

He saw her again as she looked at that moment and his heart began to beat more rapidly. If she said such a thing, there must be some hope even for a dull awkward fellow like himself. And then she had promised to have supper with him afterward. That, he thought, would be a good time to ask her to marry him.

If she refused him, he thought tragically, there would be nothing left for him to do but to clear out for some part of the world where he could forget her, if that were possible. He couldn't stay in the same city with her, not being able to see her day after day. He wouldn't hold himself in any longer. He'd just go to the devil with women and drink.

In his love for her he recalled a thousand small things about her—the way the dark curls clustered on her small head; the line of her white throat and the way she had of looking out from under her long dark lashes; the way, once or twice, she had laid her hand confidingly and chastely in his; the sound of her voice and the way she laughed; the shape and the curves of her slim body. He would be gentle with her because she was so small and frail and helpless and he would love her as no man had ever loved a woman before.

It was odd how there was something pure and uncontaminated about her which had kept her safe through all the dangers of the world in which she lived. And as he thought of her he prayed that she would marry him quickly, because he could not go on thinking of her day and night, tormented and unhappy and never able to touch her.

But the more he thought of her, the more unworthy he seemed. He saw that he was nothing but a stupid, faithful, dogged fellow who could never be amusing and keep up the pace of the give-and-take set by the people he met in the theater.

Her world was so glamorous and brilliant and his own so stupid and respectable. She would never marry him. Why should she? He had nothing to offer but money, and she had all the money she wanted and success as well.

It struck him again how like Aunt Nancy she was, and his mind careened off into the past when he was a little

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boy of eleven walking through a narrow street in a foreign city with old Bidda Whalen at his side. The street was narrow and shut in on both sides by walls over which hung bouquets of lilacs and the low branches of chestnut trees, bearing spikes of cream-white bloom.

Old Bidda wasn't old but middle-aged, and she wore a long gray coat and a bright green blouse and a big hat covered with every kind of flower. She always traveled suspiciously, hating every place that wasn't New York; and now, in a foreign country, she walked with an air of agitated suspicion as if dragons and giants might spring out from every corner to seize her darling Philip.

As she walked she kept looking up at the numbers beside the little gates that led through the walls into the gardens beyond. And presently they came to a plain low house with a garden, and beside the gate Bidda found the number she was seeking.

She grew excited and breathed hard and took the trouble to set her hat at the proper angle and to brush imaginary dust from her coat before she knocked. When at last she did knock, the gate opened at once as if by magic, or as if someone had been expecting them with impatience, and inside there was standing a red-faced woman with a white lace cap on her black hair who began speaking French, of which Bidda understood not a word; but the woman made them understand by signs that they were to follow her.

It was a hot day and the garden, which appeared enormous and stretched down to the river, smelled of acacias and chestnut blooms. They went down some steps through a small grove of white lilacs and came into an open space with a great many trees surrounding it. There was a fountain in the middle and at one end a pavilion. Near the pavilion there was a boy about his own age playing with a fat old Scotty.

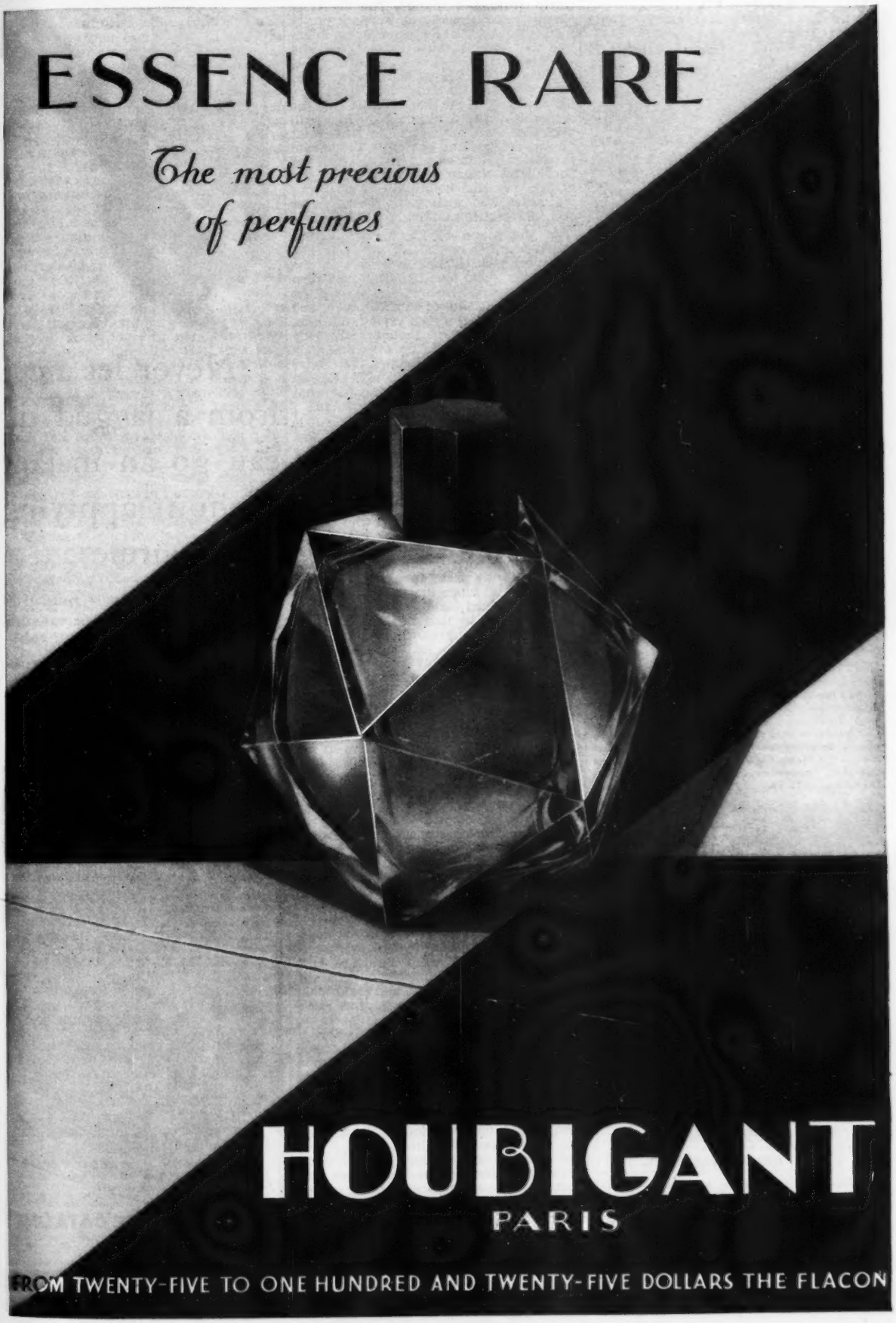
The back of the house was strangely different from the front. Instead of being plain and low, it had a beautiful façade with three rows of windows and a terrace bordered by stone urns filled with bright geraniums and ageratum. And then suddenly they saw coming toward them out of the shadows under the chestnut trees a small woman dressed all in white, like a princess.

Bidda began suddenly to whimper and cry, and then she and the lady ran toward each other and Bidda took the lady in her arms as if she hadn't been a princess at all and they both fell to crying and talking. After a moment the lady, still weeping, looked down at him and said, "So this is Philip," and then hugged him and kissed him with a terrifying violence.

She had a pale white skin and beautiful blue-black hair that she wore pulled back and done in a knot at the back of her small head. He thought she had the most beautiful dark eyes he had ever seen.

Her dress was of white muslin and she carried a hat of leghorn straw covered with flowers and with a bow of blue ribbon on it. And she had the most beautiful white arms, bare to the elbows, and a soft white throat, and she smelled of some delicate but intoxicating perfume. The boy stood staring at her awkwardly until Bidda said, "This is your aunt Nancy; give her a big hug and a kiss."

It puzzled him at first, for he did not know he had an Aunt Nancy, but he kissed the lady shyly and she knelt down on the gravel path and took his grubby hands and looked at him, and after a moment she said to Bidda, "He *is* like him," and then she began to cry again,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softly, without a sound. The big tears simply rolled quietly down her pretty face. He had never seen anyone cry like that, and because he was shy and confused it made him want to cry too.

They all sat on wicker chairs under the trees and the lady asked him how he was and if he liked Paris, and he answered politely, although he was still bedazzled and not yet quite sure what he was doing. And presently Bidda said to the lady, "It wasn't right what you done, Miss Nancy, but I must say, admitting my sins before the saints, that my heart was with you. There never was such a nice man as Mr. Dantry."

At the sound of the name Dantry, which was his name too, the little boy was more puzzled than ever, because the Mr. Dantry who was his father had been dead for years. He must have been, he thought, a friend of Aunt Nancy and that was why she was crying for him.

In the midst of his thoughts, the lady said, "Why don't you go over and play with Jean, Madame Shane's little boy? Take your hoop and run along." He ran quickly across the grass, because that was what he had been wanting to do.

But when he got to the strange little boy he stopped running and became shy, but the stranger said, "Hello," in a friendly way and asked him if he wanted to watch the goldfish and carp in the pond under the fountain.

They watched the goldfish and then the red-haired little boy, who spoke English with an accent, took him to the coach house, where there was a rabbit hutch filled with young rabbits which they fed with grass torn up from the garden. And then in the midst of his games he heard Bidda calling him, and when he ran to find her she and the lady were walking slowly up the path to the steps which led up to the gate.

At the gate the lady knelt again and hugged him till his breath was gone and kissed him in a way no one, not even Bidda, had ever kissed him before. As he and Bidda went through the gate he looked back and saw that she had slipped down into the middle of the path in her spotless white dress and was weeping, with her face buried in her hands.

He never saw her again and he remembered her always as she had been when she ran toward them out of the shadow of the chestnut trees, her dark eyes lighted by some mysterious excitement; and as he grew older the memory seemed to grow clearer, while she herself seemed to acquire a greater glamour. In spite of all that Bidda told him afterward, she had never been to him merely a comfortable aunt, but a romantic woman, unlike any other he had ever seen. Whenever he had asked Bidda to take him again to see Aunt Nancy and the red-headed boy, Bidda had said that she wasn't there any more, that she'd gone away, and that he was never to speak of her in front of Uncle Hector.

Long afterward, when he had become a grown man, he found the street again but it was much changed. Where there had been garden walls and chestnut trees there were high white apartment houses. The big house that turned so simple and unpretentious a back upon the street was still there, but he had not the courage to enter, and when he asked who lived in the house they told him it was an American woman called Madame de Cyon, who was once Madame Shane. She had lived there for nearly twenty years, so his aunt Nancy must have been staying with her.

When he thought of her now she still remained an unreal figure in an old-fashioned white muslin frock with tears in her black eyes. She couldn't be a

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person of real flesh and blood who would return into their midst, yet she must be that because there were lots of people who thought of her as scandalous and impure. They were people who said nasty things about her, and he remembered suddenly how when he had been younger he had overheard these things.

Even now he winced at the memory of them and wanted to cry out, "They aren't true. I know because I've seen her. I know what she is." But he couldn't do that because he would betray old Bidda and because people would only laugh at him and ask cynically, "How can you tell a woman is pure by looking at her?" And they would say other unbearable things, such as, "Probably she had a lover even then. Your father had been dead for years."

He kept telling himself over and over again that such things couldn't be true, and yet deep down in his heart there lurked always a terrible fear that they might be true. He told himself that such a woman couldn't be cheap and fast any more than a woman like Janie could be cheap and fast. You could tell good women from bad ones. The world was quite wrong about her. Tomorrow, when he saw her again, he'd try somehow to let her know how he had felt about her all these years.

But the fear wouldn't go away. It still stirred with life, despite all the arguments he rehearsed in order to kill it.

And all at once he began to hate his uncle Hector for the way he had treated his sister, and he knew suddenly that he'd always hated the old man, ever since he was old enough to understand him. If Uncle Hector had stood by his sister instead of shutting her out, everything would have been different.

He thought of the old man sitting at home alone and the picture raised no feeling of affection. It annoyed him that Uncle Hector was old and ill and lonely. The memory of the old man saying, "I'm simply tired. Don't fuss over me," when his whole body and his eyes were crying out, "Stay with me. I'm alone and ill," filled him with irritation instead of pity.

He knew what Old Hector wanted and he was angry at him because his own conscience troubled him. He told himself that Old Hector was selfish and piggish and did malicious things, because it made the old man's illness and loneliness seem a just punishment instead of a tragedy.

And then, softening a little, Philip thought, "I ought to go to him and say, 'I know you're ill. Tell me about it and I'll do what I can. Talk to me.'" But he knew that such a thing was impossible, because in all the years they had lived together there had never been any intimacy between them.

He told himself as he walked that his duty lay behind him and that he ought to be at home, talking and talking about Melbourn and Mrs. Wintringham, Jim and Fanny Towner; morbidly and maliciously prying into their lives as the old man loved to do. But he knew that he could not have stayed.

He could not even now turn back; not even if he had known for certain that when he returned he would find the old man dead. He *had* to see Janie.

Just before him he saw suddenly the blurred lights above his head melt into the words, "Rosa's Place," and he thought suddenly of Rosa Dugan, and of himself and Janie listening to her sing. Beyond the sign another and larger blur of lights melted into the words, "Bryant Theater."

He saw that after all he had arrived at the theater too soon. There were still people standing beneath the marquee of

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the theater signaling desperately for taxicabs or trying to discover where their motors had been lost in the blizzard.

He looked into the window of a jeweler's shop and saw by the clock that it was long after midnight. If the play had lasted as long as this it must have been a great success. Doubtless, he told himself, with a sinking heart, they had been calling her again and again before the curtain.

He could not wait standing outside the theater, so he turned in at the covered alleyway that led back to the light above the sign, "Stage door." As he neared the door he saw two men and a woman come out. The woman he recognized as a well-known actress. With her was a critic who always praised extravagantly whatever she did and another man he had met once and did not remember by name.

Passing them, he felt shy as he always felt in the presence of such people, but he listened to what they were saying, hoping that it might give him some clue to what had happened inside the theater; but already they had forgotten what had happened and were talking of something else. They passed him and he entered the door.

Inside, he found himself lost for a moment in the darkness and surrounded by a crush of people. Among them he recognized an actress called Mary Millotts, who was a friend of Janie and had a small part. She was already dressed for the street. She was receiving congratulations from the friends who surrounded her. He nodded to her almost without knowing what he was doing.

And then in a corner talking to the fireman he discovered a young actor he knew. The man left the fireman and came over to him. He was grinning and pleased, and Philip knew with apprehension what he was going to say. He forced himself to ask, "Well, how did it go?"

"It couldn't have been better. Janie was the greatest success of all."

Philip tried to say, "Splendid!" But he only felt his face stiffen and turned away without speaking.

Pushing his way through the crowd, he went toward her dressing room. The doorway and the room were filled with people, most of them strangers to him and belonging to the side of Janie's life which always roused his jealousy. He told himself that they were pressing forward to greet her now that she had had a triumph, and he hated them for being there because he wanted no one to possess her but himself, even in the smallest degree.

He forced himself to the threshold and suddenly he saw her. She had not had time to remove her make-up and she still wore a dressing gown of scarlet which set off magnificently the black ringlets that covered her small head.

She looked tired, but she was smiling at all those curious faces pressed about her. It struck him again that she was like Aunt Nancy. She had the same white clear skin; the same beautiful hair and dark burning eyes.

Then she saw him and called out, "Hello, Philip. Wait for me. As soon as I can get dressed I'll be with you." And he blushed as if all the others saw in his face the love that had taken possession of his mind and his body. She gave him a kind of special smile which tormented him because he could not know whether it was meant for him or was simply a smile of satisfaction in her triumph.

He left them, proud that all the others should know it was he whom this radiant creature was awaiting. It was utterly fantastic and impossible that she should find any interest in such a dull fellow.

He went into a far corner of the stage, and finding a kind of cavern behind a large artificial rock, he hid himself to wait until the others had gone.

In the May Installment of Louis Bromfield's swiftly moving novel the love affair between Fanny Towner and Melbourn reaches a dramatic climax

A Mansion for Monkeys *(Continued from page 69)*

original forbear, and by that we are related. They are, in fact, of all animals most like us. In some things they are superior to us.

"They possess certain powers—you might call them psychic—such as most human beings do not possess. They have an apprehension of distant or impending danger. They can tell instantly if a person likes them or feels an aversion.

"They have a gift—I call it a 'vision of death'—by which they are at once made aware of the death of relatives or companions, even at a far distance. I have observed proofs of this running through many years. It would seem, by what I have witnessed many times, that their spirits return after death and manifest themselves to their loved ones."

Fantastic? Bear in mind that these are the conclusions of a woman who has to her credit the most continuously complete study of these animals that has ever been made, and whose biological and psychological findings have won the approbation of some of the outstanding scientists of her generation.

The first time Señora Abreu observed evidence of the power of these animals to foretell their own death and to learn clairvoyantly of the death of another was in Cambo-les-Bains, France, in the spring of 1915.

In September, 1914, Señora Abreu's female chimpanzee, Cucusa, gave birth to Anuma, the first chimpanzee ever born in captivity in the western hemisphere. Shortly thereafter Señora Abreu learned that her two sons, who had been living in France for years, had enlisted, and that her daughter had taken charge of a hospital. Pierre was at the front and Juan was in the aviation corps. Torn with anxiety, the mother determined to take the first ship to France.

The baby chimpanzee was only a few weeks old. "I could not have rested content thinking they were here in Cuba with no one to give them the proper care," *la señora* told me. She booked her passage and arranged for the transportation of the chimpanzee mother, Cucusa, the tiny son and the father Jimmie. The animals bore the voyage without difficulty.

After visiting her daughter and her sons, Señora Abreu, with her pets, went to visit her sister in southern France.

The spring of that year was cold and rainy, and Cucusa developed pneumonia. The house in which the mother and baby chimpanzee were sheltered was at one end of the vast grounds; that of Jimmie at the other.

"I was with Cucusa most of the time," said Señora Abreu. "One night, shortly before midnight, she came over to me and took my head between her two hands and kissed my forehead. I shall never forget the expression on her face. She saw that death was coming and was saying good-by. Leaving me, she crept into her bed and soon passed away."

Within a half-minute—or less—the male chimpanzee, at the opposite end of the grounds, gave voice to a shudderingly long wail, followed by scream after scream—a lamentation that continued throughout the night.

What was even stranger, as Señora Abreu learned when she returned to Havana, was that the chimpanzees on her estate set up their eldritch dirge within the very hour Cucusa died in France, thousands of miles away. How did they know?

That these animals have a premonition of their own death, and that they become almost immediately aware of the death of companions, Señora Abreu declared she has established many times. When a death occurs the other chimpanzees know it almost instantly. One sets up a peculiar lament, which passes on to another, until all join in a funereal chorus.

This *Miserere* of the apes is seldom voiced except in the case of relatives or known companions. One instance was exceptional. An ape which Señora Abreu had purchased abroad died at sea. About the time this stranger to the apes at Quinta Palatino died, as Señora Abreu ascertained, the animals in Havana set up their mournful cry.

In the case of Jimmie, Señora Abreu has authenticated a dozen instances where he not only showed cognizance of a death by setting up his cry but apparently beheld a supernatural visitation. Señora Abreu is quite convinced these animals are endowed with a gift of seeing over the borderland. "Their spirits do come back."

That they have an articulate primitive speech of their own—what we might call specific words by which they communicate ideas—has been ascertained by many scientists, among them the late Doctor Richard L. Garner.

By what Señora Abreu has observed they also possess a faculty of sensing distant happenings and of communicating with one another through some form of telepathy. If an accident occurs, if one of their number escapes, if a stranger enters the gates, an animal that is far from the scene often is suddenly made aware of the fact. He will then set up a cry never used under other circumstances, by which all the others will be apprised of what has happened. They possess inexplicable powers of apprehending danger, when they always warn their companions.

How do they do this? By instinct? By clairvoyance or some other occult power? "I have no explanation," says *la señora*. "I can tell only what I have seen."

Señora Abreu insists her chimpanzees understand every word she says in Spanish and some in English, into which she breaks by habit in speaking with them. They certainly do. I am inclined to feel they read what's in her mind.

Pausing before a cage in which a female still nursed her two-year-old child, *la señora* shook her head, chiding: "My dear, you should clean your baby's nose."

The mother promptly reached for Señora Abreu's handkerchief. Meticulously she wiped her offspring's nose. Then she returned the handkerchief,

looking up expectantly for approbation.

Another female was sitting on a chair, one leg over a knee. "For shame!" remarked *la señora*. "Ladies do not cross their legs." Abashed, the chimpanzee at once removed the offending member and sat in an attitude of ladylike dignity.

Señora Abreu noticed that a piece of iron had been wrenched from the door of a cage. Without glancing at the chimpanzee inside, she called to a keeper: "You should not leave such things inside the cages. In their play they might put out an eye with it or throw it at some companions."

"Very well, Señora. I'll get the key to the cage at once." As the keeper turned away, the chimpanzee pointed to the piece of iron, picked it up and threw it between the bars.

"Some time ago I noticed some strands of wire were missing from the wall of a cage," Señora Abreu told me. "Turning to a friend who was with me, I remarked I must locate those pieces, or the animal would be grabbing anything outside that he could.

"The animal listened intently. Slipping to the back of the cage, he extracted the strands of wire from a place of concealment. With a guilty look, he handed them to me, his gaze imploring forgiveness."

Señora Abreu cited many other instances of these animals' understanding.

"On what do you base your conclusion that the ape could not be man's ancestor?" I asked.

"On this: Human beings of different races and nationalities mate and reproduce their kind. Apes and monkeys of different varieties and places of origin practically never do. Even animals of the same family, if born in different regions, will not 'marry.'

"I have in the course of many years made many experiments in trying to breed hybrids, to bring together those of different species, and those of the same species but of different places of birth. Among the apes it is absolutely impossible. Among monkeys only once in thirty years did we succeed in mating a couple of different families, and in that case the baby died soon after birth.

"If the gulf between these animals themselves is so vast, if there is such a biological antipathy between those of only a geographical difference of origin, how could they have produced man? This has demonstrated to me there could have been no evolution of man from these animals.

"See that monkey there?" Señora Abreu pointed to a female of demure appearance. "She killed one husband in resisting his advances. Another monkey, which we had selected as a mate, she drove to suicide."

La señora regarded the mild-looking murderess sadly. The lady's second suitor, a Peruvian monkey, had fallen violently in love at first sight.

To the passionate wooings of the Peruvian, this foreign lady was utterly unresponsive. When the male found she ignored him, he lay on the floor, refusing all food, looking up at the cruel siren with beseeching eyes. In a month he died, of deliberate starvation and a broken heart.

Shortly afterward Señora Abreu bought a monkey of the same family and place of birth as those of that "hard-hearted Hannah."

"As soon as we put him into her cage she leaped forward and welcomed the stranger gladly. It was love at first sight with her. She literally threw herself at him. And she would look at me with gratitude as if she wanted to say, 'Thank you,' for what I had done."

That marriage—shall we say of soul mates?—proved lastingly happy.

"That again demonstrated that these animals have an instinct by which they recognize one fitted to be a mate. They have decided preferences and unconquerable antipathies. If you cannot bridge the differences between apes and monkeys of different species and alien places of birth, you may gauge the gap between the ape and man.

"We may be related, but we are not descendants. The origin of men?" *La señora* raised her hands expressively. "Who knows? Nevertheless, the higher apes have much to teach us about life and about ourselves."

What, in the course of her long studies, had Señora Abreu observed that was most striking and significant in the apes' resemblances to humankind?

Señora Abreu ascertained that the period of gestation with the ape is the same as that with the human: namely, nine months. The period of infantile growth up to one year or more matches that of the human baby; like human beings they develop slowly from four to five and rapidly through the adolescent period from five to ten. At the age of ten a male chimpanzee has the physical development of a boy of from twelve to fourteen, but its powers of communication barely equal those of a child of two.

Aside from their similarities to man in the power to walk erect or semi-erect, their five toes and five fingers, their faculties of vocal communication, their caricatured facial resemblance and the anatomy of their brain, Señora Abreu has determined that they do "think things out." Her experiments and observations have established the fact that they enjoy a long memory, possibly imagination, inventiveness and resourcefulness in meeting emergencies.

The rattling of chains in a cage early one morning attracted a keeper. Arriving there, he saw Monona, a pregnant chimpanzee, tugging at her fetters. By that, and by her pleading expression, she indicated her desire to be free.

The attendant realized she had some purpose in mind and released her. He went about his business; when he returned some time later he found the chimpanzee had just given birth to an infant. It lay on the floor, apparently dead. Rushing to the palace, the keeper summoned Señora Abreu.

When *la señora*, interrupted at her breakfast, arrived at the cage, she was confounded by what she saw the mother doing. The mother had the baby's two arms in her hands and was working them up and down in the manner we do in trying to revive the drowned. At the same time she had got hold of the infant's tongue with her lips, and with the tongue securely held was breathing into the little one's mouth. Señora Abreu, perplexed, watched breathlessly.

Some time elapsed. Suddenly the tiny body quivered. It began to breathe. The lower limbs moved. Then the mother carefully cleaned her baby with her tongue, and took it into her arms to nurse. That baby, miraculously brought back from death, lived to become a fine and healthy adult female.

That chimpanzee mother actually resuscitated an infant to all appearances born dead. Certainly what she did, as Señora Abreu remarked, revealed an instinct or reasoning intelligence one might look for in vain in a similar emergency among inexperienced human mothers.

Uncannily like human beings in their emotions as outwardly expressed, the chimpanzees show affection, sympathy for suffering, generosity, happiness, grief, jealousy and anger.

"But their better emotions prevail over the worse." *La señora* insists they have many of the virtues of mankind, and fewer of the failings that make for unhappiness and tragedy in human life.

These animals' sense of justice is most discerning. If punishment is deserved, they accept it and profit by it. If undeserved, they retaliate often in long-contemplated reprisals. While I was walking through the palm-bowered lanes I saw a male chimpanzee bring down an arm through the bars of its cage in a gesture of lightning quickness, and fell a man who had come too close.

"See that!" exclaimed *la señora*, and she told me that a few weeks before this man, in a spirit of play, had put between the lips of the animal—which was fond of tobacco—the lighted end of a cigar. That animal remembered!

Comparatively few cases of revenge are on record at Quinta Palatino. *La señora* insists these animals will attack a person violently only if scared or abused. A few years ago a keeper entered the cage of an orang-utan and gave it a blow. The orang-utan whirled on the man and knocked him down.

Regaining his feet, the keeper began to beat the orang-utan.

Suddenly the animal turned on the man, breaking its chain. Its tormentor fled; the orang followed. Into the palace ran the terrified keeper, and after him the beast, howling with murderous rage.

From the height of her winding marble stairway Señora Abreu heard the man's desperate cries for help. Rushing to assist, she saw the keeper in the grip of the beast, which was choking him to death.

Fearlessly Señora Abreu tried to unloose the animal's hold; it turned on her and dragged her down the steps. "I thought it was my last moment. I prayed to God to help me." On the way down she managed to grasp the dragging chain. At once, as if the animal suddenly realized whose voice was calling to it, it stopped, looked around and crouched to the floor. Then Señora Abreu led the cowed and submissive orang to its cage.

I saw this same animal, of enormous size, sitting in its cage with its arm around the shoulders of a young boy who had won its affection by kindness.

Although Señora Abreu loves her pets and tries in every way to make them happy, her kindness allows no weakness or laxity. She maintains an intelligent, just and inflexible discipline over them.

These animals are like children: if they see a person is timid or uncertain they will assume an aggressive attitude. They are quick to take advantage of indecision or fear. If they see they have mastery, the case is hopeless. But like children, too, they respect courage and bow to authority.

Señora Abreu's unexampled success in commanding their confidence and obedience, and in maintaining them in health and contentment, lies not only in her meticulous scientific care but in the affection she lavishes upon them and in her fearlessness in doing what is best for their welfare.

Daily she faces dangers that would daunt most men. When there is trouble, fights, domestic ructions, tantrums—they have their bad days—she refuses to let the keepers enter the cages, but goes in herself.

That she has no fear the animals recognize. Her presence among them,

Even if your teeth are

HARD TO WHITEN

. . . This special tooth paste safely restores their natural **WHITENESS** *and* **BRILLIANCY**

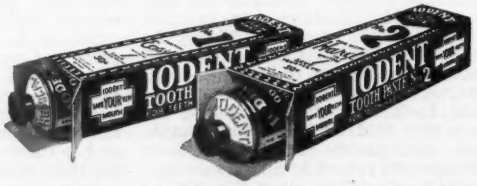
After using Iodent No. 2, expect a sparkle, a whiteness and a natural gem-like lustre that your teeth have not flashed for years.

Iodent No. 2 possesses no secret nor artificial magic. Its ingredients are well known—and regularly used—by the Dental profession—and exactly for that reason—and because its texture is right, you will almost see the smoke stains vanish as you brush, and the stubborn tartar tints disappear.

It makes teeth *clean* because it has body enough to *cling* 'til it *cleans*—(you can't do the job with froth). And it sparkles refreshingly in the mouth—with a tang and flavor that you'll like in the morning.

IODENT CHEMICAL COMPANY
IODENT BLDG. · · DETROIT

IODENT No. 1
for Teeth Easy to Whiten, also ideally adapted for Children's Tiny Teeth and Tender Gums.



IODENT *NO.* 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

her brief but unmistakable orders at once command subjection from beasts that could tear her to pieces.

It was only after Señora Abreu's children had grown up and were living in France that there came what the Havanese call "this monkey business." It began with the purchase in southern France of a female macaque monkey which won Señora Abreu's heart. In Philadelphia she next acquired a five-year-old chimpanzee. With those animals began the collection which has grown to such proportions.

As a background for the apes Señora Abreu filled her palace with macaws, parrots, canaries, peafowl, turkeys, eagles, Japanese roosters with ten-foot tails, deer, bear, rabbits, an alligator and dogs—dogs representing all the nations. As the animals multiplied Señora Abreu's social intercourse and interests lessened.

Her friends did not take kindly to this ostracism for animals. Some fifteen years ago, a woman, with honeyed irony, exclaimed:

"My dear Rosalia, you have so many pets! How on earth did you ever happen to forget an *elephant?*"

Señora Abreu looked up. "You are right, my dear." She smiled disarmingly. "I shall go after one at once."

She did. Within a few days she took passage for India. Her return was by way of circumnavigating the globe. She brought Jumbito, a small elephant, with her. For Jumbito she built a swimming pool covering an acre of ground, surrounded by trees and vegetation especially imported from India so that her pet might feel at home.

I was told of an astonishing odyssey of the lady. She was planning a trip to Europe. The thought of leaving the elephant in the care of paid attendants was insufferable. So she had a special compartment built on a ship and took the elephant with her!

Yet Señora Abreu is not a misanthrope. She told me she had always regarded merely social life as futile. Out of her fondness for animals developed a serious desire for knowledge, and thence sprang the prolonged experiments and observations which have won such tributes from leaders of science.

So important did her hobby come to be regarded that in 1924 the Carnegie Institution, of Washington, D. C., sent to Cuba a special commission to make a detailed report of her observations and conclusions. Robert M. Yerkes, professor of psychology at Yale University, the head of the commission, accorded Rosalia Abreu the tribute of having to her credit "the greatest anthropological experiment ever made."

Señora Abreu has been criticized widely in Havana for the large amounts spent "in keeping animals in luxury." They are waited upon by eighteen attendants, denied nothing they desire, and are cared for by nurses and costly doctors in their illness.

Often pictured as deaf to the call of human want, giving her animals tons of costly food while the national asylum is overcrowded and there are orphans and poor crying to be fed, Señora Abreu, I was informed, has secretly given away many thousands for the relief of the sick, aged and destitute. She supports four hundred and fifty orphans in Havana and Santa Clara and maintains a number of primary and normal training schools in which poor children are taught to be self-supporting.

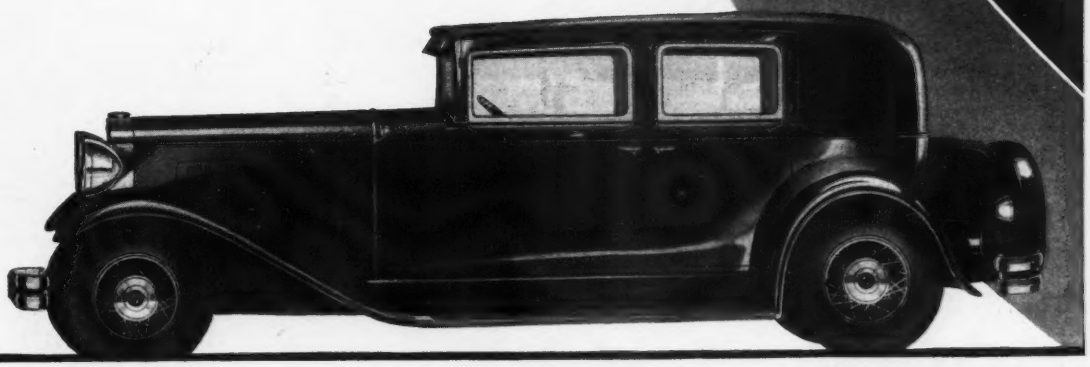
We were standing on the lawn outside her palace, its walls, battlements and towers roseately glowing in the setting sun. The fronded crests of the royal palms took on a rubied sheen. The pools

1930 NASH "400"

TWIN-IGNITION EIGHT

TWIN-IGNITION SIX

..... SINGLE SIX

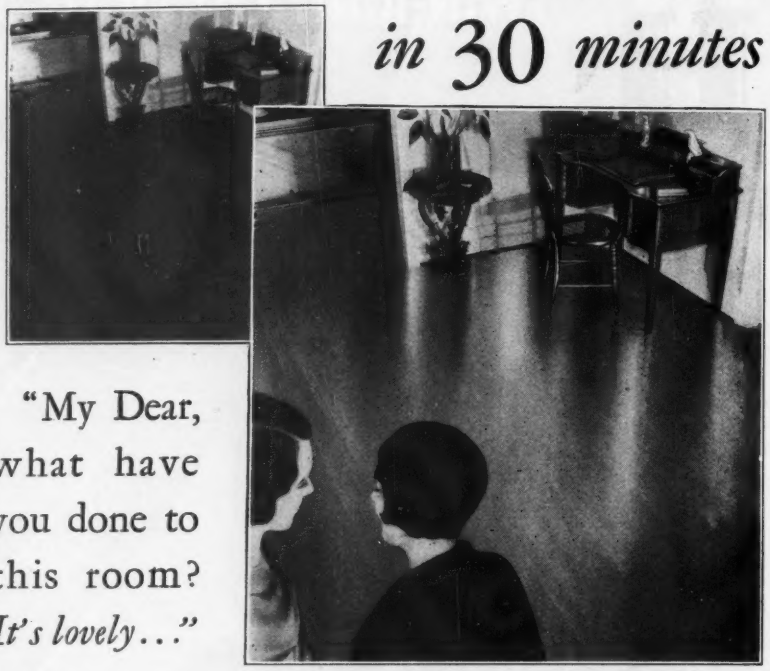


NEW "400" FEATURES ASSURE *"SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE!"*

THE performance of the new 1930 Nash "400's" is so obviously superior you will know it instantly. ¶ Notice the powerful smoothness of "400" acceleration. The new 9-bearing, Twin-Ignition Eight motor and 7-bearing, Twin-Ignition Six and Single Six motors all provide a new and superior type of power for the modern motor car. ¶ Notice also the wealth of other new "400" features—centralized chassis lubrication, for convenience and a long-lived chassis; built-in, automatic radiator shutters, for increased motor efficiency in all weathers; flexible steel spring covers with sealed-in, lifetime lubrication, for quiet, easy spring action; self-energizing 4-wheel brakes, for easier, more positive braking control; improved steering design; and Duplate non-shatterable plate glass in all Twin-Ignition Eight models, for safety. ¶ Don't think of deciding on your new car until you sit at the wheel of a 1930 Nash "400".

(1565)

Dull floors look *New* *in 30 minutes*



"My Dear, what have you done to this room? *It's lovely...*"

NOW clever women — taking their cue from famous interior decorators — know the wonderful secret that achieves a charming interior with a very small expenditure of time and money.

Every floor — every piece of furniture — glistens with a wonderful sheen, so utterly hard that it is impervious to scratches, heel-marks, and children's rompings.

There's only one polish that brings such a perfect surface. That is Old English Wax.

As easy to apply as mere sweeping. When you surface floors and furniture with Old English Wax you adorn your home with a charm and beauty that lasts . . . A slight retouching of the busier spots every two or three weeks keeps this gleaming finish in perfect condition.

And you'll discover to your delight that housecleaning is easier. For dirt and dust slide over a floor waxed with Old English Wax. There's no sticky, dirt-catching grease.

Let Old English Wax bring new beauty to your home. Put it on all floors whether varnished, shellaced or painted; put it on furniture. Demand Old English Wax — for it contains a higher percentage of the finest imported Carnauba Wax which insures satisfactory results.

Remember! Thirty minutes with a small can of Old English Wax will double the beauty of any room in your house. Try it!

You can get Old English Wax at any hardware, paint, drug, grocery or department store. Made by The A. S. Boyle Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

Old English Wax

PASTE OR LIQUID POLISH

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

makes left-overs as tasty as the choice cuts. Hash, meat balls, hamburgers, fish cakes, stews and soups, are delightfully appetizing with this fine seasoning. Use a tablespoon for 4 portions of

BEEF HASH

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COSMOPOLITAN TRAVEL SERVICE

Correct information and complete literature on any trip—Europe, Canada, the West—anywhere.

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Clear-Tone Clears the Skin

Clear-Tone is a penetrating, purifying lotion, used at night with astounding success to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, blackheads and other annoying, unsightly skin irritations due to external causes. Many thousands in the last twelve years have found relief by the use of Clear-Tone. "Complexion Tragedies with Happy Endings", filled with facts supplied by Clear-Tone users sent Free on request. Clear-Tone can be had at your druggist—or direct from us. Givens Chemical Co., 2559 Southwest Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo.

and spuming fountains were sparkling wine. It was the hour of sunset: magic was in the air.

To her animals—mainly the chimpanzees, which are sensitive to exposure—Señora Abreu has turned over as sleeping quarters the entire upper floor of her palace. It was impressive to see the line of animals, happiness and content beaming from their faces, being led by keepers across the lawns and up into the marble halls of a hostelry such as few of us can afford. They are put to bed between four and seven P. M., for, as with children, Señora Abreu believes "early to bed and early to rise makes a chimpanzee healthy, happy and wise."

"Madam," I said in parting, "I must thank you for a most fascinating adventure." I asked her whether she would accept a copy of a book of mine as an expression of appreciation.

La señora's eyes twinkled. "Give it to someone who'd read it. I never read books. Read romance? I wonder what romance you could write that I haven't lived. Life is more strange than books, *si, si! Adiós, señor.*"

Turning from me, she waved her hands to the grinning, gibbering procession of apes. *"Buenas noches! Cara mia! Caro mio! Hasta otra mañana!* Good night, my dears. Until tomorrow."

A little woman, mistress and ruler of a near-human animal realm at once the most fascinating and gruesome on earth!

A personality of outlandish eccentricities, the subject of extravagant conjectures and canards among her own people, she has yet been the friend and confidante of some of the greatest scientists of the earth. To me she is still an enigma, baffling in many things; yet most humanly appealing—simple and sincere—in the bigness of her heart and the greatness of her all-embracing love for the beings of her weird kingdom in whose lives she finds so much to teach humankind.

I recall her standing there waving her hands, strange sovereign bidding her stranger subjects good night, a frail dark figure—witchlike and Circe-like—before her fantastic castle.

4 New Fables

(*Continued from page 23*)

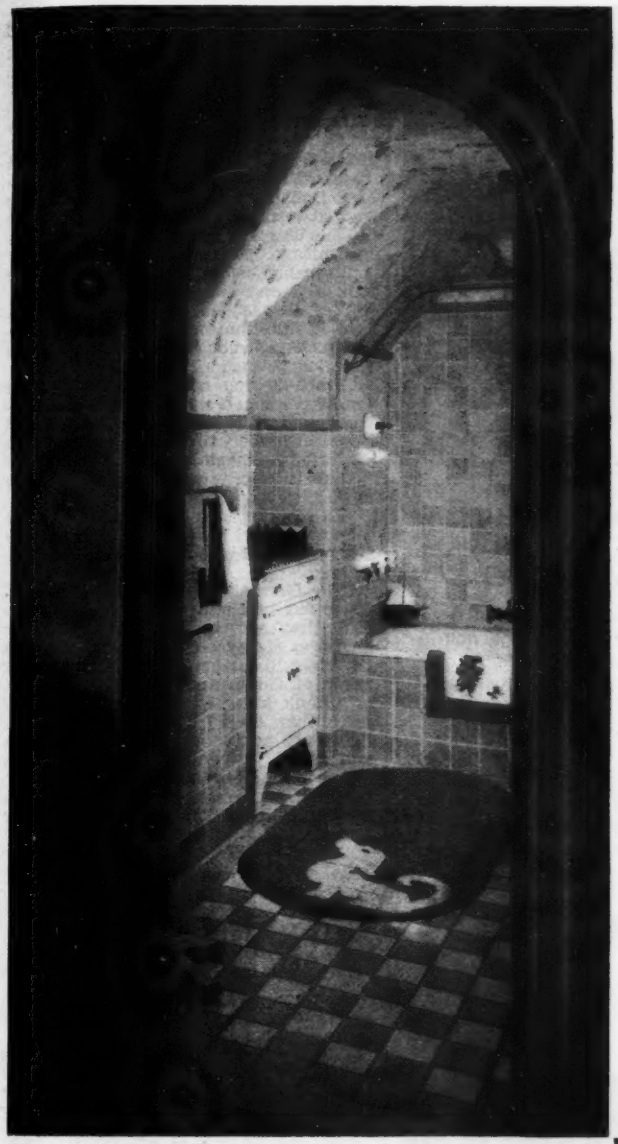
convicted of Perjury, because every Liar backs up every other Liar."

MORAL: Distance lends Enlargement to the View.

The Fable *of the* Post-War Heroes *who* Went Over *the* Top

Once two grizzled Buddies were seated in a Den before a cheerful Fire. Enveloping them was a composite Aroma suggesting the Spices of Araby, Arnica, Creosote, Chloroform, Household Ammonia, Dill Pickles, Carbonic Acid and Formaldehyde. In other words the Boys were splitting a Bottle of Scotch.

"Well, sir," said Al, as he wiped off some that was already beginning to fight its way out of the Capillaries, "they tell me that all of it is Phony. They make up a lot of Pre-War one afternoon in a Dark Room back of a Garage and deliver it next morning, all done up in Government Labels and covered with Dust. The only Thing they have to be careful about



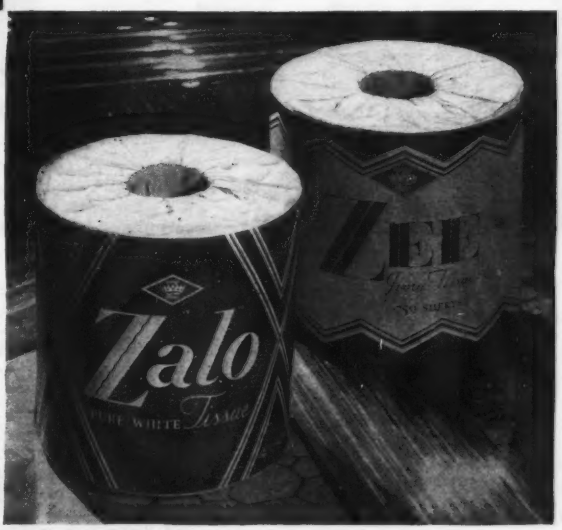
Creamy pink tiles mixed with blue... a ceiling of soap bubbles makes a bath to dream about! This one is real, and it belongs to a real young man, aged four, who sails a boat in his tub. You would find Zalo here, because it's safe enough for a baby's skin.

THE BATHROOM IS NO LONGER THE STEPCHILD OF THE HOUSE

Bathrooms once were humble rooms... satisfied with plainest equipment... bare, white walls... frigid tubs with Dachshund legs. Fixtures were chosen for service alone.

Those charmless days are past. Today gaiety... sweet imagination... thoughtful care for quality... glow in every appointment. One regularly hears a hostess say, "We are as proud of our bath as we are of our living-room."

"Women are learning to make bathrooms beautiful... exquisite down to the last detail," said a famous editor who watches the ways of her readers closely. Such women will welcome these two "fluffed" bathroom tissues! Like lovely bath linens, Zalo and Zee are an unassuming mark of quality.



ZEE "FLUFFED" IVORY TISSUE—*Zee is a soft, ivory tissue with 100 extra sheets on every roll. Most similar rolls give you 650 sheets... Zee gives 750. Now, break the gay wrapper and discover what exquisite softness... what firm, pleasant tissue... has been made at this low price. Notice, too, how carefully it has been rolled. Then, a tucked-in, dust-proof wrapper protects the pure tissue until it reaches your bathroom.* SINGLE ROLL, **10c**

ZALO "FLUFFED" WHITE TISSUE—*Zalo will amaze you by its snowy whiteness... please you with its suede-like softness. Crumple a tissue or two against your cheek. They feel like pliant cotton puffs... as genile as cold cream tissue. You'll find them firmer, more absorbent, too, because each sheet is "fluffed." That's why they can be so delicate without being flimsy or glazed. Single rolls of 1000 sheets, 15c each.* TWO ROLLS FOR **25c**

Both Zalo and Zee fit all standard projecting and recessed fixtures

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

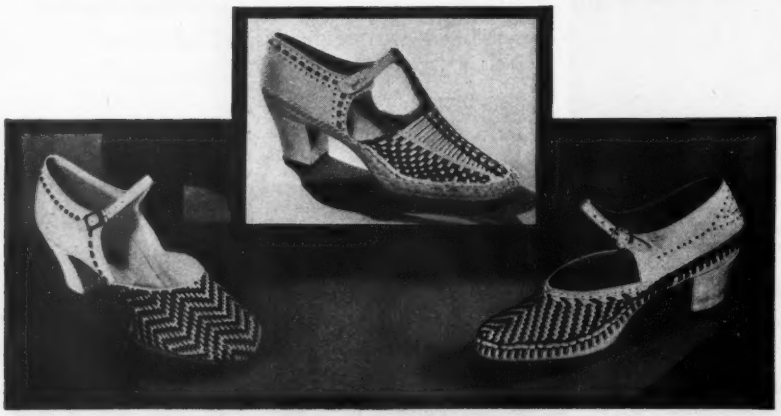
A-SANDALLING WE WILL GO

Smart young things who go swinging along with the newer conceits of the mode simply adore the gay new Deauville Sandals. They're charmingly nonchalant, gorgeously comfortable — and cool as cool can be. The height of flattering style with all the little details of hand-weaving that give them their obvious smartness.

A host of colors and patterns to make them feel at home in any ensemble. And they fit — how marvelously they fit! Widths AAA to C. Built on slender American lasts with narrow-fitting heels. You must see them! Both in the molded and regular sole models.

Sold at the better shops and departm nt stores everywhere. **If genuine, imported — the name "Deauville Sandals" is signed on the soles. Look for it.** For nearest dealer, write GOLO SLIPPER CO., 129 Duane Street, New York.

DEAUVILLE SANDALS



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Over 100,000 women use Lucille Young Beauty Methods. My fifteen years' experience justifies your confidence. Quickly, surely end pimples, blackheads, wrinkles, muddy skin, oily skin, freckles, coarse pores. Develop, reduce—any *part* of body, or entire body. Grow—*yes grow*—eyelashes, eyebrows. Make sparse hair luxuriant, dull hair bright. My beauty help differs because *scientific*. No pay if not delighted.

FREE TRIAL Send for unconditional *free trial* offer. No obligation. Two full weeks to *find out* by actual *use* of my beauty aids. Also free instruction in Fascination, how to win love. My book tells all. Just write, "send Free Trial Offer". *Write today.*

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EARAKINE STOPS EARACHE

Softens the wax. All drug stores, or by mail —50c. C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit, Michigan

is not to give it to the Customer while it is still warm."

"That was tough Luck about the Farmer in Illinois, wasn't it?" asked Ed. "He got a lot of homemade Shine with a Base of Sugar Alcohol, but it seemed to lack Authority, so he spiked it with Ether. He consumed about a Pint, to celebrate his Wife's Birthday, and it dissolved his Upper Plate and Two Hundred Dollars' worth of Bridge Work. He started to find a Dentist but went Blind on the Way and was found a week later in Chicago, singing at a Night Club."

"Probably before Prohibition he never took a Drop," suggested Al.

"Yes, it was one of those Cases. Before Prohibition he couldn't find Anything strong enough to give him a real Kick."

"Probably you read that Story about the Woman in Pennsylvania. Her husband had a Gunny Sack full of Old Bourbon under the Bed. She got an Ulcerated Stomach just from smelling it."

"Labels don't mean anything any more."

"I'll say they don't. I wouldn't believe a Scotch Label if it was autographed by Harry Lauder and certified by King George."

"The Germans are now making something out of Potato Peelings and Sawdust that can be laid down in Long Island at eighty cents a Gallon and One Gallon will make a Hundred Dollars' worth of Guaranteed Stuff."

"I don't know what we're coming to."

"Neither do I."

So they poured a couple of Wallopers and added just enough Water to break the Crust of Fusel Oil on top.

MORAL: To save the Younger Generation, destroy the Visible Supply of Temptation.

Tombarel's Past

(Continued from page 79)

days when a franc was really a franc, and took a good deal of earning. Another drop?"

The Abbé Cabassol covered his glass with a protesting hand—a good foot above it. *"Mais non.* I'm not in the habit—ah——" He was too late, for his glass was refilled to the brim.

"Yes, it's odd," said Tombarel, replenishing my glass and his own, "that she should have mentioned Frédéric. It existed long ago. Oh! in the far-off ages of Time. You"—to me—"didn't know Frédéric either. Only a foreigner now and then introduced by a Niçois ever was seen there.

"It was in a little side street by the market, and its windows were shielded from the vulgar gaze by poor little red curtains on a rail; and the room had no carpet, and the wooden chairs invited you to get up and rub yourself as soon as you had eaten. No attractions for Messieurs les Touristes, who, if they had poked their noses inside, would have thought it a *gargote* for cabmen and street-sweepers.

"But every day it was filled with the good substantial citizens of Nice. It was not cheap. On the other hand, it was not foolishly expensive. The good citizens of Nice love good cheer, but they count their sous. I who speak had to count my sous in those days.

"Aux Fruits de Mer. Specialties: *langoustes,* the little *langoustines,* sea crawfish which one calls *petites demoiselles de la Méditerranée, oursins,* mussels cooked in twenty ways, *poulpes*—you know what I mean, *cher ami?"*

I did. Octopus, most gracious food. "And, of course, *écrevisses*—though they are not fruits of the sea, but of the mountain streams—and then, the *bouillabaisse*. The *bouillabaisse* of the world. The *bouillabaisse* of Time. The *bouillabaisse* of Eternity. Ah, my friends! There were also dishes more solid. The *cassoulet* of Toulouse, and *tripes lyonnaises, gras-double lyonnais*—far better than I have tasted at the Chapon Fin of Lyons. It was the last dying sigh, the soul of the sacrificial ox that one ate then . . ."

Whereupon he waxed too lyrical for my prosaic memory. Frédéric's must have been a shrine of succulence.

"But, after all," said he at last, "it is Frédéric's *bouillabaisse* that makes him immortal. He must be serving it now to the angels. Do you happen to know, *mon cher curé*, whether there is a convenient, well-stocked sea in Paradise?"

"If a good Christian doesn't find in Paradise all that he desires," replied the Abbé Cabassol, "the church wouldn't have spent all these centuries in persuading him to go there."

Tombarel turned to me and laughed, and flicked his fingers towards the *curé*. "*Mon Dieu!* Why isn't he a cardinal?"

We laughed at the little joke. Tombarel went on with his tale of Frédéric the founder, *patron* and chef of the Sea Fruit Restaurant—long since defunct—in Nice, where, as a professional man, a land surveyor in moderate practice, Tombarel for some years ate his modest midday meal. That's all it really came to. He added a little but not unimportant detail.

Madame Frédéric—she and her husband, the proprietor of the restaurant, must have had a surname, but no one knew it—presided at the desk and made out the bills. She was large and blond, elaborately coiffured, black bombazine invested, and rigorously corseted. It was as impolite to enter a private house without shaking hands with your hostess as to enter, a familiar, Chez Frédéric without greeting Madame.

Now Tombarel was a familiar, and although he spent only a few francs a day in the restaurant, he was a client of consideration. He had a way of commanding consideration wherever he went.

So it happened that when he entered Aux Fruits de Mer one morning, sweeping his hat to Madame before surrendering it to the waiter who should hang it behind his accustomed chair, Madame beckoned him to the desk. Calamity had stricken the establishment. Monsieur Frédéric, who had never spent a day in bed in his life, had fallen victim to the prevalent influenza.

The *fille de cuisine* was doing the cooking, but what it would be like was known only to the *bon Dieu*. She craved Monsieur Tombarel's indulgence. Monsieur Tombarel replied in his large way that the stomach was not everything in life and that his heart was with poor Frédéric in his affliction.

"I sat down," said Tombarel. "The waiter came up. What did I want? There was *bouillabaisse* today—but—— I, thinking only of the sufferer upstairs, told him to bring me anything.

"He served me the *bouillabaisse*. But what a *bouillabaisse!* It was as good as any that Frédéric had set before me. In some respects better.

"It had a touch as if a sea nymph had herself distilled all the juices of all the fruits of the sea. The magic of the artist's touch! What is it that makes the wonder of Velásquez? Who can define it? The magical touch. *Voilà* . . . When the waiter had removed empty plate and empty dish and empty tureen, I rose and went up to the *patronne*.

On Nose.. Chin.. Forehead...

The three places you must watch constantly for conspicuous face pores

Shrink Large Pores *to fineness with this wonderful soap*

IT'S the close-ups of life that count! Don't let big pores on your nose, chin, forehead, make your skin unattractive at close range!

You can keep your face pores small and fine by daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for Woodbury's actually *shrinks large pores to fineness*. The first time you use Woodbury's you will notice its astringent action on your skin; you will feel how much finer and smoother, how much more penetrating it is than ordinary soaps.

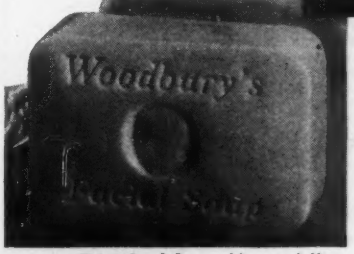
Formulated by a skin specialist who spent a lifetime studying the skin and its needs—Woodbury's makes lovely skin texture. It reduces the size of the pores by freeing them of hardened fatty substance that has caused them to enlarge. It contracts them to natural size and keeps them clean and active.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See what a wonderful improvement a few weeks' use will make!

Keep lovely skin texture by keeping your face pores small and fine!

To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

WOODBURY'S *is 25¢ a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.*



. . . Formulated by a skin specialist, WOODBURY'S *makes lovely skin texture*

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For the enclosed 10¢—please send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

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The time comes when you can't pull the gray hairs out

What are you to do then? Let them gray all your hair, and settle down into Heartbreak Age? You needn't. NOTOX will recolor your hair with such amazing naturalness that no one need ever know you use it unless you wish to tell them.

The nicest women use NOTOX. That "dyed" look, odious to nice women, is caused by dyes which plate the hair with color on the outside. Such dyes make the hair dull, coarse, and brittle. In contrast, NOTOX is undetectable because it deposits the color inside the hair shaft, leaving the hair as lustrous, fine and supple as ever. You can wash, wave and sun NOTOXED hair without affecting its permanence and naturalness... *The best hairdressers and beauty shops use Inecto Rapid NOTOX. You can buy it at beauty shops, department and drug stores, for use at home...* At the left is a series of cross-sections of hairs (as seen through a microscope) which demonstrate the NOTOX principle, a scientific achievement which has banished all prejudice against hair coloring.

A. A red hair, showing how nature distributes the color throughout the inner fibers of the hair.

B. A gray hair, colorless and drab because nature no longer implants pigment in the fibers within the hair covering.

C. A gray hair dyed with a "coating" dye. Notice the crust of dye which plates the gray hair with color — how different from nature's method.

D. A gray hair recolored with Notox. Notice that the Notox coloring is implanted throughout the inner fibers of the hair, with no thickening of the hair's supple covering — exactly as in the natural hair (marked A).

NOTOX

Colors hair inside as nature does

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To High School Graduates

THE leading hospitals throughout the country are paying more and more attention to the requirements of the student nurse. New nurses' homes are being built which emphasize attractive living quarters, gymnasiums, swimming pools and other features.

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Now is the time to send in your application before the fall training classes are filled. The announcements on page 14 will help you in finding a good school suited to your requirements. If you will fill out the coupon on page 8 we shall be glad to suggest several schools to you without obligation.

Cosmopolitan Education Department

57th Street at Eighth Avenue New York, N. Y.

"'Madame Frédéric,' said I, 'the *fille de cuisine* who prepared that *bouillabaisse* is an artist and a genius. There is nothing that breaks the hearts of artists like lack of recognition. Will you, therefore, send for her so that I can convey to her my compliments?'"

I pictured the scene. Tombarel, then upright, black-bearded, bright-eyed, a vast blue-and-white spotted tie outside his brown velvet jacket buttoned up to the neck, waiting at the service door by the side of the desk. The entrance of the kitchen-maid, hot, disheveled, blushing, while Tombarel in his Three Musketeers fashion bestowed on her his courtly encomium. The tiny stuffy restaurant with the fat and greasy citizens of Nice, the corners of their napkins stuck into their shirt collars, looking on in unamazed approval . . .

In this suddenly evoked picture of the past, I lost the coherence of Tombarel's words. I started at a pause and met the eyes of my venerable friend.

"And that," said he dramatically, "was my first meeting with Angélique."

Hereon inevitably followed the history of Angélique which Tombarel knew "like his pocket." It was gray enough, in its way, like that of any other peasant cook-maid in a little southern restaurant; but across it swept a scarlet jagged line or so that made it interesting.

Angélique was born at St. Laurent-du-Var, a townlet on the low-lying hills west of Nice. Her father was employed at a pottery works. Her mother died when she was very young. That she knew. Otherwise, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she 'spected she growed.

When the Great Potter flicked her father like a superfluous bit of clay from His wheel, Angélique was taken over by a distant relative, too distant even to be called aunt by courtesy—one Madame Frédéric—and put as a stout, useful, unsalaried member of the family into the kitchen of the restaurant, Aux Fruits de Mer. Here, as I have said, she learned to cook and made the transient acquaintance of Monsieur Tombarel.

Now, even into the close and understaffed kitchen of a little restaurant in a side street can romance penetrate. It was brought thither by Angélique herself, who had caught it from a plumber who lived close by. He had the reputation of a riotous liver. His family, honest folk, also came from St. Laurent-du-Var and knew of Angélique and the honorability of her estate. It was time that Lucien should range himself.

Angélique, enraptured by the swashbuckling young plumber, dreamed dreams which at first she felt could never come true. The good Madame Frédéric played fairy godmother and gave her a dowry of a thousand francs, equipped with which she was led first to the *mairie* and then to the altar by Lucien Gregorio.

Tombarel and one or two of the intimate customers of the Fruits de Mer attended the wedding. Tombarel gave her a wedding present, a brooch—a dear little fish in diamonds with a curly tail.

That was not the end of Angélique's fairy story. The curtain had only dropped on Act I. For though the pair were married, they were by no means destined to live happy forever after. Far from it.

What really happened to Angélique, the chuckling old woman who, before Tombarel began his story, had left me with the impression that she had flitted like a dragon fly through the palms and mimosas of the Azure Coast, in Acts II, III, IV and V, would have turned her, had she not been a sane and comprehensible Latin, into heaven knows what

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half-witted female dear to the semi-intellectuals who patronize our suburban stage. Angélique was in for elemental drama, and she came out of it smiling.

Of details of her married life neither Tombarel nor the *curé* knew very much. There was a child who died at birth. They hinted that it was Lucien's fault. For Lucien—incidentally a very bad plumber—soon confirmed his reputation of being a very bad man.

He drank—and a French drunkard, especially one of the Midi, is the worst possible kind of man; he threw away the proceeds of his inefficient plumbing on dismal gaming tables and on the fractional upkeep of Babylonic ladies, and beat the once-adoring Angélique into a mass of hatred and despair.

Then came along a *coiffeur*, a young and gallant fellow. In real life the hairdresser is a hard-working man, with the ideals and ideas and commonplace anxious motives of any other honest citizen. Louis Périssol was doing well at Monte Carlo. He had no evil yet fascinating reputation. He was solid gold. Gentle as a lamb.

"I will take you from hell to heaven," said he.

"Take me," said Angélique, and small blame to her.

And that was the curtain of Act II. In Act III we have the regulation triangular play in full emotional swing. The errant yet idyllic pair led a life of guilty comfort in Monte Carlo, while the betrayed and deserted husband, Lucien Gregorio, indifferent plumber and inconsiderable human being, worked himself up to the heights of tragic drama. The less he plumbed and the more he drank, the clearer did his image stand before him as that of a man of saintly honor stabbed to the soul by traitorous hands.

This, according to Tombarel, was the description given of him by his advocate at the trial. The wrong called for the vindication of that honor; for the vengeance of righteous wrath. So Lucien Gregorio sharpened a beast of a knife, took train to Monte Carlo, and lurked outside Périssol's shop until the betrayer should appear at the threshold to take the air.

In the dark of a late January afternoon, Louis Périssol emerged from his shop, and stopped to glance affectionately at the display in his window. Whereupon Lucien Gregorio jabbed his knife up to the hilt into his back and ran away. Unfortunately for him, after ten yards he ran into a couple of Monaco gendarmes who caught him literally redhanded. A passer-by had already stumbled over the body of Louis Périssol who lay stone-dead.

Cries, clamor, vociferation, what not, attracted Angélique from within to the shop door, where she was confronted with secular tragedy. A curtain for an act in any drama. So we come to Act IV.

I am aware I am giving you only what is called the scenario of the tragedy. But it was a commonplace drama of which the psychological web of motivation must be apparent to everybody. A hairdresser runs off with a plumber's wife. The plumber kills the hairdresser, and is tried for murder.

His advocate pleads as extenuating circumstances the justification of the virtuous and outraged husband. The prosecution extort from witnesses, including the wife, the revelation of the accused Gregorio as the obscene fellow he was.

Mercy based on the tradition of the betrayed husband prevailed. Lucien Gregorio was condemned to ten years' penal servitude. He faded out of Angélique's life into New Caledonia.

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But neither law nor newspapers nor public seemed to care a hang for the Woman Who Came Between, *videlicet* Angélique. There were so few people in the world who knew anything at all about her. Angélique Gregorio—a name in a murder case, a *crime passionel*—nothing in it to touch the imagination of any reader of newspapers.

Now it happened that at the time—we are still carrying on with Act IV—Tombarel was winding up his business as a land surveyor in Nice and preparing to settle down in his ancestral domain of vines and olives in Creille, of which town he had just been elected mayor. You may remember from what I have told you that he was a man of artistic tastes, of mildly scholastic habits, of trivial but comfortable fortune augmented by his professional savings, and, above all, of an old-world aristocrat's patriarchal instincts.

He loathed his profession of land surveying into which he had drifted, melancholy after having beaten at the Beaux Arts doors of architecture in vain. To plot out, with chain measure and theodolite, land on which others should rear proud palaces, or red-roofed homes that would dream in the blue air of the south, became an intolerable pursuit.

Besides, his professional life was passed in rasping contact with syndicates or individuals with the tin hides of syndicates who thought of nothing except in terms of money; who regarded him, Tombarel, as a mere mechanical measurer; who hadn't the remotest appreciation of the fact that his great-something-grandfather, sent to the scaffold during the Revolution, was a *vidame* of Gascony—that it was only personal pride and scorn of Napoleonic, Royalist and Republican snobbery that made him drop from his name the particle of authentic nobility, the "de" of de Tombarel!

He was born in Creille, as were his father and grandfather before him—according to the great migration of French families after the Revolution, in this case from Gascony to Provence. The roots of his being were in Creille. There he had almost feudal rights. As newly appointed mayor he was confirmed in them. He sold his surveying practice.

One day, his head whirling with essential change, he entered the restaurant, Aux Fruits de Mer. He gave, as usual, his cockleshell-clasped cloak and his soft hat to a dingy servitor, bowed to Madame Frédéric and, at an appealing gesture from her, approached the desk.

She upbraided him. It was long, she said, since she had seen him. He explained his absence. The sordid commercial business of Nice, the new municipal cares of Creille. For a fortnight he had eaten heaven knew where.

"*Mais enfin*, Monsieur Tombarel," said Madame Frédéric, "you know what has happened?"

No. Tombarel had not heard of any extraordinary happening.

But the great case, of which the papers were full, urged Madame Frédéric. Hadn't he read about it? The murder—a *crime passionel*—of the Monte Carlo *coiffeur*, Périssol?

Ah, yes. Tombarel had read about it. But in what way did it concern Madame Frédéric?

Then, of course, the dramatic revelation. The woman in question was Angélique, to whom Tombarel had given a wedding present of a diamond fish in memory of her *bouillabaisse*, and whose wedding he had attended.

"*Mon Dieu!*" and all kinds of other things, said Tombarel. He had taken little notice of the names. *Tiens! La pauvre petite!* And to think there was

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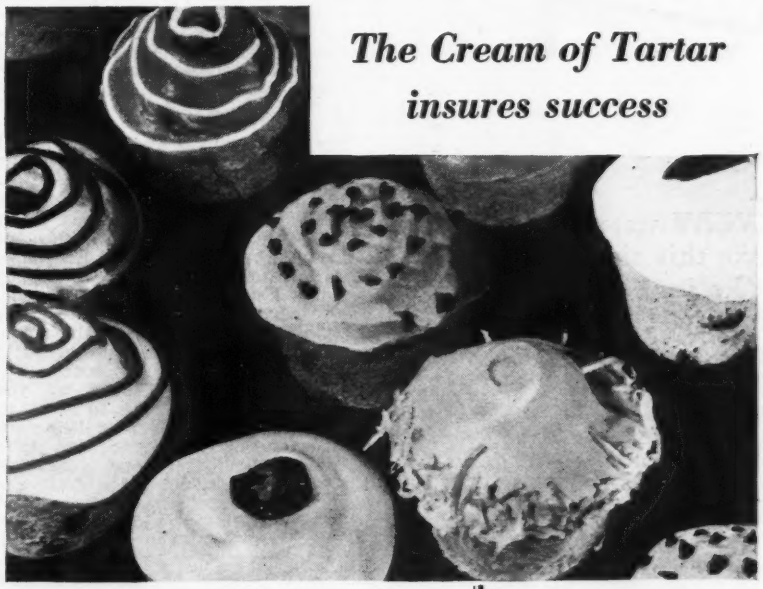

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a man who could beat and deceive and make existence a torment for a woman who cooked like that! Ten years! Where was Justice in France? Even decapitation would have been a punishment too merciful. And where was poor Angélique?

She was there, in the house, hiding from public shame.

"What's going to become of her?"

Madame Frédéric shrugged in piteous appeal to the Almighty. He alone knew. There was another chef now under Frédéric in the kitchen and they couldn't discharge him even if Angélique cared to resume her old functions. And naturally they couldn't afford to keep Angélique in idleness. She must work. But where? What respectable patron would employ her with such a history behind her?

"My friends," said Tombarel, "I had then one of those inspirations——"

"Which come from the *bon Dieu,*" interjected the *curé,* with uplifted hands.

"You are right. Which come direct from heaven. Here was I on the point of installing myself here, not as a little landowner making picnic for a day or two at a time, but as Mayor of Creille. I must have an establishment. To throw an inspired cook like that to the unappreciating wolves of a hard world would be flying in the face of Providence.

"I said: 'Madame Frédéric, will you tell Angélique that I wish to speak to her?' She took me into the little dark salon at the head of the kitchen stairs where the family ate and lived, and there it was that I interviewed the rag of a young woman that was Angélique."

I can hear him saying in that stuffy little room: "Will you cast care and shame behind you, and come into a fairyland where you're not known, and be the housekeeper and maker of *bouillabaisse* to the Mayor of Creille?"

She kneels. Tears of gratitude. A convincing curtain for Act IV.

"Yes," said the Abbé Cabassol. "You never have had to regret it. A fine woman if ever there was one."

"And a good Catholic, I hope," said Tombarel, "although she boasts to Fontenay that she has committed beautiful sins you never heard of."

The *curé* smiled. "I have heard enough to go on with. *C'est une brave femme.*"

"What about the burglary?" I asked.

Tombarel cast an appealing glance at the *curé.* "And here am I, exhausting myself in telling him all about it."

I laughed and, as usual, let Tombarel tell his story in his own way. The burglary, it seems, occurred many years after Angélique's installation as housekeeper to the Mayor of Creille. During those years she commanded the respect of the town. In the market, whither she went, basket on arm, every morning, she was autocratic.

"But it is already promised to the Château d'Ecrabouilles."

With calm authority she would seize on whatever delicacy of food was under dispute. "Monsieur le Maire comes first."

And so, in a selfless, devoted way, she wove Tombarel into the texture of her life. You must remember that Tombarel in great things and small was always a great gentleman. That aspect of him held Angélique in awe to this day. The other aspect of him, that of the helpless loon of a man who hadn't the sense to come indoors out of the rain, she cherished in her heart.

And this was obvious. I merely tell it you by way of beguiling the interval before the curtain rises on Act V.

"One night," said Tombarel, "I was awakened by what I thought was a pistol shot."

"The burglar at last," said I.

"Precisely," said he. "I am going to tell you, if you will but listen. Yes, a pistol shot . . . Ping! Just like that. Sometimes on awakening, one's brain works quickly. That day I had been to Nice to collect certain moneys due me—a matter of ten thousand francs."

Now, before the war, ten thousand francs was exactly four hundred pounds. Why Tombarel should have brought home this sum of money instead of paying it into his account at a bank belongs to one of the mysteries of French psychology that we can never understand!

In London, on the outbreak of the war, the richest in the land couldn't scrape up enough ready cash to pay a cab fare. Cash was locked up by law in the banks. In France, the cash lay comfortably in the traditional woolen stocking.

Tombarel, on this burglarious day, brought his ten mille notes to Creille and put them into the tin-pot safe which stood in his dining room. That he might be robbed never entered his head.

There were black sheep in Creille, it was true, but none was so depraved as to defy the august sacredness of his position by breaking into his house. Besides, no one on earth, still less in Creille, could have known that ten flimsy notes had passed from the drawer of his *agent d'affaires* at Nice into the inner breast pocket of his jacket. He dined and slept in peace until . . .

Ping! Just like that.

In the top drawer of his *table de nuit* there had always lain a loaded revolver.

"But why?" I asked. "Since you were so certain that there could be no burglars in Creille."

"Mon Dieu!" said Tombarel. "The advent of burglars is the least of the complications that may arise in this knotted skein of an existence. Besides, like a barometer and an edition of Bossuet which no one looks at, it is part of the installation of a gentleman's house." He flickered his hands at me impatiently.

"With your permission, my friend, I had a revolver. I heard: Ping! Naturally, as I sprang from my bed, my hand sought the drawer. The revolver wasn't there. It had disappeared.

"I remembered my ten thousand francs. Had a bandit tracked me from Nice and stolen my weapon of defense? But the shot? Who fired it? I drew my curtains in one gesture. It was a moonlight night in June. I thrust my legs into trousers and my feet into *espadrilles.* Two seconds after I had been awakened, *bien entendu.*

"I rushed down the stairs. The front door was open. The moonlight came in on the floor like a silver spear. That door there." He pointed to the farmhouse door behind us.

He went out into the sharp, still brilliance, and there was Angélique staring like a witch or a statue, or, at any rate, like a woman transfixed with horror, at a sprawling, huddled-up heap of a man.

"Tiens—just there," said Tombarel, pointing to the edge of level ground where Angélique, an hour before, had emerged with her lettuce from the lower slope of the vegetable garden.

There, in the full moonlight, Angélique stood staring at the huddled man. Two things glittered on the ground: the barrel of a revolver and, by the man's hand, the blade of a knife. Tombarel touched the woman's shoulder. She flashed round.

"Yes. It is I who did it."

Human instinct compelled him to the man's side. He bent down. There was a bullet wound from temple to temple.

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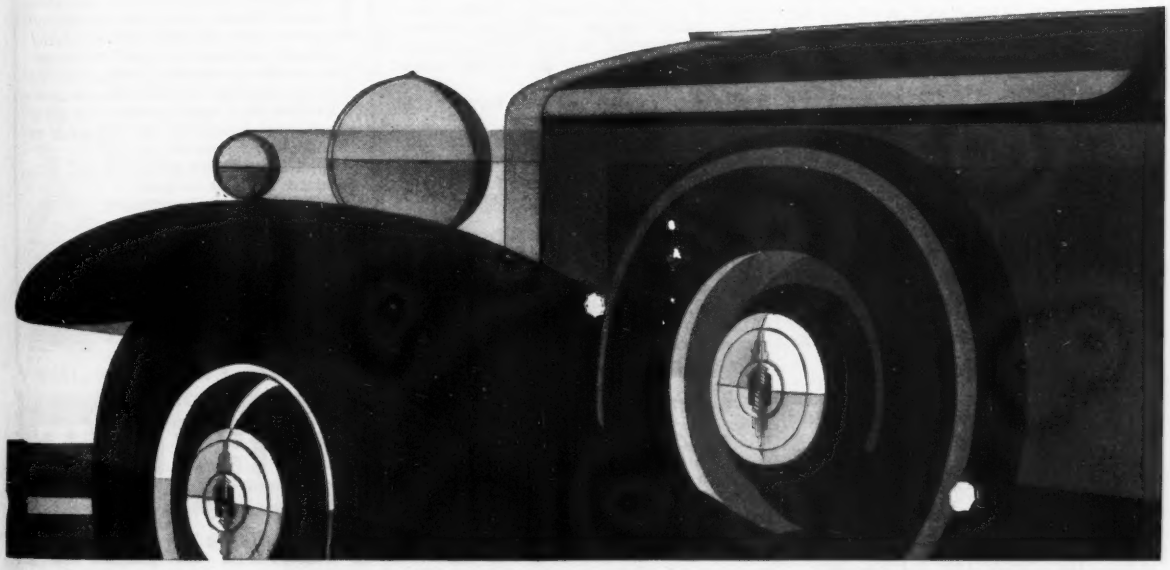

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The man was obviously dead. Tombarel rose and spread his arms wide.

"Mais, grand Dieu! what does this mean?"

"You don't recognize him?" asked Angélique.

"Eh? Recognize him?" He was an abominable-looking ruffian in ruffian attire. "How should I recognize him?"

"It's Lucien—Lucien Gregorio. My husband," said Angélique.

"And you shot him—with my revolver?"

"Yes," said Angélique, and collapsed on the ground.

Tombarel picked her up and carried her into the house, and did what he could to revive her. She was clad in nothing but her coarse nightdress, and her hair streamed about her shoulders. She lay on the couch in the dining room.

His eyes flashed across to the safe. The door was open. It was empty. Not only were the ten thousand francs gone, but other bundles of notes and share certificates and bearer bonds.

Fancy a highly civilized human being in a land of high civilization keeping a small fortune in bearer bonds in a rotten little safe in a ground-floor dining room!

He stared aghast. Angélique—*brave femme,* according to the *curé*—recovering from her fainting fit, rushed across to him tragically.

"Monsieur, it is not I who have robbed you!"

"Seeing that you killed the robber," said Tombarel dryly, "I don't suppose you have."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" cried Angélique, her hands to her forehead.

"Tiens, tiens," said Tombarel. "Tell me all about it."

It was really her husband, Lucien Gregorio, who had been sentenced to ten years in New Caledonia for the murder of Louis Périssol. The ten years had passed and Lucien was a free man.

Naturally he had returned to Nice with ten years' brooding vengeance stored up in his heart. Perhaps—who on earth can tell?—he had, for all his cruelties and infidelities, this woman *dans la peau* —according to frank French idiom—in his skin, rooted deep in the half god-brute in him. Who can tell?

The man was dead. Certainly he had tracked her to Creille. As in all large cities, there was in Nice a well-informed underworld. He had written her a letter announcing his return and demanding money. She had not replied. He had written again, this time adding threats.

All the world knew, said he, that the Mayor of Creille was a man of great wealth. If she herself would not provide him with the ten thousand francs there was always the *coffre-fort* of Monsieur le Maire. After all, he was her husband in the eyes of the *bon Dieu,* and was prepared to enforce his rights with considerable unpleasantness for everybody. Whereupon Angélique continued to keep silent, and took her master's revolver.

Tombarel stormed. Why hadn't she told him of all this?

She gave him to understand that her disreputable affairs were her affairs, and she would have cut herself into four rather than worry Monsieur.

"And the letters? Where are they?"

She had burned them, she said.

"When women say they have destroyed letters, I never believe them."

She swore that she told the truth. Tombarel called her a triple idiot. With the letters in her possession . . .

"After all," he broke off, "I have an idea. Cover yourself up, and remain here without moving. *Sans bouger une seconde. Tu comprends?"*

When Tombarel spoke like that, Angélique understood. He went out and

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WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 1024, ALLIANCE, O.

round the house to the shed where the great barrels of wine were stored. He knocked at a door at the end.

"Arnaud!"

Arnaud was the manager of the little estate of vines and olives. He was an elderly misogynist who slept on a wretched truckle-bed in a corner of the barn. He was used to it; he liked it; liked it all the more because there was a little fortune distributed inside the mattress. He was sleeping on gold. What more could a man want?

He came to the door with a sleepy, *"Hé? Quoi?"*

"Go and summon Monsieur le Commissaire de Police, on the part of Monsieur le Maire, to come at once. An affair of attempted burglary and assassination."

Arnaud gasped and turned an agonized glance at his bed. Tombarel smiled.

"N'aie pas peur. Le cambrioleur est bien arrangé. Va vite."

Such was Tombarel's authority that the man no longer had fear, being assured that arrangements had been made for the burglar's safe custody, and, huddling on a garment or two, he sped on his errand.

Tombarel went back to the house, looked in through the dining-room door. Angélique, in amorphous yellow wrapper, sat in ghastly obedience to his behest not to budge. He ordained that she should continue not to budge.

He went out to the spot where the dead man lay in the moonlight. He knelt down and searched the man's clothes with calm thoroughness, and laid out all they held on the ground.

There were his ten thousand francs, his other bundles of notes, a bag of gold, his bearer bonds; there, too, were the miscreant's greasy papers. The former he replaced; the latter he tied up in a bundle made with the lining of the man's hat. He took the bundle into the house and hid it, and then went to Angélique, whom he filled with the fear of Tombarel, God and the French Republic.

"If ever woman felt the edge of the guillotine on her neck," said Tombarel, "it was Angélique that night."

The Commissaire de Police came round with Arnaud and his gendarmes. There were gendarmes still in those days.

"Monsieur le Commissaire," said Tombarel, "I am sorry to disturb you. But here are the facts. It was but half an hour since—just time to arouse Arnaud here, and send for you—when I was awakened by a strange sound. It was the clank of iron on iron. It was so strange that I started up and listened.

"Evidently there was someone in the house downstairs. I had just that day brought back ten thousand francs from Nice, which I had deposited in my safe. Burglars? I reached to the drawer for my revolver and went downstairs.

"I found my safe open—a man standing with a knife in his hand. He rushed past me; threw me aside. I followed him into the open. I said: 'Halt! or I fire.' He turned and came at me with the knife, and I fired. He fell.

"At the shot my housekeeper awoke and rushed out. Beyond that she knows nothing . . . It is for you, Monsieur le Commissaire, to examine the body which I have not touched. I miss from my safe . . ." His accurate statement was confirmed by the examination of the dead man's pockets.

"He has no identification papers," said the *commissaire*.

Tombarel shrugged his shoulders. That had nothing whatever to do with him. He was Monsieur le Commissaire's prisoner, and at his entire disposal.

As the commissary of police shrank

$2850.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST LETTERS

355 awards; cash prizes ranging from $1000.00 *to* $10.00. . . . *Write a letter and win the* $1000.00 *award*

SOMEWHERE in every heart is the perfect love letter. The letter you would write to the one person in all the world that you love best. Fine and true and beautiful, this letter would reveal the *real you* as no spoken words could ever do. Write this letter. The names may, of course, be fictitious. But Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. offer prizes totaling $2850.00 in this big letter-writing contest. Read the rules on this page.

The exquisite love letters of famous men and women may be read in the world's greatest literature. But the one high quality which exalts and glorifies them forever is their passionate sincerity . . . the same sincerity which you will put into the letter you write for this contest.

Pen and paper are right on your desk. Won't you start now? These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

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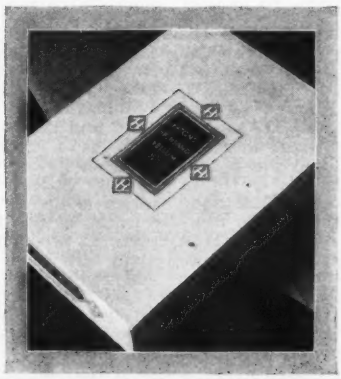

EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM HIGHLAND LINEN

from handcuffing the Mayor of Creille and dragging him to the local dungeon, he begged him politely to hold himself ready for arrest and, saluting, marched away with the dead body of the unknown man in the farm cart provided by Tombarel.

"That's the history of the burglar," said Tombarel.

"But what happened afterwards?" I asked.

"There was an inquiry, *bien entendu.* But if a miscreant breaks into your house at dead of night and threatens your life, the law allows you to shoot him."

"You would have got into a mess if you had been found out," said I; "whereas Angélique, if she had confessed, most certainly would have been acquitted."

"My dear friend," replied Tombarel, "the wise man with the perfect cook doesn't allow her to be worried by trivial annoyances of this kind."

I looked at the *curé.* The *curé* looked down his nose and flicked away an imaginary grain of snuff from his black-and-white bands. What had occurred between Angélique and himself in the confessional was no concern of mine.

Angélique came out of the house, smiling, to announce *déjeuner.*

"You join us, of course," said Tombarel.

The Abbé Cabassol declined protestingly. No, no. He must fly.

"Monsieur le Curé doesn't often have the chance of eating *bouillabaisse* like mine," said Angélique.

Tombarel cried in a loud voice: "There is *bouillabaisse?"*

"But yes. Fish fresh from Nice this morning, caught at dawn."

"Allons, enfants de la patrie," chanted Tombarel, and linking arms with the *curé* and myself, dragged us into the house. Angélique, triumphant priestess, served us the Olympian food, as though knives and revolvers and violent deaths had never darkened her radiant existence.

I'm sure I was the only one in the room who was morbidly conscious of a queer flavor in the *bouillabaisse.*

Next Month William J. Locke tells of a youthful love affair that bore strange fruit fifty years later for that honorable gentleman, Monsieur Tombarel

Pearls *by Gouverneur Morris* (*Continued from page 67*)

pearl buyers come later on in their mangy schooners, and take away with them the seed pearls and the baroque pearls, and the pearls that are off-shape and off-color. Let them sail away with these and their swallowed disappointment. There would be enough profit for the village to make up for the trouble of diving, and all of the worthy pearls would have been set aside to the illimitable profit of serving the Lord.

Season after season the lagoon was opened for diving, and closed, and the collection of pearls which Father Brilling kept hidden under the high altar of the little church became important.

Year after year came and went, and the ancestral burial caves in the mountains were neglected, and the old gods of wood and stone had to get along as best they could without worship or sacrifice. There were no longer any orgies of eating and drinking. And the ancient and delicate art of dancing without moving anything but the eyes and the stomach was rapidly becoming a lost art.

Where so many missionaries had failed Father Brilling had succeeded. Arguments upon dogma had taken the place of laughter and the inhabitants of Ariitai ("Weeping Queen") could now definitely be numbered among the Christian nations.

It was in the very year of their definite numbering that most of the greater Christian nations, inspired no doubt by the Golden Rule, flew at one another's throats. And a number of Father Brilling's young men were presently drafted to serve with the French colors.

The only one of these young men who came back to Ariitai was Raihoa ("Friend of the Sky"). He had fought; he had improved his French; he had picked up a little English; he had an anchor tattooed on his right forearm; he had seen Bordeaux and Paris, New York and San Francisco.

Father Brilling questioned him upon his experiences and travels. In Bordeaux and Paris the wine had been cheap and of good quality. In New York and San Francisco there was no wine except for the rich. Otherwise, these two American cities were very much alike. But in San Francisco a smile had a certain value. In New York it had none.

Yes, he had seen Notre Dame and the great churches. No, he did not wish to travel any more. He was going to look the village girls over and pick out a wife.

From an unusually loud-singing and Christian young boy Raihoa had been translated by his experiences into a skeptical and reserved young man.

He asked disquieting questions, to which Father Brilling had some difficulty returning suitable answers.

"I alone of all the companions who fought in the war have returned. Is it true, then, that God was on our side?"

"He seems to have been on your side, Raihoa."

"It is true that I have returned alive. Nevertheless, my heart is heavy."

"What is the talk that I hear about you and the fifth daughter of Tuture?"

"We are to be married, when the Chinese woman who sews very beautifully has made her some dresses."

"I often see you in conversation with the Chinese; they being heathens, what do you talk about?"

"Miracles," said Raihoa.

"Miracles!" exclaimed Father Brilling, and he flushed. "What miracles?"

"Do you mind, Holy Father, how at the time of the miracle of the Virgin, there was in the village only yourself and the Chinese? Nothing ever happens, Holy Father, that these Chinese do not know. And often, you being at work in the shop of Tuture the carpenter, the little children of the Chinaman peeped in at you through the window."

"For thirty years, Raihoa, I had been preaching the true faith, and whereas my congregation nodded to my face and said, 'That is true; that is undoubtedly true,' and sang at the top of their lungs, nevertheless they shook their heads behind my back and went away into the mountains where the ancestral burying caves are, and the idols and the ancient ovens and the altars. Therefore, when I found myself alone with the pua wood and the keen tools, I was tempted both as a thwarted artist and as a thwarted priest.

"But Raihoa, without inspiration, which is the same as to say without a miracle, I could not have carved as there is proof that I did carve. How many are knowing what is known to you and the Chinese?"

"No man, woman or child."

"Now that the faith is in them it would be a shame to be shaking it out."

"If they had back the fine pearls that you kept out of the catch to make a robe for the Virgin, they would be rich. They could build waterworks, so that in each man's dooryard there would be a fine brass faucet. They could buy an engine for making ice."

"I have no excuse for doing with the pearls other than I have said I would do."

"Maybe if the Holy Father were to pray very hard an excuse would be found."

"To him who prays all things are possible."

"Do you pray, Holy Father, and when I am married I will take my wife into the mountains and think."

He was married presently to the fifth daughter of Tuture, and after a fine feast took her into the mountains, he climbing ahead, and was gone for a whole week.

Then the season was opened for diving, and most of the village moved to the upper end of the lagoon, where the shell was.

Father Brilling went with them; because in the business of diving the quick services of a priest are sometimes needed. There are sharks to complicate matters, and the giant cod, and the savage barracuda. And there are depths even more dangerous, for when a diver, tempted by a clutch of fine shell, struggles downward even an extra half-fathom, he comes to the surface paralyzed, and either dies then and there, or remains a helpless cripple on the hands of his family.

But that season there were no casualties. And in other ways it was an off season, and would have been a failure but for the great find Raihoa made on the last day of the diving and in the very last oyster that he opened.

His shouts of triumph brought everybody on the run.

There were old men present, men who had trawled as far as Fiji and Tahiti, Rarotonga, and the Tuamotus, but not one of them had ever seen such a pearl.

It was enormous, fine-grained and without blemish. It was perfectly spherical, as you could tell by rolling it about in the cardboard cover of a shoe box. No billiard ball ever rolled more truly. It was of marvelous orient, a living white with pinkish lights. At the mere sight of it men gloated, and Father Brilling thought:

"In exchange for that one I would give up all the others. If our Virgin had that one to wear, her fame would go forth into all the South Seas, like light itself."

Aloud, and when the excitement had somewhat died down, he said:

"And what will you be doing with the great pearl, Raihoa, you being the happy married man and the fortunate diver?"

"At the war," said Raihoa, friend of the sky, "I learned that God was on

both sides, because both sides said so. I therefore sought knowledge concerning matters which I was better able to understand, and I learned that money is a valuable thing."

"H'm!" said Father Brilling. "And will you be selling the great pearl, then, to the pearl buyers, they being the sharp, avaricious men?"

"How much is it worth?"

"More than ever they will give."

"But in francs?"

"On the Rue de la Paix in Paris—a king's ransom."

"There are only a few kings left," said Raihoa; "some think it was for that we fought."

"That pearl," said Father Brilling, "is worth all the pearls that have been fished out of this lagoon in thirty years."

"I would exchange the great pearl," said Raihoa, "for all those lesser pearls which you have gathered in a secret place under the high altar. It would be easier, far easier, to sell the lesser pearls, and the great pearl would far better ornament the little Virgin of pua wood."

He paused, and with great naïveté added: "And if the exchange *were* made nobody would ever learn how the pua wood was changed into a Virgin."

"What is *actually* doesn't matter," said Father Brilling. "It is what we believe that counts."

"That is true," said Raihoa. "And I shall always remember it. So if your many pearls are worth more or less than my one pearl is no matter, we two being satisfied."

And so the exchange was made.

The collected pearls became community property and were sold to the pearl buyers, and in time the village had its waterworks, with a brass faucet in every dooryard, and an engine for making ice.

Just below the little Virgin's throat, where her dress met, a hole was reverently bored. This hole was filled with holy water. When the water had soaked into the pua wood, the pearl was pressed into the hole, and the wood, drying and shrinking, clasped it with a grip of iron, and in that primitive setting it remains to this day, a thing of wonder and beauty.

Many a pearl buyer has lain awake at night scheming ungodly schemes to get hold of that pearl. But the Virgin is jealously guarded. She has given the village fame, waterworks and an engine for making ice. And the village is grateful.

Raihoa, friend of the sky, is the great man of the village, and a pillar in the church. He believes that church is an excellent thing for the women and children, and not a bad thing for the men.

Sometimes his wife asks him questions that are difficult to answer.

"Was the Virgin actually made in a miracle?"

"It is so believed."

"But is it so?"

"What is actually so doesn't matter. It is what people believe that counts."

"Is the great pearl a miracle?"

"Yes, that is also a kind of miracle."

But he does not tell her that it is a miracle of human contriving and handiwork, which he once bought on the Rue de Rivoli for eighteen depreciated francs.

In "Diamond Cut Diamond"—Next Month—Allan Swinton tells a gripping story of human passions in the colorful setting of the Great Indian Desert

Dollar Babies *by Ida M. Evans* *(Continued from page 73)*

Interborough Preferred. And Jane Kenge; daddy in iron. And Betty——"

"They're mostly Carol's crowd. What of it?" sputtered Kenneth.

"And Betty Keable of the ice-cream Keables, and Charla King of the lumber Kings, and Jane Dwurf of the steamship Dwurfs, and Cetty Praybill of the anthracite Praybills. I'll think of some others later."

Before the enraged Kenneth could speak, Jay strolled over to Lois Embury. Later, Kenneth was glad that he had not spoken. The following noon, Jay took three hours for luncheon. Lisa Grahame's car dropped him at three-fifty. Jay had his own thin dark charm.

A gay girl, Carol. Young, lovely and care-free. And how better can a May afternoon be spent than in selecting a gold-and-coral-fitted dressing case for the charming best friend of one's best girl?

Kenneth sat on a chair in one of the world's best shops and felt pretty good. It was pleasant, the passing to and fro of well-dressed men and women, and the array of beautiful stuff for fortunate folks to buy.

He had experienced this sense of well-being before. Not so much well-being as a kind of serene zest in life.

Kenneth played with Carol's faddish shagreen bag and recalled occasions when he had felt equally glad to be alive. When the circus was coming to town; when a party had plenty of cocoanut and chocolate layer cake and the hostess wanted her children's company to eat plenty; an Easter morning, when he was seventeen, and the lilies had been so plentiful in Amobia that the ladies covered even the steps to the pulpit and the congregation's eyes swam sensuously in a white sea of loveliness. The time, too, when his father got the waterworks vs. county case and his mother left pies to burn in the oven while she went excitedly to look over Ken's underwear, since now he could hurry to the fall enrollment at the university.

Two or three girls, too, around the campus, had given him for a spell a super-animated feeling. And the time the faculty in a body praised his salesmanship themes. And his first week in the Campster salesrooms, where cars of all colors rolled like brilliant planets in their own personal sky.

He reflected suddenly that Carol and his folks would get along. Carol was a gay easy-going person. No snob. He thought, too, of something else. He must have had a guardian angel around. A little shamefacedly, he could not forget that the very day before Carol appeared in the reception room, and his life, he had almost convinced himself that he was moony for keeps about Lois Embury.

He had told himself that she was an extraordinary girl, good to the eye and clever; and she'd get along well with his folks. He had toyed all evening with the idea of himself and black-haired, competent, sweet Lois in a kitchenette, with Lois listening evenings to his successful doings of the day. Trailing the kitchenette had been an apartment on a good street, with Lois still listening to the daily saga of his deeds.

Well, Lois was a nice girl. He hoped some chap worth while came along for her.

Carol caroled, "Charge it, please," to the salesman at hand, and rose, ready to go some other place.

"The agony's over," she declared. "Probably she won't like it. Muriel's fussy. She can exchange it. Come on."

"Where do we go?" he asked obediently.

"Somewhere and dance. Oh, I forgot. Jane's expecting us at the Plaza. Come on."

He followed to her car. He was a bit compunctious. Perhaps it was because the gold-and-coral dressing case had cost just what his commission would be if this afternoon netted him a sale. Jay, though, would look after his customer.

He grinned to himself. Lucky he had Jay. The other floor salesmen would like to snap up a chap's customer, demanding their split on commission. Jay wouldn't take a split.

Walking down one of the world's most important social corridors, where the scent of flowers, furs and women's soft, powdered bodies mingled as if in a velvet-hung caldron, Kenneth was absolutely bathed in self-content. The present was good. The future would be better. Jay and Lisa Grahame, he and Carol—a congenial quartet for lasting companionship. Jay and he were lucky devils.

Jay had a cynical line. But Kenneth knew that he was hard hit over Lisa. The past month, Jay had rowed with the general manager over skipping out for five days to the Grahame pine-woods shack.

"Jane's not here," announced Carol. "Come on. Let's go."

"She might be delayed."

"Nothing ever delays Jane Kenge except her own whim. Perhaps she's at home teaching Alan Hoag to play bridge. Isn't he a dub?"

"He knows bridges," said Kenneth.

"Probably. What good will that ever do Jane?"

Kenneth said, after a moment, "Probably none."

That midnight, or it may have been later, Carol said dreamily—the orchestra was playing that kind of music at the moment—that if anybody around that part of the dancing floor wished to marry her, she didn't see why the wedding should be delayed.

Kenneth said, "I'm willing not to wait!"

"Very well, sweet boy. When?"

"Wh-when?" he stammered, suddenly sobered from an evening-long intoxication of music, scent and dancing. "As soon as I get to making real money."

"Don't be silly," she said, with a touch of contempt.

"Silly?"

"You're making more now than Uncle Abel was when he eloped with Aunt Carrie. And look where he is today."

Kenneth was silent. It would hardly be in good taste to confide to Carol that maybe Uncle Abel had a few hundreds saved up to pay for the incidental expenses of the honeymoon. How much did he owe Jay? Of course, he could touch Jay for a hundred or two. But he did not fancy the idea, partly because a hundred or two wouldn't be enough. Gosh, there'd be ushers, presents . . .

Then Carol's dreamy voice eliminated ushers. This was a sweet night, she said. Jane Kenge's sister Iris had, on such a night, married Vincent Bay. To be sure, Vincent had had to give his watch to a constable who ran out from some horrid little town. "Vincent is awfully good-looking, don't you think?"

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Kenneth reflected that for a while he could get credit for gasoline and clothes. Then he scowled at the idea. It did not suit him. It might not suit the senior Campster, either. He didn't care to put himself in a position where he'd probably stutter and blush before his new father-in-law.

"I haven't got my watch along, Carol," he said, at last.

"Oh!" She laughed—not a nice laugh.

"Carol, darling," he began to plead. "You make me feel an utter fool. But your father might be mad enough to kick me."

"Don't be silly," she said crossly. "He said all he asked of a son-in-law was my happiness."

"I want to talk to him first."

"I'll take all the blame later," she promised crossly.

"Ye-ah? I don't think so," he retorted, goaded.

Kick a rose, and it squashes unpleasantly. Crumple a gauze scarf, and it is a messy thing.

Next day began well. Kenneth remembered the night, and his breath was less even than its wont. Life looked good—or it would so look as soon as he attended to a few unimportant financial matters. And the senior Campster.

The morning paper carried the headlines of the Bay-Kenge divorce, and Kenneth read and patted himself on the shoulder for his own better judgment. Carol would read, and she would understand better. Haste often makes waste.

Later, the day got messy. For one thing, Jay did not show up until late in the afternoon, and then he asked Ken to lend him a hundred. He had been married at noon, and not to Lisa Grahame. He had married Nancy Whitaker, a small blond typist in a motor salesroom down the street. Kenneth was astonished and not too well pleased.

"What on earth? How about Lisa?" Surely their friendship was close enough for such a question.

"I got a stiff neck," said Jay smoothly.

"What do you mean?"

"Too much looking upward." The reply was matter-of-factly made, but Jay's dark eyes were cynical. "By the way, I'm taking no time off for a honeymoon. But naturally I feel entitled to a little festivity. So does Nancy. She's a darling. You'll like her. Join us in a theater-dinner-dance celebration tomorrow night?"

"Delighted. And Carol?"

"Say, Ken, don't bring Carol. She and Nancy don't know each other. And Nancy's touchy, even yet, over Lisa. You know girls. How about Lois Embury?"

Kenneth agreed slowly that the evening might be more comfortable, in lieu of a better word, if Lois became the fourth person. "Carol's angry with me, anyhow," he laughed. "Says she won't speak to me until I do something she's set her mind on."

Jay had something else on his mind. He frowned.

"Another thing," he said slowly. "You won't get sore, I hope. But now I feel my real generosity lies toward Nancy. She's the type that can wear orchids and pearls—if she can get 'em. So if you don't mind, Ken, we'll split that commission of yesterday. I've looked after your prospects a good deal. And I'm short of ready money. This past year I rode in Lisa's cars, to be sure, most of the time. Even so, there were incidental expenses that made the riding a luxury."

"Of course!" Kenneth tried to make his voice hearty.

Well—smash! There went a good

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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

friendship. Kenneth's lips were tight. For if Nancy and Carol could not get through one evening without a strain on festivity, how about the years?

He crossed the room to ask Lois if she had an engagement for the evening. She had none. She said so without any pretense. It crossed his mind again that Lois would make a perfect wife for some chap. She had a serene way of lifting her black eyes to yours, as if she liked you and liked life.

"Nancy's a sweet baby," she said. "Dresden doll. But she's clever, too."

"Evidently," he said dryly. "She topped the girls on Jay's list."

Lois had an old-fashioned group photograph on her desk. It was purely out of idle interest that he bent to look at it.

"I found it the other day," said Lois. "The executives and the salesmen of the Campster Carriage and Wagon Manufacturing Company. Do you recognize anyone?"

"President Campster." He picked out several faces which could be recognized as the fresher and younger originals of men still connected with the firm.

Lois followed his finger and voice with absent attention, he noticed. She put a soft finger on a young man in the last, and standing, row of the large group. A markedly likable face: energetic, animated and naïvely eager.

"Recognize him?"

"No," said Kenneth.

"Abel Landseer."

"Oh, gosh! No!"

Lois nodded rather sadly.

Kenneth turned and glanced across the room to the needle-point chair where an elderly man lounged.

"Where did he lose it?" he asked.

"Lose what?" asked Lois calmly.

"Vitality," said Kenneth bluntly.

Abel Landseer rose at the moment and came toward them. "Where did you get that old picture, Lois?"

"In an old file." She smiled.

"Like to see another old-timer?" Abel Landseer opened his thin platinum watch. "On my honeymoon."

Kenneth almost gasped. Except for the dress of the late 'nineties, Carol's lovely face and fair hair leaned lovingly against the eager young groom's face.

Afterward, the day seemed merely a prelude to discomfort. The matter of split commissions inevitably left a certain sense of unease between the two friends. To be sure, the evening went all right. Lois and Nancy were cordial acquaintances. Nancy was a dream, but she had a firm little chin. She would take care of any poaching Lisa, Kenneth reflected, and was unaware just how his reflection belittled Lisa.

The next day he asked the cashier for an advance. It was annoying to have to do it. The spectacled chief of credits looked at him curiously. There was a delay. Kenneth suspected the reason. Deming, under cover, had phoned the senior Campster for opinion and assent.

"On second thoughts, I won't ask for it!" Kenneth snapped and strode off.

Ten minutes later, a new salesman, an oily person whom Kenneth cared little for, approached him rather gushingly.

"Say, Gale, heard you just now in the office. Can't I help you out? I've got a few hundreds idle."

He knew the reason for this kindness. Doyne was just the type to toady to the future son-in-law of the president. But in Kenneth's mood it seemed better to owe Doyne than Jay. So he thanked the bounder and inwardly was furious.

And so was Carol, during that week and the next. Not that she expressed her fury in words. But something had

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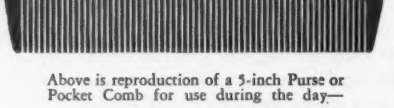

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gone from her gay manner. She was lovely, charming, laughter-ready. But her blue eyes rested more than once on Kenneth with unforgiving chill. Well, it is almost unforgivable when a girl is ardent and the man is Josephic.

Perhaps it was Carol's attitude that put Kenneth's nerves into a condition to be rubbed by the continual and, it seemed, watchful presence of Abel Landseer.

"Poor fish," Kenneth dubbed him. "Must have been some weak link in him. Or he wouldn't have let anyone——"

Kenneth pulled himself up. For some curious reason, he was averse to musing over the whys and wherefores of this old dotard's career. Perhaps a bell rang in his mind.

One day he said testily to Lois Embury, "Good Lord, why does he hang around down here? He never says a word. Never interferes."

"Once he told me that he liked to watch younger men's activities."

"Why isn't he active? Plenty of old-timers around here who for hustle can give cards and spades to a mud wasp."

"I believe that he and Mrs. Landseer spent several years abroad just after they were married. On their return he found it hard to get back into vital touch with the business."

After Kenneth had moodily left her desk, Lois Embury lifted her black eyes and looked after him with a wistful, perhaps maternal smile. Later, she graciously agreed to go to the theater with a brand-new blushing young salesman from the South, and she was a shade too gracious for coquetry.

That same day Abel Landseer held out a thin bony hand as Kenneth sped past him to get a contract blank.

"By the way, you might tell me what you'd like for a wedding present, Gale. I understand you and my niece are headed that way."

"Why, thank you, Mr. Landseer."

"I have some really exceptional early Americana."

"Shouldn't you ask Carol? Really, I have always been too busy"—Kenneth could not restrain the words, although oddly enough he seemed to be slapping at himself and not at this elderly relative-to-be—"to study up on such stuff."

Abel Landseer took no offense. "The presents are always for the bride's delight," he complained pleasantly. "May not the groom for once get a hand-out?"

"Anything you select will be appreciated," said Kenneth, most courteously. Poor old fish!

Toward the end of the week he met Mrs. Abel Landseer. Again he almost gasped. If he had not seen that young, fresh, lovely bride, he would not have believed that this hearty, handsome, strident-voiced woman could ever have resembled fresh, delicate Carol.

But he had seen with his own eyes. Horribly fascinated, he watched her. She expressed power. She was the kind of portly woman whose protuberant blue eyes and white hair are suitable to black velvet, but not seductive. Indeed, she was no more seductive than a large cabochon. And only thirty years had passed.

Kenneth wanted to pinch himself. He could have shuddered, as youth must when the cruelty of years and of humans combines to create a gaudy picture of ruthless progress. Of course, all progress is toward the grave, but the subject, to youth, is fit for neither chromo nor art.

Afterward, he was strangely fascinated in trying to trace a latent resemblance between her and Carol. He found traces. A small pink ear lobe that had grown; a mouth that had spoken dominantly

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too many years to be soft or coral; a brow that might mature.

And he knew that on that May mid-afternoon Abel Landseer, cynical, and a little theatric, had spoken to him.

Because of many conflicting thoughts which he preferred not to bring out in the open, he asked Carol to set their wedding day. The sooner the better.

"A change of heart?" said Carol edgily. They were dancing again, and the music was screamy. "We-ell, Jane and Muriel will be in Italy and France all winter. Possibly longer. We could join them. We could stay as long as we like. Then you needn't fret over daily friction with Daddy. He'd even give you nominal charge of a branch over there."

"Carol dear, we're not going to Europe for an indefinite stay."

His grim tone drew a nasty little laugh from her.

"No?"

"No."

"Then perhaps we'd best not go at all. Or—marry."

So they looked long and hard into each other's eyes, and they read the truth. Neither had cared too much. Some small spark of affinity had struck between them. But it had not been a devastating spark. It had not blazed into passionate crimson heat, nor, white-hot, welded soul to soul forevermore.

They had been playing around with each other. Expressive phrase. Playmates; around the gay edge of life. But presently one or the other must have chosen the nature of the game for the years. In the girl's soft soul ran an invisible thread of steel. Or so Kenneth Gale suspected.

Two days later, three of the younger salesmen saw Carol dancing with Vincent Bay. One of them, named Doyne, traced down the truth.

Reproachfully he eyed Gale, who owed him money. Kenneth managed to persuade a retired delicatessen owner that his three children needed a car. Then he paid Doyne. The incident was tangy, like spiced baked meat.

Later, Kenneth asked Lois what she was doing evenings.

"Nothing much," she said evenly.

He eyed her dark head with calculation. All along, a bell had rung. All along, Lois had been in the background, sweet as—as a man's home.

So he made calculation. Lois was a nice girl, and sensible. But he couldn't rush up that minute and propose to her. She'd remind him, perhaps, of Carol.

No, he'd play around a few weeks with her. He'd get her used to the idea that he was a free man. Then he'd rush her off her feet—if he could. Ah, if he could!

Lois raised her eyelashes.

"Why, *Lois!*"

Not a spark. Fire.

A week later Abel Landseer strolled across the room to Kenneth. He was urbanity itself, that elegant elderly official. "You didn't tell me what you preferred for a wedding present."

Kenneth stammered: "I—it happens your niece does not wish to marry me."

"Dear me! But she told me this morning that the wedding would take place at the end of this month."

The young man's eyes bulged, like large globes of terror. Oh, Carol! Didn't she mean it, then? Had that little spoiled darling merely been disciplining him for her good? Oh, gosh!

"You must be mistaken, Mr. Landseer!" He was piteously positive. "You must be!"

"This morning she told me." The elderly man was positive in turn. "She

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kissed me on the nose. She said, 'Uncle Abel, you must be present.'"

"I can't help what she told you," declared Kenneth, in panic. "She told me some time ago that she would never marry me. And—and I'm engaged to another girl." There! He would not be stampeded away from his happiness.

"Who is the other girl?"

"Miss Lois Embury."

"Ah, but that's the niece I mean." Abel Landseer chuckled, watching him.

"Lois is your niece?"

"Truly."

"She's rich?"—in horror.

"Richest in the crowd," beamed Abel. "And the sweetest. And brightest. She came down here, so she said, to train herself for life, with or without money. And, as I once or twice suspected"—the pale face wore a grin—"to look over the field for a husband. You'll watch your step with Lois, my young sir."

Horrified, Kenneth remembered something. He had seen the name printed somewhere: "Abel Embury Landseer."

"She's on my side of the family," said Abel, reading his thoughts. "The Campster stock, common and preferred, has enriched a lot of us. Like the beasts of the field, money multiplies."

"Oh, Lord!" said Kenneth helplessly.

Abel leaned close to his ear. "You'll find it tolerable—with Lois," he whispered. "I mean life. Not the money."

But Kenneth had regained his bearings. With Lois, of course he would find it tolerable. Rapturous!

Well, it may have been Allah. Or it may have been Lois herself. A man's fate follows him. So what can he do?

Though she is a golden princess of the age of speed, Fay Morveth is unsuccessful with men until she finds the right perfume—in F. E. Baily's story of ultra-modern youth, Next Month

He Knew Women

(*Continued from page 39*)

fresh, young. But then a new wave of doubt. If he saw her like that would he believe in the anguish of the night? Would there be anything to touch his cold heart? No, no! He should see her as he made her—a miserable woman.

She caught up a sponge, and a pale tragic Jenifer in her rosy gown looked back at her. Once more she doubted, but now there was no time to change even if she wished it. She caught up her gloves and flew downstairs.

She was first at the pond in Singlewood, the great copses of beech trees which made such a glorious walk to the village and train, and stood there palpitating with haste and terror. It was a heavenly May morning and the azure laughter of the bluebells made the glades as lovely as the skies. The pond too was beautiful this morning, a pure mirror for slowly sailing clouds and rifts of diviner blue. It calmed her a little as she leaned against a beech to wait.

At last, far away there was a step, brushing through the undergrowth, a stick slashing angrily at the bracken. She knew the long stride. The color dropped away from her face and left her ghastly; her hands shook as he came between the trees.

She thought he had never looked so well and handsome, with his tall figure and hard gray eyes. But he was in a villainous bad temper; not the first, though the worst she had known.

"Well? You wanted to see me. What is it?" That was the greeting, and for a second it stunned her. "You rang me

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up last night. I suppose you had some fool's reason for it. What is it? I have just twenty minutes."

She swallowed the dryness in her throat and tried to speak. "Gwynne, darling! I can't bear it. Is it true?"

"True I'm getting married? Certainly. What else did you expect?"

"It can't be true. I love you so. Oh, Gwynne!"

He saw her tragic pallor. Jenifer was fading, he thought in passing. Women always do who take things so hard. He had liked that when it meant passion for him. Now he hated it. But he did not mean to be more cruel than was needful. Only to frighten her into submission, and then he could afford to be kinder—if she would not stand in the way.

"Did I ever ask you to love me?" he asked coolly. "Did I ever so much as hint at marriage?"

"But it was all that—all! Everything you said, did, looked was love. Can you think I would have given myself to you but for that? Does it make no bond between us? Oh, Gwynne, I have been utterly faithful to you."

"What—a woman with a husband? You've been as faithful to me as you were to Harding. No more, no less."

She could have shrieked with the agony of that speech. "Oh, don't, don't! I shall go mad if you talk to me like that. It *was* love. Don't dare to deny it. I love you. I tell you I love you. And you loved me."

"Never," he said. "I loved my wife. You were only an amusement."

He had gone too far. She steadied instantly. His wife? Much he had cared about her! And if he could lie like that—— But it was impossible to think connectedly, though the insult braced her for the moment. She grew more composed. Her eyes narrowed like a fox's.

"You never cared for me? You never meant to marry me? It was just to pass the time? You told me you were wretched at home, that I made all your happiness."

He passed that over. "An amusement is all any woman can be to a man who respects his wife," he said coolly. "A man doesn't respect a woman who betrays her husband."

"Not even if she has a bad husband, and if it's for love's sake?"

"How can he? Women should keep men straight. It would be 'for love's sake' with the next man and the next. I wouldn't marry a woman of that sort for the wealth of the world."

Silence. He flattered himself he was lashing her into good sense. She was calmer, more restrained.

"I see," she said at last, looking past him. "I was only a casual. Was I the only casual, Gwynne? You may as well tell me, now it's all over. I think it would help me to part with you if I knew that. I should feel I had less to lose."

He thought how amazingly easily it was all going. He needn't have funked it. Queer things, women!

"Well, if you must know—no, of course not. For my part I don't know why women are always flinging themselves at a fellow, but they are."

"And naturally it makes the whole thing worthless. Did you love any of them?" she asked with the same agonizing curiosity veiled in quiet.

"Love? No. A man doesn't love women who fling themselves at him."

"And I did that?"

"Well, you weren't exactly backward, were you, little woman?"

She shrank and quivered against the tree. "Was I more so than the others?"

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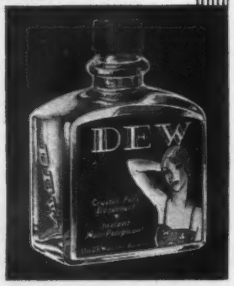

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"Oh, you were all pretty much of a muchness. But look here, Jenifer, time's running on. What I want to know is about the future. When I bring my wife to live here, are you going to behave like a sensible woman or are you going to make a fool of yourself?"

"What would you call making a fool of myself?"

"I should call it that if you went on feeling all this highfaluting stuff about what was only a passing—flirtation. If you ever gave my wife the faintest reason to suspect there had ever been anything between you and me."

"Shall you say all this to the others?"

"That's my business. Not yours."

"And if I made a fool of myself, what then?"

"I'd tell the whole story to my wife. I'm not going to have any dangerous secrets hanging over my head."

Of course he never meant it, but the woman before him was mad by this time and hiding it as cunningly as lunatics do with all their frantic world at stake.

"Do you mean you'll tell her anyhow?" she asked in a curious flat voice.

"Not if you behave. Why should I? But if you gave any trouble I should sacrifice you at once. My wife will be the only thing I shall consider. It will be my duty." He said it with virtuous decision.

"I see," she said at last, rousing herself. "Well—I shall not give any trouble. I shall be very sensible. I shall remember I was only a casual."

"Hang it all, Jenifer—I didn't mean quite that." He took her cold hand. Now that she was conquered he could afford to be kind. "I was very fond of you. I am fond of you still in a way. We'll always be friends, won't we? Cheer up, old girl! And now I must be off."

"And you are certain—certain, there never was anything in it? You never cared?" she asked with a dying languor, the flame sinking in ash.

"Not in that way. It was all very good fun. Now let's be reasonable. We'll go back to our lives as if nothing had happened, and there it ends. Will you give me a last kiss?"

She faced him with strange quiet. "I think it's as well not. This is the parting of the ways."

He struck a match and lighted a cigaret. "Perhaps you're right. I shall always wish you the best of luck, and we shall be good friends when we settle down to it."

As he turned away she asked a last question. "Is she very pretty?"

"Miss Shere? *I* think so. Quiet, dignified, reserved, except to me, of course. Good-by, and I *will* say I think you're a dear, sensible little woman."

"I hope they'll all be as sensible," she said without apparent irony. "I'll wait here till you're gone."

He forgot to lift his hat and walked off quickly, crushing the bluebells as he went. She watched him steadily until he gained the path which led to the train, and he never once turned. She stood numbed; not a tear, scarcely a breath. It had all been utterly unlike what she had expected. She meant to move his heart by agony that none but a devil could resist. And yet she had said nothing to show his work to him. He had gone off easily, sure she was content and had taken it as a light woman might be expected to do.

She looked at the water and wondered. Had she the courage? Would it touch him? No, it would only make things easier for him, even if she had the courage . . .

It was by slow degrees that after many

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Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads

days her mind settled down to a sort of smoldering quiet. Impulse after impulse was eliminated and at last the sediment left, virulent and corrosive, was revenge. There could never be any more joy in life, but there would be assuagement in seeing his cold heart dragged through the fire. In dreams she saw him broken, rejected by the world he valued so highly, turning to her for comfort and herself telling him that his punishment was her doing, and only a tithe of the torment he had put her through, unpitying.

Many ways and means she revolved, self-centered, nerve-broken, sleepless, but a woman's helplessness always stood in the way. She could only feel blindly round her for the knife.

She met him once during that time and he made to stop as any friend might. She smiled and waved her hand and passed on. "Better not," she said.

It waked a strange feeling, half jealous, in him. What? Could she take it as lightly as that? He could bear her misery. That was the conqueror's tribute, but this was empire slipping away. She pinched his vanity.

The next Tenshott news was that Miss Shere was coming to stay with Lady Coryat that she might see her new home. Jenifer had her first view at church where the bride-to-be sat with her hostess and Massareene. Alison Shere was about twenty-nine, she thought, a little taller than herself, with plentiful dark hair.

She was neither pretty nor handsome. Simply clear-featured and calm. But also distinguished, enigmatic; as very well-bred women necessarily are, Jenifer's hungry scrutiny added. The type that has much self-control.

"I say, Jenifer, the second Mrs. Massareene's a thoroughbred," whispered her sister-in-law, who was with her. "She certainly comes from the top drawer."

Jenifer never heard, absorbed in watching every glance. She sickened at Massareene's ardent glance when Alison Shere smiled into his eyes.

Of course the two women met before long. At Tenshott they were bound to see a great deal of each other, for London engulfed the men during the day and there were endless luncheons and bridge teas for the forsaken ones. Opinions were divided about Alison Shere. Some thought her reserved and stand-offish. Others, merely stupid.

Jenifer had talked to her more than most, for she could not keep away from her, do what she would. She had a torturing curiosity about Alison Shere which always dragged her to her side, always led the talk as near Massareene as possible. It was easy to see the girl knew little or nothing of him. She took him at his face value—kind, genial, devoted, and no more.

Ten days later, on a summer afternoon, Jenifer wandered into Singlewood. The night before she had dined at the Ruthvens', where Massareene devoted himself a little too ostentatiously to Alison. It was the punishment he meted out to Jenifer for her easy relinquishment of his good graces.

It could not last. The tension was too high—the strain too terrible. A doctor would have said to Massareene, "Stand from under!" In which direction the bomb would burst she herself did not know. That was one of the things she would consider, sitting where they had parted. Thunder was in the air.

So she sat down, tattered out, thirsty, hungry, fierce, empty, but no matter! No one cared. It was part of her wretchedness that she could have no sympathy, no condemnation of the man to

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THE TONIC

FELLOWS' SYRUP

buttress her own hatred. She could but sit and stare at the water and wish she could see his dead face floating on it. If she could but know any way to strike at him! To live in the same place and see his happiness—— No, no. He should not be happy. She would see to that.

And as she sat brooding fiercely Alison Shere came along the wood path, and the irresistible moment was there. She was going to meet his train.

Jenifer sprang to her feet. A cruel instinct leaped to life in her. She walked straight forward.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

Her face and attitude were so strange, so mad, that they arrested the other with a sudden fear.

"Mrs. Harding!" she said, and then, "Are you ill? Can I——"

"You can listen. I want no more."

They stood face to face, the one bewildered, the other tense and strained with a purpose stronger than herself; the brooding agony of the past weeks breaking in lightning from her. If it killed her, she would go through with it.

"The man you are going to marry is a wicked man. He has no heart. He cares only for himself. He will make your life horrible to you."

The words choked out with difficulty from her strangling throat, but they came. Alison Shere heard them. She whitened and stiffened into a kind of haughty withdrawal but said nothing.

"You don't believe me? You shall, though. He was my lover till you came between us. For six long years. He should have married me. Now he has thrown me off without pity. He said things—— No, I can't say them. What sort of mercy will he have on you when he's tired of you? Take warning. He was not faithful to his wife. She was a miserable woman. Nor to me, nor to others. Why should he be good to you?"

Set down, the words sound as if said in a raging passion, but Jenifer was perfectly collected if it had not been that her voice caught every now and then as her heart plunged. It made what she said horribly impressive. The catching breath drove each word home. It never even occurred to Alison Shere to think she was lying.

"And I was not the only one, he told me"—the fierce contempt and hatred of the tone! "Oh, I know—I know. We always think we can reform a rake. *We're* the one that can hold him though the others couldn't! But I tell you no. He'll give you everything you want except his heart, and he can't give you that, for he hasn't got it. He said he had never known a woman clever enough to keep a man who was tired of her. And he gets tired so soon."

Not a word from Alison Shere. Her face hid its secrets. Somehow this passivity goaded Jenifer to cruelties she had not intended—setting aside the initial cruelty of speaking to the woman.

"Of course I'm in your hands. You can ruin me. I shouldn't even trouble to deny it if you do. I'm sick of my life. I wonder how many other women are, too, because of Gwynne Massareene. But you know now. If he goes to his club, you'll think it's to meet some other woman. If he has a letter he doesn't show you, you'll think it's that. You'll live in torment.

"And, mind you, it'll come! He makes love with every look to women he likes. He *can't* be friends with a woman. You'll have to suspect every woman he's civil to. You poor wretched woman, I could pity you, for I know the worst and you're beginning it all. You'll curse the day you met him. As I do!"

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She was really a terrible sight now, her haggard eyes burning in her white face, the cheeks spotted with violent red. And still Alison Shere had not said a word. It was impossible for her to speak, her heart beat so wildly.

Heaven knows what either might have said or done, but a woman came down the road with a perambulator. Her little dog ran up to them and jumped against Alison's skirt; his mistress called him.

The spell was broken. Still wordless, Alison turned and walked quickly away. Jenifer was alone and had to face her deed, forever beyond undoing.

She sat by the pool and a deadly giddiness caught her in a sharp physical reaction. She could think no more. She was past it—numbed.

When the sun gathered up the last of his golden arrows she rose to her feet, weak, unsteady, as if after a long illness. She got into her drawing-room through the open French window and then fainted; and so they found her.

Acute nervous breakdown was the verdict. Jenifer was deported to Aldeburgh and the monotony of the gray pebbled beach and gray seas. Such punishment as she deserved she had. The frightful suspense! What had happened? Had Alison Shere told him and was he preparing some slow and deadly vengeance? Was the engagement broken?

It seemed that the very world must halt because of the thing she had done, and yet nothing happened. That was the worst of all. It wore her to a shadow. No sign. No word. Unbearable!

Then it came. The Times one morning at breakfast. "On July 4th at St. Mark's, Audley Square, Gwynne Massareene of Hambledon House, Tenshott, to Alison, only child of the late Sir Henry and Lady Grace Shere of Sandwith, Culsham, Devon."

She read it greedily. The bride's dress, the bridesmaids, the guests. The honeymoon would be spent in Norway. Done, and her last hope gone. Then she had not told him. He had triumphed as he always did, and she was broken.

The Aldeburgh doctor thought the air too bracing. A sea voyage—— "A nice trip to Canada, now! Return invigorated and cheerful!" And so forth. She went with her cousin.

The honeymoon in Norway was a whole-hearted success to Massareene. When he enjoyed he enjoyed thoroughly and there was no wormwood in his cup. They had found the quaintest little inn with frilly roofs and dormer windows and porches and verandas, prettier, quainter by far than a Swiss chalet. A path deep in pine needles led up to it and the fishing, bathing, boating were delicious.

So also was the bride. He had meant to be far more completely master in his second marriage than in his first, and she was his shadow, the most submissive of dignified slaves. She spoke little, never argued and her sweet silence promised endless contentment.

How alike all women are, he would think. How like little Jenifer and the expeditions they had made together, and Doreen Welstead and Katie Rafton, and so many more. Other men found women difficult to understand. They said so openly, and yet he had never had the slightest difficulty.

After a fortnight the place bored him a little, and he began to wish for a breath from the outer world to temper the honeymoon sweetness. His enjoyment could not center in Alison any longer. There was no difficulty—she was charmingly ready for Paris and then a week or two of shopping in London before they went back to Tenshott.

Doctors know that perspiration odor actually precedes noticeable moisture.

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By Ruth Miller

It's a pity perspiration doesn't always show damp half-moons under the arms! Then women would never be betrayed into thinking because their gowns show no traces, there is no odor.

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A Physician's Formula . . . Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for twice-a-week use on normal skin. The new white Odorono, Mild, is especially for sensitive skins or frequent use. Three sizes—35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

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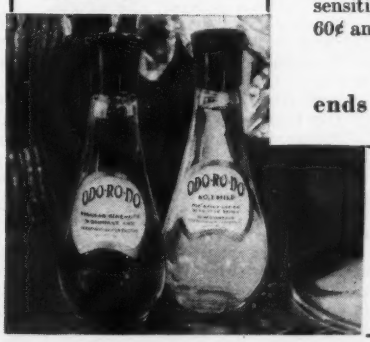

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Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

"If she keeps this up, and she will," thought Massareene, "my luck has served me better than ever. But with these thoroughbreds one can count on peace."

It was in London he met Doreen Welstead, and mentioned that his wife was at the Claridge Hotel. It was distinctly a pleasant encounter. She was a large handsome woman, the widow of a former partner. They had had some very pleasant times together, and as money was a painful consideration with her, their friendship had made many things possible which she sincerely valued. Naturally she had not liked his marriage, but she understood him far too well to wish to be the second Mrs. Massareene, and did not wholly discount the future.

"Yes, I should like to know her. Take me there now. Why wasn't I asked to the wedding?" she said.

"Thought you might be jealous," he said, laughing.

"Come now! You knew me better. Was I ever jealous? And yet I had reason and knew it. There were people there who also might have been jealous. I read the list. Why not poor little me?"

He could not very well say he had utterly forgotten her, which was the truth, so he laughed it off.

They strolled along Bond Street, talking with the camaraderie which he enjoyed. When they reached Claridge's he asked the porter if he had seen Mrs. Massareene go out. Yes, the man said.

"Come up, Doreen. We'll wait till she comes back," and he led the way to the elevator and the sitting room, cool and sweet with the flowers which were an extravagance of Alison's—baskets filled with lilies of the valley and roses.

They sat down and after a little chaff, a few references to the past, and a promise of tea at the club, Massareene made a posy of some of the lilies and gave them to Mrs. Welstead. She produced a gold safety pin and he pinned them to her dress. Her face was near and his hair brushed it as he stooped. She dropped a feather-kiss on his ear and he put his arm about her waist and kissed her cheek as lightly. One may be matter-of-fact about these details, for what followed was not matter-of-fact at all.

It had escaped the notice of both that the bedroom door was ever so little ajar. Massareene looked up and saw the bride standing there. She had opened it quietly and stood in the opening, looking straight at them.

His heart gave a leap. Deuced awkward! He laughed nervously and went towards her. What had she seen and heard, and how introduce a woman he had just kissed, possibly in her presence, and who yet must certainly be introduced if there was not to be a scandal?

"My dear Alison, I'm so glad you were in. This is an old friend, Mrs. Welstead, and I brought her in——"

She was looking coldly past him at the woman, as if she had not heard a word. Mrs. Welstead entered the arena.

"I am so charmed to meet you, Mrs. Massareene. If I had known you were in London I should have come at once and——"

Dead silence. Massareene was furious at the position she was putting him in.

"Alison, you can't have heard me. This is——"

"One does not speak with such women present," she said, still fixing the enemy with her eyes. "Send her away and I'll hear what you have to say."

Massareene, true to type, bullied instantly. "Go to your room if you know no better how to behave to a friend who is so good as to visit you!" he cried in one of his rages. "How dare you?"

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"I shall ring and have you turned away if you don't go," was all she said, looking past him. And in terror of a worse scene, Mrs. Welstead made for the door without a moment's delay. Safely there, she paused one instant.

"I must leave it to you, Mr. Massareene, to do me justice. But in any case I beg to decline your wife's acquaintance. Your first wife was my friend."

She was gone. Bride and bridegroom faced each other. He, livid with rage; she, slightly pale, but perfectly composed.

"Now I will listen to you," she said.

"Listen to me!" Massareene almost roared in his fury. "You—you—I don't know what to call you. You have insulted a better woman than yourself, and heaven knows why! You shall write a letter of apology and if she forgives you it's more than you deserve. And more than I shall!"

The submissive adorer of Norway was in his mind. She would be sobbing at his feet in a moment.

"I shall not ask you," said the remarkably changed Alison. "I think you had better hear what I have to say."

He sat down. The moment for self-assertion would come later. He had better know what was up her sleeve.

She sat down also, utterly charmless in his eyes. You had but to cross him to have no redeeming feature left.

"I want to be very plain about this," she began, fixing him with cool gray eyes. "I saw you kiss that woman, I heard you ask her to tea at the club. I heard you refer to past meetings——"

"If there's anything I hate and despise it's an eavesdropper. That you could spy and watch and listen——"

She went on, taking not the faintest notice of his words.

"We've been married six weeks and I've devoted myself to you. I was determined you should have no excuse for this sort of thing, but I've been watching you. If you bring women of that sort to the house I shall refuse to know them. If you meet them outside I shall refuse to live with you."

The change from the adoring bride was bewildering. Naturally a woman would dislike the episode. It ought not to have happened and he had been a fool. But a few tears, a lovers' quarrel, a promise or two, a charming reconciliation—all that he could understand and was prepared for. This, however! He gasped; he was entirely out of his soundings. He tried another tack.

"Alison, my dear, you shock and grieve me very deeply. I thought you loved me, and yet at the first breath—a harmless, though I own a foolish little gallantry to a very old friend of my wife's—you fly into a fury, put me into a horrible position, and stand there like—I don't know what! I don't recognize the charming, loving woman I made my wife."

"I'm in no fury. Certainly I loved you, but after this scene you had better know the facts. Before we married I was told the sort of life you have led. But I only half believed it, and anyhow I thought you were marrying me for love and because you wanted to be done with all that stupidity. I didn't want to break off the engagement and be talked about. So I thought I would give you the chance. If I made a mistake I shan't live with you. I have always been happy. I don't mean to be worried."

"Who told such an infamous lie?" he gasped.

"That doesn't matter. What does matter is that you have gone a long way today to prove it. Now you know what I feel."

What Massareene felt was that he was

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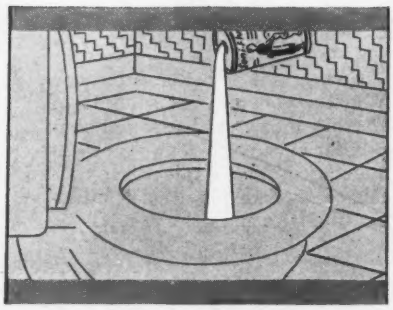

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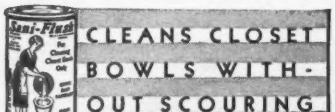

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getting the worst of it. He must assert himself, with dignity and self-control.

"I think you forget the trifling fact that you promised to love, honor and obey your husband six weeks ago. And if this is honoring——"

She interrupted ruthlessly. "How am I to honor you if you go on like this? As to obeying—I've never had to obey anyone. And love—— Well, people who earn it, get it. Anyhow, I don't mean to have my life spoilt."

"This is a most painful conversation," he said, and reached for his hat. "But you must understand that it is *my* will that is to rule. There must be no more of this insolent defiance."

She seemed to be entirely unimpressed, scarcely to have heard. "What I should do if this kind of thing were to go on—I should tell Uncle Philip and put myself under his protection."

It had struck Massareene rather pleasantly while the settlements were being prepared that his bride's uncle was Sir Philip Shere, the greatest family lawyer in London. He was Alison's godfather and also her trustee. Somehow the relationship did not seem so pleasant now. He took his hat and went out.

Who could have told her? Naturally Jenifer passed through his mind but he dismissed her straightway. She had too much to lose. No, it was some cursed mischief-making woman at Tenshott—or the servants. He would discharge them every one before they went down.

He got back to Claridge's at ten-thirty, resolved she should make no story of his being out late, and found the rooms empty. She was gone. He sat down with a half-stunned feeling, so complicated with rage that he could not think consecutively. What a life! Good Lord, what a life he had drawn upon himself. He who so valued the good opinion of his world! The fool, the fool he had been!

At eleven-thirty she returned, however. She came in brilliantly dressed and looking coolly handsome.

"Where have you been?" He started up from his chair.

"To the play with the Sheres. A very good one too."

"And you did not think it worth while to phone me?"

"You forget you didn't say where you were going." She was perfectly ready with her replies.

"Did you say anything to Shere about our affairs?"

"No, not yet."

"You mean you would?"

"If necessary. I told you so."

Jenifer Harding, thousands of miles away, might have felt her work done and her sheaves garnered if she could have seen the pair. They faced each other like enemies and parted silently for the night.

He dismissed all the servants and acquired a new staff, and Alison perfectly understood why. Though an armistice was signed nothing escaped her. She lived but to watch him. He would have made friends more than once to escape the sheer discomfort of his life, but daily she withdrew more into herself and watched him with the perfect circumspection of a cold dislike.

Autumn came and with it Jenifer, restored to health and prettiness and with the courage of rested nerves and restored sanity on the subject of Massareene. Evidently Mrs. Massareene meant to make no fuss, and as they were living together happily and entertaining all Tenshott, it could hardly pay her to. She felt a little more at ease.

But Massareene did not. It struck him forcibly that it would be dangerous if Jenifer were the only person of their

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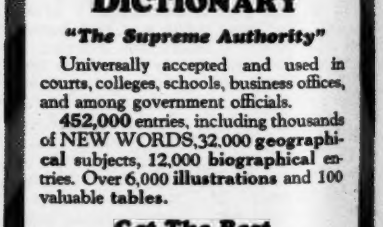

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set left out of the invitations. She would resent it, for Tenshott would be at work to find a reason for her exclusion, and if she were angry—— Heaven only knows what an enraged woman may do, thought Massareene with his new respect for the evil powers of the sex. He went uncomfortably into the library where his wife was making up a list for the next party.

"I think, Alison, that we should have Mrs. Harding. You've never asked her yet, and it will seem rather strange——"

Something in her manner as she laid down her pen arrested him. "Certainly I shall not ask her," was what she said.

He sat and stared at her.

"I know exactly what your relations were with her. She told me. Need we discuss it? You can scarcely expect me to have her here, I think."

Not a word, not a protest was left him. If Jenifer had betrayed him what was there to be said? What man could face a ghastly treachery like that? Vain—impossible to express his feelings! They trampled and broke him. Jenifer! That was the last straw. His faith in himself was gone.

He stared dully at his wife. Her selfishness outtopped his own; not one thought did she give to his position.

It was an awful life. If he stayed at the club because he feared to face her, he knew exactly what she was thinking. He simply could not exist without flattery and her atmosphere froze him. What had he done to bring this horrible punishment on him? Jenifer! Were they all mad together?

So, like a famishing man, famishing for the honey of admiration and sympathy, he began to see Mrs. Welstead and a few others in London. Tenshott had become horrible. He had met Jenifer once in Singlewood and she had passed him with cold averted eyes.

It could not last. Alison, watching always, discovered him one day at the club in tender tête-à-tête with Mrs. Welstead. She went straight out, called a taxi and had herself driven to Sir Philip's office in the Temple.

"Uncle Philip," she began, "I am very unhappy and I must have your advice. You are my father now."

Nothing in the line of matrimonial adventure could shock, hurry or surprise Sir Philip. His experiences had been too varied. He patted her shoulder tenderly and bade her speak out.

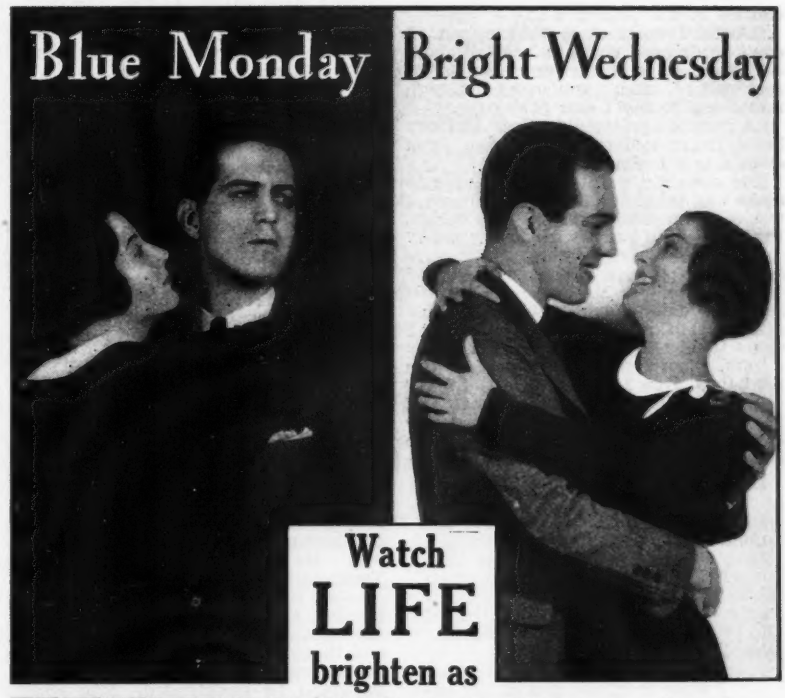
She did so with the careful attention to detail and the strict truthfulness which he had always said would make her a supremely good witness. No woman ever held to her point more tenaciously and clearly. She sacrificed Jenifer and Massareene without a moment's hesitation, glanced at Mrs. Welstead and added further information which her husband's carelessness had put in her power.

"My poor child!" said Sir Philip kindly. "And your aunt and I were thinking you were so happy. This is a blow to me, Alison. Has there been anything more definite—since your marriage?"

"Nothing I can prove. But uncle, I can't live this life. If he goes to the telephone I have to listen. It's closing in on me day by day. Why should I have to suffer for such a man? I want to be free and happy."

"You can't get a divorce, dear child. Unless the inquiries which I shall make should——"

"A divorce!" she cried in horror. "I wouldn't have one for worlds. What? Go through all that and have my name in the papers? No. I want you to tell him I shall stay with him no longer. He daren't fight. He's a coward."



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"But my dear, a judicial separation will be in the papers, and——"

"Uncle, I don't want that either. I can't be dragged down and talked about—I who have done nothing to be ashamed of. Can't you make him sign something to say I can go?"

"A private agreement? Yes. But you know you're still chained, Alison. You can't marry again, nor can he."

"He certainly ought not to be able to make any other woman wretched and I would never marry again for worlds. Uncle, why did you let me marry him?"

He looked at her quaintly. "Did anyone ever stop you in anything, Alison? I never cared for Massareene. But you said you did. Wouldn't it be possible after all to make a fresh start if I spoke to him? You did like him once."

"Yes, when I thought he would make me happy. Now I hate the sight of him."

They sat long talking after that and when the talk was done he took her back to the house in Chesterton Square and wrote to Massareene.

Dear Sir:

I have had a visit this afternoon from my niece who has opened her mind to me on certain matters which have deeply affected her peace. She has hitherto led the happy life which her amiable disposition richly deserves and when she was entrusted to your care it was in the belief that her happiness would be increased by your affection. Things being as they are, I write to inform you on her behalf that she will return to my house and will not resume cohabitation with you. These matters are best dealt with privately and therefore all business arrangements shall be between you and me. Kindly have her belongings returned to Chesterton Square.

Truly yours,
Philip Shere

The cold luminosity of Sir Philip's intrusion on his secrets was agony to Massareene. To lose the good opinion of a man so prominent and to lose it in such a cause was atrocious. He sat down, a conquered man. There was nothing to be done. He was not tempted to write to Alison. What could he say to move those obstinately quiet eyes? Heart wounds are sometimes curable, but wounds to pride and self-esteem, never. He knew, for that was exactly where she had wounded him. And he was infinitely the weaker, because he dreaded exposure.

As bitter as anything was the Tenshott gossip. Alison had established a reputation for cold correctitude and good breeding which cast all the odium on him, and Sir Philip's protection naturally secured her in public opinion. Massareene found it better to give up his house and take to London chambers. He was no longer in request at Tenshott.

Later, when a divorce would have been possible, she still would not hear of it. She meant to remain Mrs. Massareene and thought publicity vulgar. He wrote her a letter imploring her to seek it. It would be undefended. She should be safeguarded in every way.

"I never could stand loneliness," he wrote. "You are a good woman. Give me, I entreat you, the last chance for my old age."

She laid the letter before Sir Philip.

"I think you should do it, Alison. Separation comes harder on a man. I'll fix it so that you shan't be annoyed."

Her lips tightened. "I shall never do it—never. He deserves his punishment, and though I could suffer in a good cause I shall never drag myself through the mud for a man like that. He might marry that abominable Mrs. Harding."

She little knew Jenifer. The very sound of Massareene's name sickened her and Tenshott was only endurable because it was the very last place on earth where he was likely to be met.

Sir Philip looked at his niece in his quaint way. "You're a good woman, Alison—never a better. But don't you think you're apt to be a bit hard on the sins that don't particularly tempt you?"

"There are sins about which all decent people must think alike," she replied with dignity. He wrote her ultimatum.

She did not stay long with her uncle and aunt after that. She felt she needed a wider circle. When Massareene died, some years later, she did not marry again—a surprise to the elderly women who were her chief society. Girls never liked her, and young men viewed her with alarm.

She was Nemesis, the Unknown Quantity, at once the cause and the avenger. But it is perhaps a dangerous rôle for a mortal woman to attempt.

Still, she was quite happy and was never able to see any reason why she should not be, except indeed that other people are so tiresome.

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The Party Dress *by Joseph Hergesheimer* *(Continued from page 64)*

would, of course, now, give in to him without further discussion. Nina hoped she could recognize the possible from the impossible.

It was past one, she saw, time for luncheon, and Chalke hadn't yet telephoned her. He was still sleeping, Nina decided; today he would be even later than customary. Yes, she would go serenely forward by Chalke's side for the rest of her life. After last night she could afford to do that. He had made the surrender to her which would make it possible for her to give him everything she was composed of.

At luncheon Rhoda had a surprise for her—a raspberry omelet glazed with crushed raspberries and sugar. The two girls stood in the doorway to the pantry, where they could witness her pleasure.

After luncheon Nina wandered out to the porch; she was surprised to find that, although the sun was shining, rain was falling. Great drops that hit the steps almost with the force of an explosion and immediately vanished. The rain stopped without cooling the air.

Nina began to feel lonely. Chalke ought to be up now; it was past two o'clock. She telephoned to the Gows' and asked for Mary. Lora, Mary's maid, said that Mrs. Gow was having luncheon at the Prynes'. Nina asked: "Did Mr. Ewing come down for luncheon?" Yes, Lora replied; he had finished his luncheon and stepped out.

Nina went up to her room; she would change later, she realized; probably Chalke would stop to see her then, when she wasn't ready; so she decided to take her bath earlier than usual—at once, in fact, and get herself ready for him. Nina took off her dress, her underthings followed, and then she put on a dressing gown; it was hot, a sleepy afternoon; she sat for a moment on the edge of the bed; almost at once she was half conscious of lying down.

She woke up hotter than ever, with a sharp cramp in one arm, and a wretched feeling of loss and spiritual dismay. Nina vaguely felt that she had failed in a duty set her—to prepare herself for Chalke. She rang and after a long time Harriet appeared, hastily and incompletely dressed. "Has anyone telephoned?" Nina demanded severely.

"No, ma'am, the telephone hasn't rung once." Where, Nina demanded, was Rhoda? "Rhoda, she had to go out," Harriet informed her. "She ought to be back any minute. She just went home."

Nina said: "You know, Harriet, when only one of you is here, I expect you to be nicely dressed in case someone calls." Indeed yes, Harriet knew that. It was so hot she had laid her things off for a minute. She'd get fixed up right away.

Nina looked at her bedside clock; it was twenty minutes to six; where, she wondered, had Chalke gone when he stepped out? He really was a scream. But if he did ignore small things he was splendid where anything important was involved. Chalke had more character than she had ever before seen in a single person.

He had an iron determination. It was only his love for her that kept him from being actually inhuman. It disturbed her to recall how inflexible his ideas were. Chalke would change now, she thought. Love would make him more amenable to life, to her. His inflexibility had given way to her in their first actual encounter. Her body, love, had conquered his will.

Nina was, once more, in her bath; and she realized again how luxurious it was. A perfumed cloud rose from the water to her face. She dried herself luxuriously—she could not, now, have Chalke's undershirt—and powdered her body.

Chalke, in the evening, was always dressed in black and white; so she put on a white lace dress and, she told herself, in imitation of her lover, wound a soft black silk scarf around her waist. It was still quite all right for her to wear her pearls. They were still hers. As soon as the children arrived and dinner was over she would hurry to the Gows'.

In a way, Nina began to feel, it would be better when everything was settled; then she would not have to worry about where Chalke was. She would always know what he was doing and what, when anything bothered him, it was. She was confident of her ability to smooth all trouble from his mind.

She would be a good wife for Chalke Ewing; she could talk nonsense and force him to listen to her; she could break the severity of his mood, the tension of his nerves; and then, when he was rested, she could be intense enough to absorb all of him. Those, it seemed to her, were the qualities, the description, of a perfect marriage. It was fortunate that she had not met him before—in spite of her inevitable sadness and rebellion at a tragic loss of years—because only lately had she been absolutely ready, waiting, for him.

She would, younger, have been upset by him; his knowledge would have frightened her; he'd have had a horrible

advantage. She would have been no better than an idiotic girl helplessly in his power. There was a stir in the lower hall—quick footfalls and a tide of young impetuous voices. Acton and Cordelia were back from Cape May. They stopped at her door and then came into the room.

"I drove all the way back from Cape May Court House," Cordelia announced. "I even drove on the ferryboat." She had done very well indeed, Acton surprisingly admitted. "We had three baths in the ocean," Cordelia went on. "You see, we had the car, so we took one the last minute and wrapped our wet bathing suits in towels."

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour," Nina reminded them. "We must be on time. The heat is hard on the girls."

There was a fight at Zillenger's, Cordelia still continued. "Adam Barns and a man nobody seemed to know. Archer Smith flew down by himself in an amphibian from Washington. Sally Stephens was nearly drowned. A life guard had to go out for her. Acton was true to Miss Pryne. There was one girl, from Baltimore, he really ought to have done something about. Her hair was the color of yours and she had been three years in China. Imagine!"

Nina Henry said again: "You must not be late for dinner." Acton turned and left, followed by Cordelia. Heavens, what vital children! Suddenly they gave her a headache. She had not recovered from falling asleep after luncheon. Nina still had a dazed sensation, a vague feeling that she was lost.

She would not, with just the children for dinner, have a cocktail, but she did get herself a drink of whisky. Nina carried the glass to the pantry, where she put plain water in it. It was a strong drink and Nina gasped. Then she felt better. Now she'd be able to cope with her children.

"Well," Cordelia asked, at dinner, "Mother, what have you done? Has anything extraordinary happened? I mean that would put Eastlake's eye out."

Nina gave her daughter's questions a deep consideration. She spoke suddenly, hurriedly. "My dear child, when has anything like that happened here? I haven't done a thing to talk about."

Acton eyed her questioningly. "It is your turn to go away now," he asserted; "I guess the heat has been as hard to bear in the drawing-room as in the kitchen."

That speech annoyed Nina excessively. She glanced at her reflection in the mirror of her powder case. She had looked better, but that was natural after such a long hot period. Cordelia wanted another pancake rolled in currant jelly. She would never, Nina thought, finish eating.

"THERE isn't any coffee," Nina announced finally.

Acton was surprised. "That's bad," he declared. "Coffee for dinner is more than coffee. It's a symbol. If you have coffee after dinner, you are different from families that don't."

Nina spoke slowly in a cold voice. "If you get silly ideas like that from Catherine Pryne it would be better not to see so much of her. I hate snobs. This isn't Paris and our house is not a hotel."

Acton was lost in amazement. "Why, Mother!" he exclaimed, and then stopped. "I don't want to give anyone too much trouble," he said after a long pause. "What I said must have sounded different from what I meant."

Nina was furious at herself. She had been unspeakable to Acton. Her bad temper and wretched confusion of mind, her increasing uncertainty about Chalke, had betrayed her. "The heat must have been worse in the drawing-room than in the kitchen," she acknowledged to him. "It's plain you are right, Acton; I ought to go away. If you'd like coffee, if it is a symbol or anything else, you can have it of course."

He shook his head in a brief negative. "Not now. I guess we can get through one dinner without coffee and not lose our standing." Nina was preparing to rise, to go at once to Justin Gow's, when Mary came into the dining room. Acton and Cordelia promptly stood.

"I had to see you," Mary Gow said to Nina.

She took a seat at the table opposite Nina. Acton and Cordelia had left the dining room. Mary gazed at Nina with an intent curiosity.

A swift anonymous fear oppressed Nina's heart. "What has happened?" she demanded. "Mary, what is it?"

Mary said: "I don't exactly know. It's so queer. I thought you might understand it. Nina, Chalke has gone."

This, to Nina Henry, was incomprehensible. "Chalke," she repeated in a flat voice; "gone? Do you mean he went to New York?"

Not at all, Mary answered, with a trace of impatience. "I had luncheon with Catherine Pryne. I didn't see Chalke before I left. There was nothing unusual in that. When I got back from Catherine's it was all settled. He was sitting downstairs, packed. Chalke said he was leaving in an hour. For Cuba, Nina! I asked him why he had made up his mind to go so suddenly, but Chalke wouldn't answer me. Not really. What he said was nonsense. It explained nothing."

A curious progressive numbness of realization, like the reaction from a serious physical injury, spread through Nina. She had a sharp impulse to tell Mary Gow that it was a lie—Chalke had not gone back to Cuba. Instead she asked what it was Chalke had said.

"He said the climate of the United States was too tropical," Mary told her; "he would have to return to the temperate tropics. He looked terribly, Nina. His face was positively gray."

Once again Nina obscurely saw Chalke Ewing leaning over her; she put up her bare arms around his neck. Chalke's face, just before the dawn, looked gray.

"It was only yesterday," Mary continued, "he told me he was going to stay two or three weeks more, anyhow. He said it had never been so nice at home. Chalke talked about leaving Cuba, permanently. You saw more of him, at the end, than anyone else, Nina. What do you think? Or what do you know?"

"Chalke and I were in love with each other," Nina replied simply. It was the only thing that occurred to her to say.

"Oh, Nina!" Mary half exclaimed. Then she was silent.

"Nina," she continued in a disturbed voice, "I am sorry I came here like this. It was disgusting. But I couldn't know, could I? Nina darling, you must excuse me. You will, I am sure.

"Nina, when I remember what I said to you about Wilson and Cora Lisher I can't bear it. I can't tell you how ashamed I am. Now, when you have been so splendid and heroic." Mary Gow rose. Her eyes were bright with tears. "Heroic, Nina. Chalke, too. It must have simply finished him."

Nina looked at her in a troubled wonder. She did not understand Mary; then at last she saw what Mary meant. Nina almost laughed in her face. Mary Gow supposed that, when Chalke and she found out about their love, they had given each other up. Mary thought she had sent Chalke away. Could anything be funnier? She wanted to tell Mary: "I gave myself to him, and that probably drove him away."

"I'll go now, dearest," Mary said. Yes, why don't you? Nina Henry thought.

When Nina was alone she automatically searched for the powder in her evening bag. She must be entirely reasonable. She must think. Underneath her resolution, her determination to understand what had occurred to her, fear was mingled with a faint actual sickness. She had driven Chalke away. That much, anyhow, was clear.

There was, when you knew Chalke, no other possible explanation. He never changed his mind about the things that deeply affected him; it was impossible for Chalke to be simply changeable where he touched and affected others; the very difficulties of his character came from the fixed quality of his convictions. No accidents overtook his honor.

SHE was conscious of Harriet in the dining room. "Leave the candles, please," she directed. Cordelia had started the radio—a dreadful voice, mocking Nina's dismay, sang: "Lithuanians and Letts do it, Let's do it, Let's fall in love. The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it, Not to mention the Finns. Folks in Siam do it, Think of Siamese twins."

Chalke left her because she gave herself to him. He didn't want her, then. Yet. That way. But she had forced him to take her. That actually was the truth. She had overcome him with her body. After that he had left her. Gone back to Cuba. Without a word. Without giving her a chance to explain how much she loved him. How much she needed him. He had been wrong to go without speaking to her.

All Chalke had thought about, it seemed to her, was himself and his honor. That strange honor in men which could be so beautiful and yet seem no better than selfish pride. He should have given her a chance to speak, to show him something about women. How they were different from men.

In spite of his endless knowledge, his theories about women and plans for girls, he was entirely ignorant of her. If he had not been ignorant he would have understood that what had happened was nothing. It didn't mean a thing. She had, simply, wanted him to want her, to find her irresistible.

It might be, Nina thought, that she would get a telegram from Chalke at any minute explaining everything. Perhaps a letter would come for her in the morning. In her heart Nina knew better. What was it he had said to Mary Gow? The climate of the United States was too tropical. He'd have to return to the temperate tropics. Chalke hadn't meant climate; he had spoken about her.

It was, when she considered it, a harsh and brutal remark. She understood that, though; she knew Chalke; his bitterness came from the actuality of his love. Yes, Chalke would say just that. At the same time he had left her. That was the important part.

A conviction seized her so strong that, when it went through her mind, her lips silently formed the words that expressed it. He will never come back. Chalke would never come back. Once she had made a mistake about him, with him, but that was all over. Her mind was relentlessly clear now. A swift agony of rebellion, a choking misery, possessed

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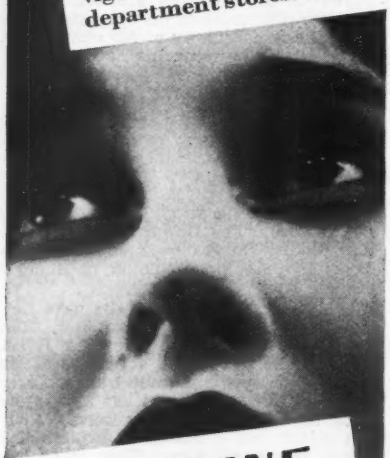

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her; it would be better, Nina recognized, to go up to the privacy of her bedroom.

When she was there, however, she did not cry. She shut the door, bolted it, and then stood gazing at the familiar interior before her. The chair by the window where she had sat with Chalke. Her bed. Her mules, the dressing gown she had worn with Chalke were laid out.

Nina could not, for a moment, realize that Chalke Ewing had gone. He seemed to be close to her. She thought she could smell the strong fragrant aroma of tobacco that clung to him. She was certain he would come from behind her and take her in his thin tense arms.

No, he was in a train going to Cuba. Chalke had left her. Anger began to burn dimly in Nina. He had behaved outrageously. What if she had a baby? His baby. What if it killed her?

She had given him her body—Nina considered herself bound to Chalke—but he had given her more—his word. The assurances of his love. He had promised to take her where they would be together for the rest of their lives. He couldn't, since he was so honorable, ignore all that.

The sharpness of her resentment sank; wretchedness again took its place; she threw herself across the bed with her head buried in her arms. She felt like a lost child. "Chalke," she said, her voice muffled, "Chalke, I can't find you. Don't frighten me like this. Chalke!"

Nina turned and sat up, supporting herself with a hand at either side on the edge of the bed. The room was already dark, the windows glimmering squares of evening sky and the foliage of trees. She must, she thought, get her thoughts into some kind of order. She must look at what had happened to her.

It was this—Chalke had gone back to Cuba, he had left her, without any word at all. He had ignored their love, utterly disregarded wha' her feeling must be, and gone off in a selfishness of haste that resembled panic. A spiritual panic, Nina added. She could not imagine Chalke in any state of physical dismay.

More than that—what he had said, before leaving, to Mary was bitterly disagreeable even for Chalke Ewing. That much, now, was plain. She had realized vaguely why he had gone, but she must understand it completely. She could not meet it, she could not face life or the calamity that threatened her, until she knew what had brought it about. Suddenly she remembered something Mary Gow had called Chalke—an idealist.

It was evident to her now, when it was too late, that Mary had been right. Nina told herself that she hadn't realized what an idealist was. He wasn't so much a person who thought everything was splendid as he was one who insisted upon having things as splendid as possible. That is, he would do everything in his power, at any price to anyone at all, to bring splendor about.

It was, Nina thought, a marvelous description of Chalke Ewing. People like that were hard because they practically had to fight the entire world. Chalke had had to fight her and the fact of his love. There was no dcubt in Nina's mind about his love for her. The truth was that she had been a temptation; he had failed and then recovered himself.

He hated the society and the lies that made an affair like theirs necessary. He didn't want one; he had told her that. From the first, she saw, Chalke had labored to put off all emotion until it was possible with dignity.

In the struggle between Chalke, a man, and herself acting in a purely feminine way, only an insignificant part

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of him had given in. A part which, afterward, he had wholly disowned. That was his failure and his recovery.

He had been alone so much, isolated for so many years in the interior of Cuba, that the idealist in him had grown immensely more important, more real, than the different reality of existence. Of people. That described his bitterness too, his dissatisfaction with the United States—he had in his mind a vision of more perfect states and men. He was sharp because all he saw constantly fell short of the better things in his mind.

She had failed him. That realization was again like an actual blow; waves of sickness ran through her. Yes, Chalke had tried to make clear to her the necessary conditions of their escape into joy.

Exactly there lay the fatality of her error—she should have agreed with all he wanted. That was the price of happiness with a man. You had to be a part of his beliefs. In this case, too, Chalke had been right. Right, but not entirely human.

A quality within herself rose in her protection. After all, she had been only natural. If he had to be a man, so she had to be a woman. Chalke hadn't understood that. He had loved her, but really he had made no allowance for her. His lack of a practical knowledge of life had controlled him with her as well as with politics.

She could not drop all her existence in a moment; she had to make arrangements in Eastlake, in her house and in her mind. Women had to be attached to the past, they had to be secure; the reverse was usually too dreadful.

She had, too, wanted love. She had just found it, and she needed its closest support. The result of this was that she had tried to compromise; she had had to compromise. A woman's life was nothing else.

Compromise was forced on her the moment she became a woman. It was supposed to be a vice, but that could not be helped. Men were severe about compromise; they talked about honesty and truth and directness and courage; and then they made it impossible for women safely to have any of those qualities. If a woman wanted to say something to a man important to her, the chance was she had to say its exact opposite. She got a part of what she wanted, as much as could be managed, by compromise.

She had wanted Chalke and at the same time tried to keep for a little while longer her old obligations and comfort. She had no objections to a secret love affair, but, rather, an excited and malicious pleasure in it. That was her principal compromise—she was contented still to keep on with Wilson if she could have Chalke Ewing.

Well, it had spoiled everything. She rose and turned on the lights at her dressing table. Nina sat down before the mirror and made up her face. She found new lines on it; she felt the presence of new white hairs in her head.

At any rate she had not cried; she had saved her face that much. She thought of her face because, in a way, it was both a weapon and a defense. Brightly painted and with a bright smile, it hid her feelings from the curious world.

She was conscious of a positive reluctance to meet any part of her world; she wanted to hide with her deep, her incurable, hurt, but that was absurd. Nobody except Mary Gow really knew about Chalke and herself, and Mary had an impressive wrong idea about it. Mary would tell no one. Her most intimate world could not connect Chalke's departure with her; it would never know she had been deserted.

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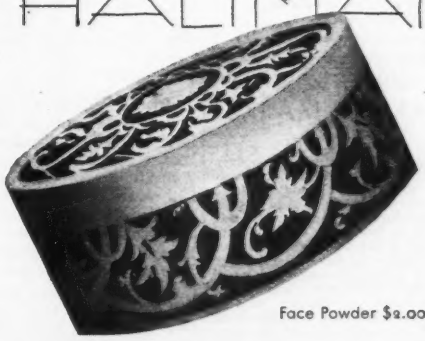

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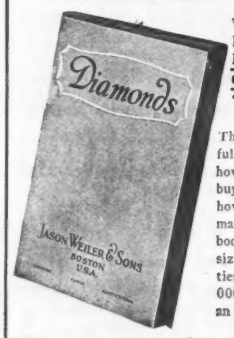

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Nina walked resolutely to the door; she unbolted it and went down to the porch. Acton was reading inside and Cordelia was talking to Faith Bache, seated on the bottom step to the drive.

"I couldn't imagine what had become of you," Cordelia called to her mother. "After Mrs. Gow's air of mystery."

She must not, Nina said mechanically, speak that way about Mrs. Gow. "I suppose she told you Mr. Ewing had gone," she kept brightly on.

"Annabel told Faith. She said it was as strange as he always is." The two girls resumed a low audible but indistinguishable murmur. There was a slow heavy beating of wings in a tree and the crying of an owl. The most hopeless sound in the world. Almost from the first, Nina realized, it had been woven through her consciousness of Chalke.

"Acton," Nina said through an open window, "will you bring me a fan? You will find one on the hall table."

He brought her the fan and sat beside her with a cigaret. "I am reading French," he told her. "Miss Pryne leaves for France tomorrow, and I'll be sailing in another two weeks. Then, before you know it, the fall will be here and college. I intend to be very quiet this winter; I'm not going out for anything; there is a lot of reading I want to do."

All her dislike for Catherine Pryne had vanished; she was grateful to Catherine for bothering with Acton; look what Chalke had done for her. She was lost in thought at once, staring into the darkness. Chalke had gone. He had left her! It couldn't be true, but it was. Pain again raced around inside her. Nina felt faint. A refrain of words, of lovely-sounding syllables, came back to her—Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato.

The Greeks had treated their celebrated men badly. Plato, for example, had been forced to support himself with teaching. Alcibiades and Pericles and Plato. Twelve beats of sound.

Cordelia came up the steps and went on into the house. Evidently Faith Bache had gone home. Acton rose and went in, back to French, really back to Catherine Pryne. Nina watched a late firefly drift up into the night and vanish. A star fell. A momentary silver flare. Millions of years away. Chalke would know how many.

She was at last, Nina found, crying, very quietly. She was alone in the dark and made no effort to stop. Nina gave a deep sigh—it must have squeezed more than a drop of blood from her heart. She did not care what happened to her heart.

When Wilson arrived home, late Saturday afternoon, he was extremely talkative; but Nina realized that his words, like a shallow stream, only played over the surface of his thoughts and feelings. She was resting, informally covered, in the comfortable chair in their bedroom. She watched Wilson Henry, listened to him, with a detached practiced attention.

"I was just north of Atlanta," he went on; "there is some good white pine there still. But in the high foothills. Over two thousand feet. Here we grow white pine at water level. Well, almost water level. It's better than the Georgia pine, too; it is softer to work. After I had seen the lumbermen, I followed your suggestion and went to where Cora had lived. A nice little place. I met some of her family, not very near, and they were nice people. Different from you, of course; Mary Gow and Delia Bache and you would be pretty stiff about them, but you would be wrong. I had supper with Cora—it was her cousin Jasper Cronkett's house—and stayed at the

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hotel. What are we going to do tonight, Nina?"

Nothing, Nina thought. "I haven't heard of anything; I didn't want to accept invitations because I wasn't certain you would be home."

"I told you Saturday," Wilson Henry asserted. "Don't you think it would be pleasant to do something? It's too late for dinner, but we could go over to the club and dance. Nina, we might bring some people back with us."

She could not bear to think of that—Nina remembered the time before when they had brought people back from the dance. It was the night she had met Chalke Ewing. "I don't think I could manage that," she replied. "The heat has been dreadful. I couldn't stand a party here."

Wilson asked: "What about the dance? If you don't want to dance, you might watch the young people. It's as cool there as anywhere else."

She could think of no objection to that; she was too deeply unhappy to bother about her immediate surroundings. No word had come from Chalke. She had waited for it without expectation. All the time she had known him, Nina realized, she had waited for him to reassure her mind and heart.

At moments she thought about his leaving, sudden and silent, with a collected and almost reasonable mind; she was confident that this frightful misunderstanding would end as her smaller doubts had ended—absorbed and answered and cured by love; then an utter sense of misery would possess her.

"You didn't say about the club," Wilson reminded her.

"Very well," she agreed. "Is Cora back? Because if she is, you will want to go for her. We can drive over, and then you can get Cora; that is, if she's not in a hurry."

"Yes," Wilson told her, "Cora is back. It was a funny thing—we were on the same train coming up from Washington. But I won't have to bring her to the dance. She's going to the country club for dinner. That's why she came home. Francis Ambler is having it and he's asked Anna Louise and some of her friends. I must say that at last Francis seems sensible. He's having dinners for the right people.

"The truth is that Francis Ambler is quite a remarkable boy. He really stands for a fine thing in Eastlake—position and money. The Amblers are much richer than you'd imagine. Mason Ambler's religion didn't hurt his shrewdness. Yes, Francis is a great asset here. At one time I didn't think so; I remember speaking critically about him to you, but I didn't understand him then."

"I have always liked Francis," Nina reminded Wilson Henry. "He hasn't been here lately because Chalke Ewing argued with him and he didn't like it. Francis is more than a little spoiled."

Wilson Henry was unrestrained about Ewing. "I was delighted when I heard he had gone," he asserted. "His influence was as bad as Francis Ambler's is good. I told you Ewing believed in nothing. When a man believes in nothing it means everything. It shows you exactly what he is. A bad customer."

Nina Henry listened to that without a stir of emotion, bare of resentment. Wilson did not know Chalke; he could never know him. Chalke was gone and Wilson was here. That was horribly wrong. She wouldn't see Chalke that evening. She could not go to Justin Gow's and sit in the garden, drinking a Cuban drink and listening to Chalke Ewing. Chalke wasn't there. He had gone! Instead, she was going to the country

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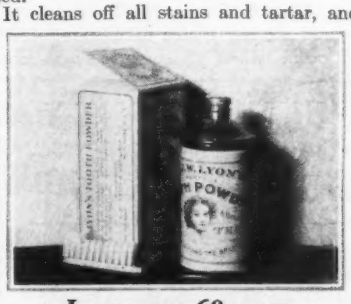

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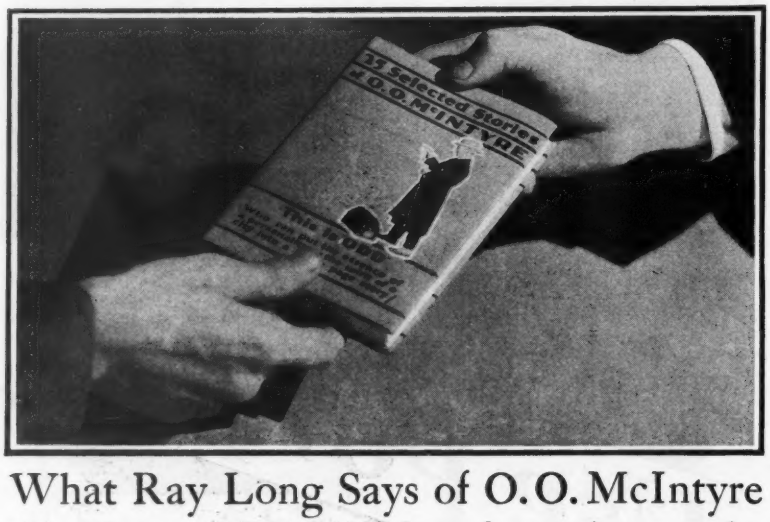

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club with Wilson to watch the young people dance.

Nina went with a heavy heart to the closet where her dresses hung. The first she saw was the black satin and chiffon dress made by Ishtarre. She was so indifferent, so sunk, that she needed every help clothes might give her, and she took the Ishtarre dress off its hanger.

It fitted her as perfectly as ever, so perfectly that she had to get Rhoda again to help her with the hooks. "It's funny about this," Rhoda commented. "It ain't and yet it is. It's not special this way or that, Miss Nina, but you can't take your eyes off it. It looks like a dress for gentlemen to admire instead of ladies."

Nina settled the slip and chiffon about her hips. She gazed critically in the mirror. It was as good as ever. It was, Nina was sure, the best dress in the world. An indefinite feeling of assurance returned to her; she held herself erect; her chin was up. Really her throat was round and smooth and nice.

A feeling of confidence, a sensation of power, came to support her. Her attitude toward Chalke Ewing subtly changed—Nina didn't think her situation with him was desperate. He could never ultimately leave her. He had gone south in a moment of damaged pride; she had overcome him, and, naturally, he hadn't liked it; but his resentment would accomplish nothing.

At the same time, she thought, he must be made to pay for his act of desertion; Chalke must be shown that he could not lightly disregard every possible consideration of her. She'd make him suffer until he realized his position and his supreme debt to her. What he owed for being allowed to possess her.

He could not, of course, entirely possess her; no one man could expect as much as that. Nina would, though, love him more than she loved anyone else. She would give him her love, she would give him herself, at times and in moods when it pleased her. But if Chalke thought he owned her, if he expected to tell her what was right and wrong, he was piling up trouble for himself.

There were, after all, other men; a worldful of men. She belonged, fundamentally, to herself; what she had to give she could give where she liked. If Chalke stayed away from her, if he wasn't enough to absorb her—to exhaust her, really—she would turn to others.

Wilson, who was looking at her, shook his head with a puzzled expression. "I don't know what it is," he said; "I don't know how you do it. Or if it's just the dress. That confounded dress! You look like the most expensive girl in London, New York, or Paris. I suppose it's wonderful. You said that was the way women wanted to look. You do. By Jove, I might almost take a swing at you myself."

Nina glanced at him secretly. That was an entertaining idea. To seduce Wilson after such a long inattention. It was entertaining because, although he was her husband, it would be so unutterably low. The confusion of morals strongly engaged her. As a matter of fact she didn't think she would.

Nina returned to her perfume and to her hair. That was another strange thing—whenever she wore the Ishtarre dress her hair, at other times difficult, went up with an easy effectiveness. Tonight she especially liked its color, more ashen than warm. Its usual blond quality was a sharp cold silver. Nina wore metallic green slippers, and stockings a shade darker than her legs, and she had an airy green handkerchief tucked in a diamond bracelet.

A number of people were seated scattered through the half-dark of the country-club porch; only a few people were dancing; Wilson put a chair for Nina beside Delia Bache, Cora, and Evelyn Delaney, and left them together.

"There comes the French dress," Evelyn said; "we might as well go home."

Nina spoke to Delia and Cora Lisher. "You've been away," she proceeded politely to Cora. "When did you get back and did you have a good time?"

She had returned to Eastlake today and she had had a serious time, Cora answered. "If you think this is hot, go to Georgia. And if there is anything worse than an old-fashioned funeral, I don't know what it is. It made me shudder."

Joel Bache and Evelyn's husband, Ambrose, dragged up chairs. "I never see you, Nina," Joel complained. "That's not fair. It doesn't give me a chance to get used to you, and so you do away with me every time you appear. It's too hot to dance, and I told Delia I wouldn't, but if you will I'd like it."

Nina laughed lightly. "You are safe, Joel. I won't now, anyhow."

Anna Louise Lisher, Nina saw, was dancing with Francis Ambler. She hadn't spoken to Francis since, more than a little drunk, he had left her house in a rage with Chalke Ewing. Francis had seemed to announce that he was done with her. He couldn't decide that. He was done with her when she allowed him to go; not before. Anna Louise and Francis came out on the porch. Francis at first didn't see her.

Anna Louise dabbed at her face with a ridiculous scrap of undistinguished lace. "Isn't it a marvelous party?" she said enthusiastically. That was, Nina added for herself, if a Lisher could really be enthusiastic. However, she recognized that Anna Louise was very lovely.

Yes, Cora agreed, it was a marvelous party. "I wouldn't sit here, though," Anna Louise's mother went on. "It is too hot after dancing. Get Francis to take you to the end of the porch, where there is some air."

Francis Ambler then saw Nina. "Hello," he said awkwardly. "I didn't know you were here, Nina."

"Yes," she told him; "as you see, I am. We came over after dinner." She lingered on the word "after." Even in the obscurity of the porch she could see a flush rise in Francis' face.

"We've been here for hours," he replied. "I had some of the young ones for dinner."

Anna Louise continued: "Francis, we have been sent away. They don't want us. Didn't you hear Mother?"

Francis returned to her. "We don't want to stay," he said promptly. "It is entirely too stuffy." He still lingered above Nina. "If you are going to dance later," he went on, "will you remember I owe you an apology? Dancing is splendid for things like that."

He took Anna Louise's arm and they moved off to the end of the porch. They were followed, where Nina was seated, by a sudden interested silence.

Francis should have apologized long before for his conduct to her, Nina decided. He had come to her house for dinner and then left before dinner was served. Drink did not excuse everything. It didn't excuse anything. A faint wave of her pain, her loss, returned; but it was like a strain of unbearably sad music drowned by a harsh volume of jazz. She was impatient at her suffering.

She returned to Francis Ambler—he always had consulted her about the parties he gave, asked her whom to ask and what to have, when to have it. This—his conduct and dinner tonight—

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was quite new and not very pleasant. He had been confused when he saw her.

Nina was conscious that Cora Lisher was intently watching her. Cora didn't think she knew it. Nina had a feeling that there was a new deliberate unfriendliness in Cora Lisher's manner. Perhaps, as Cora's feeling for Wilson increased, she regarded her with a correspondingly greater resentment. Nina decided against that. No, that wasn't it.

Another idea invaded her—Cora was interested, for Anna Louise, in Francis; and she was afraid of her. Afraid of her old influence over Francis. Everyone, as Mary Gow had so often pointed out, knew about their affair. Yes, that was it. Nina was amused. At the same time her annoyance with Francis increased rather than diminished.

Wilson returned and, politely conventional, asked Nina to dance. She refused. "Cora, will you dance with me," he demanded, "or at least walk up and down?"

"I'll walk"—Cora rose—"but not far and particularly not fast."

If Francis did dance with her and invented some excuse for the inexcusable, Nina thought, she would be pretty stiff about it. Walking drunk out of her house before dinner! She was, as well, both amused and annoyed at Cora. So far as she was concerned, Francis was free as air. She didn't want him. If he was idiot enough to marry a Lisher, she wouldn't stop him. She loved an infinitely more engaging man. He had left her, but that wasn't the end. It couldn't be.

Chalke would find that he needed her. Cuba, now, would be too lonely, too empty, to be borne. Chalke, when he had recovered his senses, would hurry back to her. In the meantime she wasn't actually interested in Francis Ambler. He could not hope to appeal to her after Chalke Ewing.

But, after all, Francis was one of her old attachments. When he left her she would send him away. If Cora thought that Anna Louise Lisher and she could get Francis away from her by simply smiling at him, Cora was crazy. There was, Nina realized, a general growing interest about Anna Louise and Francis.

Francis Ambler returned with Anna Louise; she went inside, and he asked Nina to dance. "I wish you wouldn't wear that dress," he began plaintively. "It's destructive. Nina, you must have realized I was drunk at your house. It hit me in a second. At the same time Chalke Ewing was more disagreeable than he had any business to be. I know a little of what you think of him, Nina, and I'll try not to make you cross, since I can't agree with it. I'll tell you this much—he, you, both of you, made me dreadfully unhappy. That won't mean much to you now."

Nina listened to him with a cold measuring interest. "Chalke was disagreeable," she acknowledged. "He is one of the rudest men in the world. I happen to like it. As you have said—without the excuse of a reason—I like him. You didn't give either of us a chance to make up for the rudeness. You simply stalked out of the room. You didn't telephone. You haven't been back since."

"No, I didn't and I haven't," he agreed. "I think it's rather a good thing. Heaven knows you have been honest enough, Nina. You always gave me all you felt. But, after all, would that ever get more and if it didn't was it enough? I'm not sure. Confound it, I'm all confused again. I thought I had decided everything. Now I don't know. Why didn't you stay away in that bloody black dress?"

Nina observed calmly: "You mean you decided it wasn't enough and never could be."

He interrupted her, protesting at that. "Would, Nina, not could." The music stopped and left them by the door to the driveway, opposite the porch. There were benches just outside, and Nina deserted the room and the dancing and sat in the slightly cooler night air. She demanded a cigaret. Francis Ambler was evidently disturbed and uneasy.

"If you want to go back to Anna Louise Lisher," Nina said, "I'm splendid here."

At least Francis was quite admirable there. "As a matter of fact I do," he replied. "I am giving a dinner and have responsibilities. And pleasures," he added promptly. "But I don't intend to leave you here. Can't we go back to the porch?"

Nina rose with an air of complete detachment. "Thank you, Francis." She spoke very politely. He started, with a violent gesture, to say something which he succeeded in suppressing. Cora had returned to her seat; Delia Bache, apparently, had not moved.

Wilson Henry appeared; he sat with his back to the porch rail, and Cora turned her chair so that she could talk more easily to him. What they said was inaudible to the others. Nina, however, was conscious of a great activity of restrained speech on the part of Cora. Wilson listened thoughtfully. At intervals he nodded an agreement.

A faint contempt, the sharp visible edge of a deep dislike, appeared in Nina. They were, she thought, so futile, lost in their penny love affair. She remembered, with a cold smile, how she had once suggested buying an automobile for Cora, and, as a consequence, how stupidly Wilson had exposed their relationship.

Nina gathered from intangible sources, from the form of spoken words in the air, that Cora was talking to Wilson about Francis Ambler. Francis and Anna Louise. That was why she was at once decided and secretive.

It was evident that Cora Lisher, that many people, thought Francis might marry Anna Louise, and, with that superb chance for her incomparable daughter before Cora, of course she was complaining to Wilson about Nina's conduct. Francis might well marry Anna Louise, Nina continued silently—if she decided on it.

Joel Bache asked her to dance. "If you had enough imagination to know I might accept, you ought to be punished," she replied. "Yes." When they were dancing, Nina was conscious of a change in Joel's attitude toward her. He held her much closer than ever before. That didn't upset her, it didn't even surprise her; on the contrary, it seemed to be entirely natural. She had, Nina found, expected it.

Joel's face was red and wet; his gaze was simply nowhere; he knocked into a great many dancers. When the music paused, Nina found herself again standing on the small entrance porch at the driveway.

"Look here," Joel said, "I am not the age to carry flasks and take you out to an automobile. At the same time I do want a drink and my house is hardly more than across the road. Will you go with me?"

Nina hesitated. She looked at him with a slow measuring comprehension. "Of course, Joel," she replied; "a drink would be an enormous help now."

The doors and windows of Joel Bache's house were all open to the dark spaciousness of the breathless night; there was a single light in the hall. It will probably happen in the dining room, Nina thought. In the dining room Joel stopped and took her into his arms.

"Nina," he said, in a strained half-whisper; "Nina, I've thought about you and wanted you so long." She was absolutely still. Joel kissed her and then he kissed her again.

She moved her face slightly from side to side, avoiding him; she twisted in his arms, keeping him away from her. The only feeling that stirred in her was curiosity; it interested Nina to see Joel Bache in a state of abject emotion. He grew angry and rougher; she didn't mind that either; she got pleasure from the sheer fact of the struggle.

Joel lost all memory and restraint. He shoved Nina against the dining-room table; the table hurt and bruised her hip; he tore loose the shoulder strap of her dress. That brought her acquiescent curiosity to an abrupt end. She freed herself from him. Joel sank in a chair. He was breathing in irregular gasps.

"That was a pretty thing for me to do," he said finally. "Nina Henry, I've lived next to you for years. Wilson's wife. I must be insane!"

Nina said smoothly: "We won't remember it, Joel. Not if it makes you unhappy. I'll have to stop and fix my dress. We'll drink our drink first." She fixed the shoulder strap for the moment with her diamond bar pin.

"Life," Joel asserted, "is worse than hell can ever be. The only thing you want is what you can't have. You want things you can't possibly have. Like you. I've been married to Delia as long as you have to Wilson. Two or three years longer, really. I am fifty-four years old. I have more children than you have. Yet I feel as though I hadn't any. I feel as though Delia meant nothing to me. Because, don't you see, now I only want you. Suddenly you are the only thing in the world that I care about. So I disgraced myself. I tore your dress and hurt you and frightened you half out of your wits."

That, in itself, entertained Nina enormously. She was absolutely cold; the truth was that she had deliberately encouraged him.

"Inside of me," Joel went on, "I haven't stopped. I'd like to beat you insensible and then shake you into consciousness again. I'm not Joel Bache, who has just been sitting with his wife on the country-club porch and who is going back there again. I don't know anything about country clubs! I am simply a man. An animal! I don't want to have to talk and dance politely with you. I want to hit everybody I can reach with a heavy chair and then drag you away." Joel stopped speaking; he glared at her, and then his spirit, his rebellion against polite existence, collapsed.

"I am Joel Bache, and I own an insurance business," he said in a flat voice. "I have three children and an automobile. I have to wear overshoes when it rains." Nina Henry rapidly lost interest in Joel. "Then," he added, "look what comes over me. Look what I do."

What he had just tried to do, Nina thought, was the single cause of all the interest she had in him. She swiftly mended the damage to her dress and returned to Joel Bache. He was standing disconsolate on the porch.

"Nina," he told her, "I can't thank you enough for what you are. The way you behaved. I didn't know any woman alive understood men like that. I didn't think anyone could have, well—so much charity. That's what it was, charity. Nina,

I'm all shut up inside. I've had to be all my life. You were so lovely, Nina, I couldn't keep on the way I was. The way I have to be. It's all over now. I wish it didn't have to be. It makes me a little sick to realize what I am going to be for the rest of my life."

The small group Nina had left on the country-club porch had grown larger. Cora Lisher and Wilson were no longer talking privately. No one was dancing.

"Francis took his party out to his house," Cora told her with a perceptible air of satisfaction. "When they left they were talking about staying at the Ambiers' all night. It is such an enormous house."

Nina said casually: "I didn't know you had ever been in it, Cora. It is a big house, but it's gloomy. Terribly comfortable, of course—the beds are marvelous—but mid-Victorian. Alabaster vases and gilded clocks with black marble columns."

Cora was pleasant in manner. "I know exactly what you mean," she replied. "But I don't agree about beds like that. Great big affairs. I would never be comfortable in them." It was clear that Wilson Henry was becoming uneasy.

"You think of the most extraordinary things to talk about," he said to Nina. "Now it's beds. Conversation is certainly coming to a standstill in America. I miss it. I like a good argument where there is something to argue about. But that won't do now. People have to bring up beds or religion or patriotism. You can't argue about them. There isn't any argument. Take Ewing, for example, Mary Gow's brother—I always intended to tell him what was in my mind about him. I was sorry he went before I could do it; but, even at that, it is better for him to be gone."

Chalke Ewing! A faint unhappiness, sweet and memorable like the distant sound of a melodious bell, assailed her being. Chalke Ewing. The sweetness vanished, dissolved in a different and acid understanding. Chalke had left her without a word, but he would be wretched, always lonely and incomplete, away from her. He wouldn't, the chances were, be able to stay away. In Cuba. The tropical nights would keep her before him—Chalke would remember her body like melted silver poured over and in and through him.

When Nina went home with Wilson he surprised her by his careful pleasantness of manner. There was, he said, with an air of concerned cheerfulness, something he had to discuss with her. A situation, a possibility, had occurred that couldn't help interesting them both immensely. "It would be wonderful," Wilson announced; "and you are very important to it."

Nina realized that Cora—who had been smarter than she supposed likely—had definitely instructed Wilson both in his manner and in what he was to say to her. She sat in their bedroom, smoking a last cigaret before sleep and watching him with a concealed amusement.

"I told you," he went on, "what I think of Francis Ambler. What I've come to think of him. It's all good. Now, Nina, a man like that, a young man, ought to be married. Particularly when he has so much property. Some nice young girl should enjoy it with him. You know that. They ought to have children.

"Well, it's my belief Francis has come to about the same conclusion. He's acting like it. You must realize, though, that for a year or two he kept away from the girls he ought to be with. The truth is he's been crazy about you. Everybody realized that, and, to some extent, I must say, it hurt him. You were a little selfish, Nina. Not that I blame you. I don't. But now I think the time has come to end it.

"I don't say, remember, that Francis is tired of you; I don't think so and that's why I'm explaining all this. But I am sure you could put a stop to it. You ought to. It's your duty." He paused, expecting her to speak.

Nina said nothing; she wouldn't, she made up her mind, give him any assistance. He could go on by himself with what Cora had told him to say.

"The reason is this," Wilson added. "Anna Louise." He waited, expectant, again; she said nothing; he continued. "I think, and, I find, a lot of people agree with me, that he is interested in her. I'm sure he'd be in love with Anna Louise if it was not for his feeling about you. I don't mean love, but a kind of loyalty. He has remarkably fine feelings. He doesn't want to hurt you."

There, at least, with inconceivable clumsiness, Wilson was speaking for himself. His dullness of comprehension bred an answering animosity, an arrogance of pride, in her. He was not, actually, begging her to let Francis Ambler go; he was, with Cora, threatening her. He was threatening her with the failure of her charm, her attractiveness.

If she did not willingly release Francis, he meant, Francis would soon come to his senses and leave her. They were, however, Nina realized, still afraid of her. They understood that she might yet be nasty. There they were right. "What do you expect me to do?" she asked.

"Don't see Francis," Wilson told her. "Don't encourage him to see you. Make it impossible for him to see you. We—that is, I am sure you won't need to do any more." Wilson Henry's spirits rose. It was clear to Nina that he thought he was succeeding wonderfully. He thought he was being a model of cunning. "Francis Ambler adores Anna Louise now," he declared. "He's just a dash up in the air. You can bring him down."

Her spirit of perversity took the form of words. "But he is very useful to me," Nina objected. "You can't think how many things, how much, he does for me. I am not terribly young any more, and Francis is a comfort. You ought to consider just what he saves you. Without Francis to take me to the club you wouldn't have nearly so much freedom. You couldn't go down at any time and get Cora. Did you think of that?"

It was evident he had not. A troubled frown settled over his face. "I can't help that," he said stubbornly, at last. "You have got to do it, Nina!"

Nina considered this. She was not at all certain that she would. She rather thought she wouldn't. It would show Cora Lisher that she could not do whatever she chose with her. Nina didn't eventually want Francis—when Chalke came back and acknowledged his ridiculous error to her, anyone who wanted Francis Ambler—in short, the Lishers—was welcome to him. That had nothing to do with her present necessity. Her present necessity was to do what pleased her with Francis. She would not make up her mind now.

"Well?" Wilson asked. She replied silently, with raised eyebrows, a look of inquiry. "Don't be so innocent," he advised her; "you know what I mean. What are you going to do about Francis? Are you going to let him go or will you simply ride for a fall?"

"Everyone is so sure about the fall," she lightly complained. "And then we are neglecting Francis. Perhaps I ought to ask him what to do."

Wilson's face was scarlet with anger. "Do that," he replied. "Ask him in that dress with your breast and legs worse than bare."

Nina said she was shocked. "Wilson, I have never known you to be so coarse. I do think you owe me an apology. Even if I am your wife."

He laughed shortly. "It's a fact, isn't it? I mean about the dress. A number of your best friends seem to think so. I even heard Acton speak about it. Your own son was upset. That is a great deal for this period of general indecency. We will go back to Francis Ambler—he'll probably ask Anna Louise to marry him. If he does, what will you do about it? If you don't mind, I'd like to know."

"Why, Wilson, give her an engagement present, of course. Six pairs of stockings. They would help her to keep him. Francis is very difficult." Her tone was so light as to be almost gay. "Anna Louise is pretty, Wilson, but you know her stockings are the wrong color. Like Evelyn Delaney's. You know they are!"

He reminded her that the Lishers were poor. "They can't have everything I am able to give you." That realization, it was evident, filled him with gloom.

"No girl has to wear stockings like Anna Louise's," Nina declared. "It's Cora's fault, I know. Cora is a good woman, she is a perfect mother, but she never had any taste. How could she, coming from what she did?"

Wilson started to speak and then he choked audibly; his face grew red.

"Do you want me to get you a glass of water?" Nina asked.

"I do not," Wilson replied. "We were speaking of Anna Louise and Francis Ambler. Not Cora. You will not recognize the fact that a woman like you, who looks the way you look, costs at least fifty thousand dollars a year. She may not be worth fifty thousand cents, or fifty cents, but that is what she costs.

"Cora and Anna Louise have to get along on less than six thousand dollars a year. I happen to know because Cora asked for my advice about an investment. That is everything they have. Nina, if you break up this business with Francis Ambler, I will make you pay for it." Wilson, with a violent physical effort, recovered his balance. "That was nonsense," he said more calmly.

Nina rose and mechanically removed her dress. When she had done that an immense indifference overcame her. Francis Ambler meant less than nothing to her. Chalke had gone away, he had left her, without a word. A spasm of pain pinched her heart. She stood gazing stricken and helpless into a room empty of all that was indispensable to her. She thought she must faint.

Wilson noticed none of this. His back was turned toward her; Wilson was getting pajamas, lavender silk pajamas, out of a drawer. All the stir and emotions, all the events and people, of the past evening now seemed meaningless shadows and sounds. Chalke had gone!

She walked uncertainly to her dressing table and slipped into the chair before it. The Ishtarre dress lay on the floor.

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

The Bracelet

(Continued from page 29)

somehow they made Olivia wonder what Anne Marie's exact outlook on money was. For instance, was she a greedy woman or a disinterested woman?

"Shall I take away the tea, Mademoiselle?"

"Thank you. Yes, you might, please."

Olivia got up. Anne Marie got up, too, and put her hands to the tray. "I say——"

"Mademoiselle?" Anne Marie stood looking at Olivia.

"You know I'm going to do a portrait of her ladyship? I have been asked to do a series of portraits for the illustrated weekly called 'Modern Days,' and her ladyship has promised to sit for me."

"Yes, Mademoiselle. Milady told me."

"I wish you would let me do a portrait of you, just for my own pleasure. Without your hat, of course. As you are now. Or perhaps in a smock."

An oddly obstinate look had come into Anne Marie's eyes. She did not answer. Perhaps she was startled by the request. Perhaps she was considering.

"Well, what d'you say?"

"If Mademoiselle thinks it is worth while——"

"You have an interesting head," said Olivia, half shutting her eyes. "Interesting and out of the common."

"I shall be pleased, Mademoiselle, if milady approves."

Just then there was a tap on the window and a bass voice called: "May I come into the studio?"

Olivia turned sharply and a faint flush changed her face. Anne Marie, after a quick glance at the window, moved off with the tray.

"Come in!" called Olivia. "You've only to turn the handle."

A man's face, narrow, long, white but profusely freckled, with light keen eyes sheltered by fluffy straw-colored eyebrows, disappeared from the glass, and an instant later a tall man of the greyhound type, who looked about forty, lean, stringy, alert, with long legs clad in flannels, a silk muffler round his throat and a cigar in his mouth above which was a small straw-colored mustache brushed upwards, came in holding a couple of tennis rackets in a press. His low forehead, around which the light hair grew in closely crinkled waves, was beaded with perspiration, and he had the vivid expression of one who has been making a strong physical effort.

"How did you know I should be here?"

"Guessed it. I was sure you couldn't keep away from your new toy."

"It isn't a toy. It's a place for serious work. Where do you come from?"

"Hurlingham. I've been playing a mixed with Lady Bettine in the tournament. May I?" He laid the rackets down on a divan, but continued to smoke. "I never leave my rackets about. Might be pinched."

"You've been playing with Betty again?"

"Yes. We seem to make a good combine."

"Did you win?"

"We did; against Chumley and Mrs. Weste."

"I thought Captain Chumley played better than you do."

"He does, but Lady Bettine's about twice as good as Mrs. Weste, so you see! We're in the semifinal." He looked round quizzically. "Quite a clever little place."

"I don't know what you mean by clever. It's cheap and it suits me."

"I should just think it did." He jerked

his head sideways like a stableboy. "Who've you got in there?" he murmured.

"Betty's maid, Anne Marie."

He looked slightly disconcerted. "The devil you have! Get rid of her, there's a dear."

"Don't!"

Brett Arden had whispered, really whispered, but Olivia was convinced that Anne Marie's sense of hearing was abnormally acute. She had no reason to think so. She had never thought so before. But now she was certain of it.

"She'll hear you."

"Then she must have ears like a hare."

In a loud voice he began talking about lawn tennis, and almost immediately Anne Marie came into the studio with her hat on and her gloves in one hand.

"*Bon soir, mademoiselle.* Is there anything else I can do?"

"No, thank you. Thanks for coming."

"It is nothing, Mademoiselle."

"And don't forget to ask her ladyship about *that*. You remember?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"If you don't dislike the idea."

"Certainly I will ask, Mademoiselle. With pleasure."

And then Anne Marie went away.

"That's a rum-looking woman!"

"You think so?"

"Rum character, too."

"Haven't you ever seen her before?"

"No; why should I? D'you think I'm in the habit of popping in and out of Lady Bettine's bedroom?"

"Now, that'll do!"

"Well, but what else could you mean? Doesn't a woman's maid live among her undies?"

"You are incorrigible. You always turn everything in that everlasting direction."

"What direction? I swear I don't get your meaning. What are you accusing me of?"

"I am not accusing you. Now switch off! In the hunting field I have to put up with it from you and your kind. But I won't have it here."

"But my dear prudish child——"

"Stop it!"

"But what have I said?"

"It's what you were going to say; what you are always saying. Your mind seems always to work in the one direction. I wonder you don't get sick of that old, old story."

"Well, it's the story of all humanity since the Creation."

He stretched out a long, thin, muscular arm, caught hold of one of her hands with his freckled hand and pulled it until she leaned down toward him.

"Now why pretend you're different from other women, Olly?"

"I don't pretend anything, but I really am sick of——"

"Come along!"

He pulled at her again. She resisted, then suddenly yielded and let him kiss her, put his arms round her.

"I'm too heavy. I shall crush you."

"Rot! You are an Amazon, but not the Rubens type, all——"

"That'll do! Stop it!"

"Prude!" He kissed her ear. "Tell me something, Olly."

"What?"

"Tell me why you took the studio."

"Because I want to earn some money."

"Pauper! Any other reason?"

"Of course not."

"A quiet little corner like this is useful, isn't it? Better than the garish publicity of Great Cumberland Place." He felt her body stiffen. "There's more in life than scratching charcoal heads on drawing paper, eh, girl?"

She turned her head and looked with

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angry steadiness into his laughing eyes. "So you think I took the studio because of you? Is that it?"

"I wouldn't say that."

"Do you?"

"Well, a tucked-in place like this is handy for——"

She got up resolutely from his knees. "You make me very angry—with myself!" she said harshly.

"And with me?"

"I often feel angry with you. You know it. You irritate me more than any man I know. You take pleasure in exposing to me all my weak points. You are mischievous. You are cynical. You are always laughing at the best part of me; at all that is serious and strong in me. No man has ever rubbed me the wrong way as you do continually."

"You and I suffer from the eternal conflict between the *esprit femelle* and the *esprit mâle.* That's how it is. We haven't reached, and I'll bet we never shall reach, the perfect equilibrium. I'm a bit too masculine and you are too fundamentally feminine for there not to be plenty of friction between us. I ought to have a touch of the feminine in me. And you a whiff of the masculine in you. Then there'd be far less fighting—but less sex attraction, too."

"For heaven's sake, spare me talk of that kind!"

"Why are you so afraid of the naked truth?"

"Nakedness can be revolting. One needn't discuss blatantly every truth one knows. There's a privacy of the mind that I value, just as there's a privacy of the body."

"You warn me off the grass till, upon my soul, I don't know where I may tread with you."

"You don't know where you——? Why, you trample wherever you want to. You don't know the meaning of the word delicacy."

"Why do you put up with me, Olly? Why do you take studios for me?"

With intense exasperation Olivia exclaimed, "This isn't for you! This is for *me,* for me to try to do some decent work in."

"D'you swear I had nothing whatever to do with your taking of this place?"

After a pause Olivia said in a low uneven voice, "Perhaps you had. I scarcely know. I want to be honest, absolutely honest. I did honestly believe I was thinking only of my work when I took this place. Possibly I deceived myself. I don't know; I don't know. What are you frowning at?"

"I was only thinking that the rum-lookin' female who has just left us evidently jumped to that conclusion before you did."

"Anne Marie!" said Olivia, startled.

"No other!"

"Why d'you think such an ugly thing?"

"Ugly! Well, she looked so blamed satirical when she went out. That's all."

Olivia looked painfully uncomfortable. She seemed to be absorbed in thoughts that were distressing her. At last she said, "Anne Marie *is* satirical."

She sat down in the second wicker chair, but not very near him.

"You jumped to that, did you?"

"Yes. When she came she said something about its being so quiet here, and then she said, 'Mademoiselle will surely make good portraits here.' And I had a feeling as if perhaps she were laughing at me secretly."

"I'll bet she was." Brett Arden spoke carelessly, but there was a slight restlessness in his manner which hadn't been in it before.

"Did Betty know you were coming here from Hurlingham?" said Olivia.

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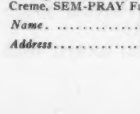

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"Not she! You don't suppose I go about shrieking my private affairs to my tennis partners. But Lady Bettine will know I've been here tonight—from the rum-looking woman."

"Does it matter?" said Olivia.

"Lady Bettine's a sport and devoted to you."

"Yes, I know. But you think——?"

"Lady Bettine's infernally sharp about such things. Women who've been through as much as she has always are. We've been careful. Up to now I'm certain she hadn't the faintest idea."

"I hate it all!" said Olivia with vehemence.

"What?"

"The being careful, the pretense, the necessity for trickery. All that entertains and amuses you I loathe and despise."

"What else can we do?"

"I know, I know!"

"You're too straight for a woman, Olly. That's what's the matter with you. But why should you think it degrading to be fond of a man?"

"It's being fond in *this* way."

"Because of my wife, you mean? Well, is it my fault if she won't divorce me?"

"You treated her badly."

"Well, she's treating me badly now."

"I don't see why a woman should be forced to give her husband a divorce just because he thinks he'd like to have one."

"That is your confounded *esprit femelle* at work. You women all secretly love to see a man being punished by another woman. Seems I shall be tied to Jean for the rest of my life. Tell me, Olly, if I were free would you marry me?"

She hesitated, but at last she said, "I don't know. Would you ask me to?"

"I don't think I should. What I've been through with Jean has made me hate marriage. But I'd set up house with you."

"Thank you."

She got up and moved restlessly about the room with its few bits of furniture: a writing table, a couple of cabinets of old oak from Credon, an oak table for meals, easels, a divan, high cream-colored walls. He watched her keenly.

"The trouble with you, Olly," he said, "is that you fall between two stools."

"How?" she asked, stopping.

"You are neither wholly—let's call it moral, though the word seems to have dropped out of the dictionary of late—nor wholly unmoral, like our common friend Lady Bettine."

"Don't speak of Bettine in that way."

"Well, we both know what she is, and surely we can speak frankly between these four walls. You hate pretense. Then why pretend that Lady Bettine's what we both know she isn't? A woman like Violet Masham is happy with her morality and Lady Bettine always has had a thundering good time on the other set of rails. But you!"

"I know! I know!" she interrupted him, with exasperation. "Don't explain!"

"Olly, you should take a definite line. You should cast in your lot with either the sheep or the goats. Believe me, that's the root trouble with three-quarters of the people we know. They want to baa with the sheep and frisk with the goats at one and the same time. Can't be done! You should plump for one or the other."

"I shall never plump for the goats. That's certain."

"Well, my dear old girl, I'm a he-goat if ever there was one."

When he said that she smiled reluctantly, trying to resist, but she smiled with her eyes and her whole face.

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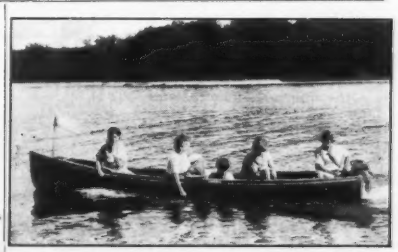

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"Come over here, Olly," he said softly "No!"

"But what's the little place for? All this portrait business is sheer eyewash."

"It isn't. I've been asked to do a series of heads for Modern Days."

He laughed. "A five-pound note here and there. What's the good of that?"

"You're as bad as my father. But you've more excuse because you're rich and he is not. A five-pound note here and there will be a godsend to me. Perhaps I was a fool to take—this. I think I was. But"—her face set again into intense gravity—"now I've got it I'm going to work hard in it. Then I shall at least justify myself."

"Justify! Justify!" He got up. "Puritan words in a pagan's mouth."

"What a lie! I shall never be a pagan."

He went to her and took her hands. "Anyhow, you picked out a pagan for your lover."

"That's not true. You wouldn't let me alone."

He forced her to sit with him on the divan and put an arm round her. "Confound it! I sometimes think it's the Puritan in you that gets me. The average woman's so awfully usual. They dress alike, shingle alike, turn the scale at the same weight, talk the same clichés. You stand out like a Rolls-Royce——"

"Why not say like a lorry?"

"——like a Rolls-Royce among a crowd of Fords. No wonder Lady Bettine swears by you as a friend. No wonder you give Chumley restless nights."

"Roger Chumley — restless nights! What absurdity! Captain Chumley doesn't care for me in the least."

"Chumley's in love with you, Olly."

"Do you suppose that if he were I shouldn't know it?"

"Quite likely! You women are always making mistakes about men."

"Not in that way."

"Chumley's not brilliant but he's deep. He hides it because he's afraid of you. He thinks you are *it*, and he thinks he's a long way from being *it*."

"Poor Captain Chumley! I'm sure he's worth fifty of me."

"He's a man and he doesn't engage my ardent attention. Let him go. I beat him at Hurlingham today, and I'll beat him again now in Clarence Lane, Regent's Park. But—I wish the rum-looking woman hadn't been here when I came." He said the last words with a seriousness unusual in him.

"Even if Bettine should suspect she'll never say anything," said Olivia.

But she spoke uneasily. And when he kissed her, in the midst of her abnegation, which was like the abnegation of a body to an anæsthetic, she seemed to hear Anne Marie laughing.

Brett Arden was wrong in his estimate of Anne Marie's intentions. When she came into her mistress' long bedroom in Berkeley Square that evening to help Lady Bettine out of her tennis kit she said nothing about his visit to Clarence Lane. Nor did she mention the matter of Olivia's expressed wish to draw her head in charcoal. Evidently the faithful Breton was not habitually garrulous, though, when she chose to talk, or when Lady Bettine deliberately encouraged her to do so, she had no difficulty in finding apt words to express her mind.

When Lady Bettine came out of her bath, looking cool, ugly and amazingly thin, Anne Marie, already having laid out everything her mistress would want for that evening, was standing at the extreme end of the long room before the dressing table, which was covered

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with golden toilet things arranged in front of a mirror. As she heard Lady Bettine she turned around.

"What are you doing over there, Anne Marie? Come along. I haven't much time. Colonel Fayne and I have to dine in Belgrave Square at half past eight."

"I was looking at the owl, milady. I didn't know you had it." She began helping Lady Bettine to dress.

"It only came today. I won it in that lottery at Claridge's got up for Russian children—you know, Princess Gortchakov's. I took only one ticket and that's the result. The bird of Minerva evidently wanted to roost in Berkeley Square. What d'you think of him?"

"Oh, milady, I think he's beautiful."

"Those are rubies he has for eyes. I suppose you know he's a match box."

"No, milady, I didn't."

"Keep him filled with wax matches."

"Yes, milady."

After a silence during which the complicated toilet went forward Lady Bettine said, "What's the studio like?"

"Oh, quite nice, milady. There's not much in it. It is very simple."

"Did you and Miss Mansfeld get it shipshape?"

"Yes, milady. And Miss Mansfeld kindly made me have tea with her."

"Anyone else with you?"

"No, milady. Nobody else at tea with us."

"I'm going to sit for Miss Mansfeld."

"So she told me, milady. I hope she will make a beautiful picture of you."

"She can't turn me into a beauty. But she may give me *du chien*. That's the best I can hope for."

She picked up a gold hand mirror and looked at herself in it.

"I am like a skull. I haven't a single good feature, except, perhaps, my eyes. Yes, they're all right, especially when I'm laughing, and luckily I laugh a good deal. I'm diabolically ugly—yes. But *diabolically!* That is my salvation.

"Anne Marie, every woman who wants to attract, and all women want to except perhaps you, must have emphasis somewhere; must have a note that's emphatic. And my ugliness is emphatic. I'm emphatically irregular, emphatically tall and thin and boyish and devil-may-care. And so I go down with them. I'm not like anyone else, thank heaven!"

She put the hand mirror down.

"What's the time?"

Anne Marie told her.

"Good. I can have a cigaret."

Anne Marie brought her a gold cigaret box. Lady Bettine took a cigaret, stretched out her hand and lifted the golden head of the owl with the ruby eyes. The inside of the bird was empty.

"Oh, of course! Give me a match and then fill him up."

She sat down in a white armchair covered with thick white silk. Anne Marie brought her a lighted match and then proceeded to fill up the owl's interior with wax matches. Lady Bettine sat watching her and smoking.

"I'm going to dance all night," she said presently.

"Won't you be tired, milady, after the tennis?"

"I'm never tired. I'm made of elastic and steel. I could go forever. I can tire out most men, but not Mr. Arden. He's my partner at Hurlingham. We shall win the final. He's ugly too."

"Milady?"

"I say he's ugly as I am. But he succeeds as I do. He's a human greyhound and knows all there is to know about coursing." She said the last words in English. She usually spoke French to Anne Marie.

"What is that, milady?"

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"Coursing, Anne Marie, is a sport some people call cruel. A hare is let loose and the greyhounds hunt it. The swiftest kills it. Mr. Arden is the swiftest greyhound I know."

She looked sardonically at Anne Marie with her large eyes, which in color closely resembled amber and which were set under eyebrows that slanted upwards.

"You don't understand. How should you? The hares Mr. Arden courses are women."

"Indeed, milady!"

"He's ugly, as I am. He's pale, covered with freckles, with a narrow head, like a greyhound's, and straw-colored eyebrows. But it doesn't matter. It's always *his* kill." Lady Bettine said the last words slowly and almost fatefully. "Yes," she repeated. "It's always *his* kill."

"Ready, Bettine?" called a gruff man's voice behind the bedroom door.

"Yes. Come in, Marcus."

THE door was opened and Colonel Fayne showed himself: a smart, well-set-up elderly man, with brick-red complexion, close-cut iron-gray hair, a short gray mustache above a mouth that caused one irresistibly to think about stables, and round, steady, light blue eyes, which looked hard and dictatorial. He wore a large white gardenia in the lapel of his evening coat. He always wore a large white gardenia in the evening.

"Come on, Bettine, or we shall be late."

Anne Marie held a long white coat trimmed with white fur. As she got into it Lady Bettine said carelessly:

"Seen my owl, Marcus?"

"No. Oh, that him? By Jove, he does look expensive." The blue eyes suddenly looked hard. "Not a present, surely?"

"A present! Of course not! I won him in a lottery. I've filled him up with matches. Come on; I'm ready. Brett Arden and I triumphed in our match at Hurlingham. We're in the semifinal and tomorrow we play . . ."

Her light voice died away on the stairs as she hurried down. She was a sprinter.

When Anne Marie was alone in the room she moved about putting things to rights. When everything looked neat again she stood for a moment in the middle of the luxurious room.

It was exceptionally long, not very wide. The big bed was at the end opposite the window where the dressing table stood and near the door, which was concealed by a Chinese screen.

The whole length of the room stretched between the bed and the dressing table, which was nevertheless in view of Lady Bettine when she was in the bed. She could lie there and see in the distance all her pretty golden things scattered about over the big table in front of the mirror. She could lie there and see the golden owl with its ruby eyes.

From where she was standing Anne Marie now looked at the owl. A lucky win in a Russian lottery for her ladyship! How lucky rich people always were!

Presently Anne Marie walked up to the dressing table. She lifted up the owl and weighed him in her hand. He was heavy. A lot of gold in him, evidently. And red jewels for eyes.

Anne Marie put him down. She walked to the bed, sat down on the edge of it and looked down the long room. Yes, one could see. She leaned back cautiously till her shoulders were against the big pillows. She could see the red gleaming eyes of the owl. They looked mysteriously vivid, as if there was life in them as well as the light of a jewel.

Milady could lie there and look at her precious things, things worth a fortune.

Softly Anne Marie raised herself up. With deft hands she shook up the pillows, smoothed the bed carefully. Then she went softly out of the room.

When the London season was "on" Lady Bettine was feverishly busy, for she combined with all the usual gayeties hard work in the various lawn-tennis tournaments which took place within easy reach of London. Two weeks passed by, and she had not fulfilled her promise of giving Olivia a sitting. And Olivia was getting restive.

The editor of Modern Days was demanding the first head of Olivia's series of well-known women, and finally had sent a note saying that unless it was forthcoming within another week he would have to cancel the commission he had given her.

As Olivia had taken the studio on the strength of this commission, the execution of which she hoped would bring her many sitters, she at once telephoned to Lady Bettine. Her call was answered by a footman, who informed her that her ladyship was out. Olivia asked when she would be in. The footman didn't know but he thought that possibly her ladyship's maid might know.

"Please put me on to her," said Olivia.

After a pause she heard the staccato voice of Anne Marie.

"Oh, good morning, Anne Marie. I must see her ladyship. When will she be in? It is important for me. It's about the portrait I'm going to do of her for Modern Days. They want it at once. Where is her ladyship?"

Anne Marie replied that her ladyship was playing in a tennis tournament at Surbiton with Mr. Brett Arden, and would probably be back late, just in time to dress for a dinner to which she was going that evening. Could Mademoiselle call about seven o'clock?

Olivia said she would.

"I'll come up to her ladyship's bedroom and wait if she isn't in. She won't mind my being there while she dresses."

Anne Marie said she would be there at seven to receive Mademoiselle. Olivia thanked her and rang off. She had telephoned from Great Cumberland Place at eleven o'clock in the morning.

When she left the telephone she put on her hat and started at once for the studio. She had a collection of photographs of Lady Bettine there and decided to study them in preparation for her work on the morrow, for she was determined to start on the head before the following day was over.

Betty couldn't refuse to sit for her, even if only for a couple of hours. Long ago she had done Betty a good turn when she had visited that beastly man at Auteuil. Betty couldn't possibly let her down now with her editor.

Though Betty was horribly careless, always in a hurry, Olivia thoroughly relied on her friendship. Betty's faults leaped to the eye, but insincerity in friendship was surely not among them.

When Olivia reached the studio she spread her collection of photographs of Lady Bettine on the table. Then she sat down to study them.

Some of them were cabinet photographs, but two were much larger than cabinet size. These showed Lady Bettine in riding kit, standing out of doors with a crop in her hand, and in tennis kit holding a racket. In the latter photograph her head was uncovered and her short hair was rough as if she had been playing in half a gale of wind.

After glancing over all the cabinet photographs Olivia concentrated on these two large ones of Betty the horsewoman and Betty the tennis player. She liked her friend best in country clothes or sporting kit. She thought something roughish suited best that rascally, boyish appearance. She gazed at Lady Bettine with the severe appraising eyes, the studious eyes, of one who worked in an art and who was closely examining the points of a sitter.

Betty was ugly. It would be impossible to conceal that fact in a drawing. Useless to try to turn her into a beauty.

The thing to do was to show Betty's fascination through her ugliness. If Olivia succeeded in doing that, surely all would be well. The fascination was there. The laughing skull could charm. Those amazingly irregular features could arouse interest, even more than interest.

The careless impertinence of them—was it that which conquered so many? Or their suggestion of reckless daring? Or perhaps their cool rejection of the burden of hostile opinion, which easily weighs down so many?

For a long time Olivia sat poring over the photographs and presently she found that she was no longer considering Lady Bettine in connection with her own future work, but was considering her in a different, more human way, as a human being who had become what people call "a great friend."

That woman, ugly, bold, careless, with the skull-like look, the abnormally thin, long body, the smiling mischievous eyes under eyebrows that suggested a Slav rather than an Englishwoman, was her greatest friend. Why was that? What had Betty and she really in common? And what was Betty?

And then she thought of Brett Arden who had now become what people, if they knew, would call her "lover." What had she really in common with him? She was essentially a serious woman. She had strong feelings; definite views; a personal standard of right and wrong.

She could not take life in a careless way. Nor could she take people carelessly, lightly. They seemed to trust no one; more, they seemed not to want to trust anyone. They talked of "people" being this or that, as you might talk of cats, or serpents, or tigers being this or that, lumping them together with their characteristics *en masse*. She felt that they considered trustfulness merely an exhibition of world-ignorance, the trademark of want of knowledge of the world. And yet they themselves were numbered among "people," as the cat, the serpent, the tiger is numbered among cats, serpents, tigers.

OF COURSE in thought they instinctively felt themselves to be "different," as each man and woman secretly does and must.

"And I am different," Olivia said to herself. Nevertheless, she had been overcome in the typical way of woman. And now she had a woman's secret to keep.

Did Betty suspect this secret? It never had been spoken of, or even hinted at, between them. And Brett had been so subtle, so clever, so horribly ingenious, so all that Olivia was not, that probably Betty had never had the least suspicion. If she had suspected she would surely have spoken. But now of course Anne Marie had spoken.

Betty would certainly chaff her friend about the matter. But she had a good opinion of her friend. Yes, but as a pal, the perfect pal that a woman so

seldom has. Probably she would only be amused at a lapse on Olivia's part.

It seemed to Olivia that she loved Betty just because of that, because Betty considered her the perfect pal, the only real woman pal she had in the world. One must even love for a reason, it seemed. But why did she love Brett?

That thought disturbed Olivia, disturbed her so much that she swept the photographs together and returned them to the drawer. She could not sit still any longer. And she knew she was unhappy in her love.

She arrived in Berkeley Square at a quarter to seven that day. If by chance Betty came home early they would have a little more time for their talk. But when she rang the bell the butler said that her ladyship was still out. But of course Miss Mansfeld must come in. Her ladyship would be back almost directly.

"Her ladyship has been beaten today, miss," said the butler. "It's in the evening paper."

"By whom, Cator?"

"Mrs. Weste and Captain Chumley, miss. The same as they beat last week. A reversal of form I believe they call it in the tennis world. Will you go to the drawing-room, miss?"

"No; I think I'll go up to her ladyship's bedroom and have a talk with Anne Marie."

"Yes, miss."

Cator's mouth looked suddenly rather tight. Olivia had the feeling that Cator didn't like Anne Marie.

As she reached the first-floor landing the door of Lady Bettine's bedroom was opened by Anne Marie, who greeted Miss Mansfeld with her usual respectful politeness and begged her to come in. Her ladyship would be back directly. She was dining out at a quarter to nine.

As a woman does, when she has no special purpose and a few empty minutes before her, Olivia strolled down the long white room, looking at the many pretty things she was familiar with. Going slowly over the thick white carpet while Anne Marie shut the door behind the Chinese screen, Olivia came to the dressing table and stood by it. Her eyes glanced over the shining toys; glanced and became fixed in sudden scrutiny.

"Where did her ladyship get this beauty?" she said, turning to Anne Marie.

"The owl, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes. I never saw him before. He's a gem and looks so proud of himself."

"Her ladyship won the owl in the Russian lottery, she told me, Mademoiselle."

"Really!" Olivia picked up the owl, pushed his head backwards, exposing the matches. "A match box, is he?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"But what about the jade cigaret box?"

"Mademoiselle?"

"I happened to see in the morning paper that her ladyship had drawn the luckiest number—and with it had won an exquisite cigaret box of white jade. I remember thinking how perfectly it would go with this room."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle! I never heard anything of that. And her ladyship told me, and told Monsieur the Colonel, too, that this was what she had won."

"Oh, then the paper must have made a mistake."

"I suppose so, Mademoiselle."

"Anyhow, she won something worth having. The bird's got a lot of precious metal in him. He's heavy with it."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

Olivia put the owl back in his place. His ruby eyes stared at her. She sat down near the dressing table, looked away from the owl, looked back.

"He really is a beauty!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"I wonder who won the jade cigaret box."

"I do not know, Mademoiselle."

Was Anne Marie smiling faintly in the evening sunshine, or was it a trick of light that made it seem so to Olivia? Always with that smile—if indeed she had been smiling—there came a strange suggestion of satire that affected Olivia unpleasantly; perhaps because she could find no reason for such a feeling in Anne Marie. The reason entirely escaped her. A golden owl and a jade cigaret box! A Russian lottery at Claridge's! What cause for satire in them?

"This woman is an enigma!"

Olivia had got thus far with Anne Marie.

"Well," she said briskly, to detach herself from a mood, "did you speak to her ladyship?"

"What about, Mademoiselle?"

There were two possible answers to this question. Both were in the mind of Olivia. She chose the following:

"About sitting to me for a head in charcoal."

Anne Marie looked faintly inquiring. "A head, Mademoiselle—me?" she said. "But I understood it was her ladyship Mademoiselle was to make a portrait of."

"Yes. But don't you remember my saying I should like to draw your head and you promised to ask her ladyship if you could sit to me?"

"I am afraid I did not understand, Mademoiselle."

"Then you didn't ask her ladyship?"

"No, Mademoiselle; as I didn't understand, I didn't ask her ladyship."

Although Anne Marie's manner was perfectly respectful Olivia felt a wave of irritation sweep through her. This woman was surely playing with her, though for what reason Olivia could not imagine.

"But you must remember," she said. "You even said something about if you were good enough and I said you had an interesting head."

Olivia stopped. Anne Marie said nothing, just stood there looking, Olivia thought, as dumbly resistant as stone.

"And I said I should do you without your hat and perhaps in a smock. I said all that about it. You can't have forgotten."

"No, Mademoiselle. I remember that, but I understood you to be speaking of her ladyship, about how you would wish to draw her ladyship."

"But how could you possibly——" began Olivia, and broke off.

What was the use of pursuing the subject? For some mysterious reason Anne Marie had chosen to blot out the request from her memory. For some mysterious reason she had evidently made up her mind that she didn't wish to have her portrait done. Olivia remembered a thought she had had about Anne Marie: that Anne Marie had the head of a criminal. Was it possible that——?

The door opened and Lady Bettine came in. "Olive!" she exclaimed. "How jolly to see you! You never come near me. But I know. You've come to reproach me. Anne Marie, get me a 'side car' quickly, will you? Will you have one, Olly? Only one, then, Anne Marie. Olly, you see before you a fallen woman—from her high estate. I've been whacked at Surbiton, whacked to a frazzle with Brett Arden."

"I know. Cator told me."

"The old devil! How did he know it?"

"The evening paper. He spoke of it as a reversal of form."

"High-sounding but true. Anne Weste and Chumley wiped us off the map. And it was my fault. I couldn't do anything right. Brett Arden was as cool as a freshly picked lettuce, and as capable—almost—as Norman Brookes, but he couldn't carry me."

She gave Olivia a boyish kiss with her fidgety painted lips, and stretched herself on a big white sofa.

"I'm such a fool, Oliy, such a fool!" she exclaimed. "And with all I've been through it's so absurd."

"Why is it absurd to get beaten in a tennis tournament?"

"But when you could have won quite easily!"

"D'you mean that you sat up all night, or——"

"No, no! I was in perfect condition. It was something else went astray."

"Were you nervous?"

"I—nervous? At Surbiton!"

"Well, then——"

"I don't believe I can tell you, not even you. It's too humiliating. One thing I'm absolutely convinced of. One comes into the world with a nose, other features, a body, limbs and a temperament. The nose changes. The body's changeable. But one thing is fixed from the beginning and never changes—the temperament. We may think it has changed. But no! As we are born with it, so we descend into the crematorium with it, the one permanent thing about us! Sh! Anne Marie!"

Anne marie came back with a tray on which was a decidedly large "side car." Lady Bettine took it greedily.

"You might turn on the bath."

"Yes, milady." Anne Marie went into an adjoining room and discreetly shut the door behind her.

"She's incurious. That's one of her virtues. She guessed I had something to say to you which I didn't wish her to hear, so she shut the door of her own accord. There's a maid for you!"

"She's remarkable!" said Olivia, rather rigidly.

Perhaps because she was feeling rigid and instinctively sought for a diversion she stretched out her hand and touched the head of the owl.

"Oh, Betty," she said. "By the way, I must congratulate you on winning this marvelous bird in the lottery."

"Oh, yes! He's a lovely chap, isn't he?"

"But they put in the morning paper that you'd won a jade cigaret box."

"No! Did they?" Lady Bettine looked disconcerted for an instant. "How idiotic to chronicle such things! What does it matter what I won? Anyhow, there he is and I love him. He's going to be the solace of my distracted life. Use him for me, Olly. I'm going to smoke." She produced a cigaret case. "You too! Use the little chap."

Olivia opened the owl and struck a match on her shoe. "Here you are!"

She let down the head of the owl, made him perfect once more. She had lighted a cigaret too. For a moment the two friends smoked in silence, and during that silence Olivia seemed to be aware of a slight atmosphere of constraint. She could not account for it. She and Betty were never constrained. Betty's absolute freedom from shyness and reserve made that impossible. But now surely it was Betty who was the cause of this momentary awkwardness.

Faintly through the shut door came the sound of running water. That treasure, Anne Marie, was doing her duty in the adjoining room and now, hearing the water, Olivia wondered whether

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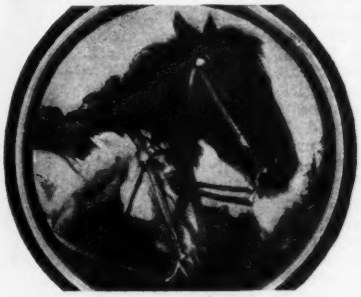

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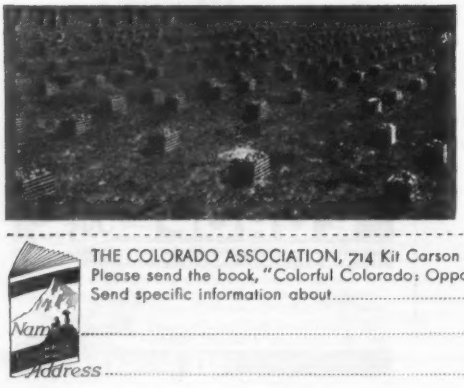

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Anne Marie, who had kept silent about her wish to draw that portrait, had also kept silent about Brett Arden's visit to the studio. Perhaps she had, for Betty had not spoken of it.

"Why did you say that about temperament just now?" said Olivia, when the silence was becoming uncomfortable.

Lady Bettine gave her an odd sideways look, almost shy. "Because I've been a victim of temperament today."

"At Surbiton?"

"Yes. Romantic, isn't it?" She laughed without humor. "You know me, Olly. You know what a wretch I am—fickle, changing and violent. I don't want to be, but it has to be so. We became friends over a man—that beast at Auteuil who had my letters.

"You were a trump to me then. You got me out of a horrid hole. It was abominable of me, I suppose, to bring a young girl into my old married woman's mess, but I felt you were the only one I could trust. Honestly I don't know any trustworthy woman but you, Olly."

"There must be lots of others."

"They don't come my way. The women I meet are all at war with one another. You are my only friend and I'm sure even you must often wonder at me and disapprove of me, being what you are."

"I don't. Not now."

"You old dear with your saving clause!"

"But what was the matter at Surbiton?"

"Well"—again she looked almost shy—"I couldn't hit a ball properly at Surbiton because instead of watching the ball I was watching a man."

"What man?"

"Oh, of course Brett Arden! Brett Arden! Brett Arden!" Again she flung up her thin arms. There was something sensationally improper, something wild and ugly in the gesture. "He is—the last!" she added, with a sudden change to moodiness.

She dropped her arms and lay staring at the tips of her shoes. The noise of running water in the bathroom ceased.

"Well, Olly?"

"What do you mean by the last?"

Lady Bettine shook her thin shoulders impatiently. "The last man I've fallen in love with, of course!"

The bathroom door opened. Anne Marie looked in. "Your bath is ready, milady."

"Is the water very hot?"

"Yes, milady."

"I'll let it cool off a little. I'll come in a moment."

"Yes, milady."

The bathroom door closed.

"I became suddenly and absolutely off my game. I've been playing lawn tennis this season with Brett for the first time. We've never been tournament partners before. And it was only because we seemed to be a good combination. Of course I know Brett as everyone does; as you do and all the rest of us. But I'd never bothered about him. And now I'm one of the victims."

"Why d'you say that?"

"What?"

"One of the victims."

"You must know what his mania is!"

"What is it?"

"Making women mad about him, of course. Why, he doesn't let even the young girls alone. It's an absolute obsession with him. That's why I——" She sat up restlessly and stared at Olivia. "No one can trust a man of that type. And yet I suppose even a man like that might be really bitten at last. No one can be certain of being invulnerable. You make people suffer, and then at last

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the wheel turns and you are made to suffer yourself. Isn't it so?"

Olivia didn't answer. Lady Bettine seemed to have asked the question of her own mind.

"Even a Brett Arden *might*, I suppose?"

Obviously it was a question, and this time she looked hard at Olivia.

"You aren't very sympathetic, Olly, are you? You're wondering how I can be such a fool. But you're not built like me. It's in my blood."

"What is?"

"This—I hardly know what to call it—this necessity of renewing myself."

"How is it renewal?"

"Well, there's no doubt about it, a love can get stale as a loaf of bread can get stale. A woman renews herself with each new love. That accounts for Catherine the Great, and a lot of women who've made history, George Sand, the Maintenon — that'll do — among them. With each new love they were charged with a new feeling of youth."

"Messalina must have been the youngest of them all, I suppose."

"Olive! You compare me with Messalina because——"

"I only meant that if going perpetually from one man to another is the way of renewing youth, Messalina had the complete recipe for it."

"I never thought you could be catlike," said Lady Bettine with genuine surprise.

"But isn't it true?"

"Cats may caterwaul the truth, I suppose. I've shocked you. That's what it is. But you've always known."

"Why should I be shocked? Besides, all you have told me is that you imagine you have fallen in love this afternoon."

"It wasn't only today I knew it. Ever since Brett and I have been together he has been trying hard for it."

"Really!"

"And," she sighed, "he knows the best way of trying."

"Does he?"

"Brett knows exactly how to be with a woman. He is—a devil."

The bathroom door opened again. "Milady, excuse me, but it is getting late. May I put out your things?"

Lady Bettine looked at her wrist watch and sprang up. "Why didn't you tell me sooner, Anne Marie? Help me off with these. Don't go, Olly."

"I must—really."

"But you came for something!" She slipped out of her gown.

"It was only about your sitting. My editor is fussing."

"I'll come tomorrow. We're out of the tournament so I shall have time. Expect me tomorrow morning—eleven."

"All right."

"Good-by, Olly, then." Lady Bettine kissed Olivia warmly. "Never be catlike again. It doesn't suit you. This time it's really *real*. That's why I'm so fussed. Perhaps I'll bring him with me tomorrow to see the studio. Coming, Anne Marie!"

So Anne Marie had not mentioned Brett's visit to the studio. Brett had been wrong in his estimate of her. She wasn't a gossip. But she was a liar, and she knew how to lie with a face of granite, looking you straight in the eyes.

Olivia began to feel a strong dislike of Anne Marie. But there was something in the woman that impressed her. Hitherto she had accepted Anne Marie as a faithful maid. Now she wondered about her, finding in her something unusual, suspecting in her—but there Olivia's mind paused. For she wasn't aware yet what she suspected. One thing was certain: neither she nor Betty

knew what the Anne Marie underneath the capable lady's maid was.

Olivia had to go to a ball that night with her people. She was feeling miserable, degraded and full of anxiety. Betty's confidences had been horribly unwelcome to her and had given her a violent shock of surprise. She wished ardently now that she had allowed Betty to know at once of her inexplicable attachment to Brett Arden. If she had done that this hideous complication had not come about. For Betty was surely too good a friend to fall in love with a man whom she knew to be the lover of her best friend.

But it was too late to speak now. Betty would think that she spoke out of jealousy. And anyhow she couldn't speak without consultation with Brett.

While Olivia was talking and laughing and dancing she was dreading the following day. If Betty brought Brett Arden with her, Olivia would be forced into further pretense, unless she took the bold course and told Betty that Brett already had visited the studio.

He would not tell. Olivia knew him well enough to realize that he would enjoy the secret shared with her. He would think it an excellent joke. What she would hate Brett would revel in, so radically different were their natures.

Had Betty spoken the truth when she had said that detestable thing, that Brett had been trying hard to make her fall in love with him, and that he knew the best way of trying?

Roger Chumley came up and asked Olivia to dance. He was a tall man, over six feet, handsome, with black hair and bright blue eyes. His height and his obvious good looks would have drawn people's attention to him anywhere. But the most striking thing about him was his expression. He looked like one born out of his time. He was stamped with the high-minded chivalrous look which readers of medieval romances are apt to associate with knights-errant. He was just thirty-two and had recently left the army and joined a solid firm on the stock exchange. The firm was now known as "Messrs. Hoare, Redding and Chumley."

As Chumley put a strong arm round her Olivia remembered what Brett had said about Chumley's feeling for her. But she hardly believed it. A woman would surely know such a thing instinctively if it were true. And she never had suspected that Chumley had any special interest in her.

Certainly she had none in him. She was inclined to like him because he was obviously an excellent specimen of the strong, athletic, self-respecting Englishman, thoroughbred, honest and capable if not brilliantly clever. But she had fallen to the queer fascination of a different type. And while Brett Arden meant so much to her no other man, she believed, could mean anything.

That night, when she went up to her bedroom in Great Cumberland Place, and had undressed, though it was late she sat in an armchair thinking. It seemed that her nature was in opposition to her conduct; that her true self protested against her own deed, that deed with which Brett Arden had been concerned and which she knew to be the most important of her life.

Could she account for it? She tried to think coldly of Brett. He was not handsome. But what, after all, did looks matter in a man? He was ironical, a skeptic, a lover of pleasure.

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Never, so far as she knew. Good-natured, easy-going, lively, intelligent, vital, amusing—he was all that. But so were many other men.

As Olivia considered him she realized that Brett had one quality which was surely not usual. He was, she felt, exceptionally fearless, fearless physically, like many other men, but also morally fearless, unlike the mass of men.

Brett had physical fascination, had it in a remarkable degree. But he had also the moral fascination of fearlessness. He was never on the defensive. Brett was essentially an attacker, in life as in lawn tennis.

Would he come on the following day if Betty asked him? Olivia felt that probably he would come, that the situation would appeal to his sense of humor, to his indelicate sense. And it would give him an opportunity for playing a part with cleverness.

She hated that sort of cleverness but she felt that Brett delighted in it. Being straightforward, open and above-board was far more natural to her than being tricky and maliciously ingenious.

She thought deeply and painfully of the morrow and of the situation that it would probably bring with it, trying to make up her mind what she would do if Brett, her lover, and Betty, her best friend, walked into the studio together; and finally she resolved to be true to herself in the small thing.

She felt as if she could not now tell Betty the truth about herself and Brett, but she would at once make it clear that the visit was not Brett's first visit to the studio. She owed it to herself to do that. And if Brett had already lied about the matter they would manage to treat the thing as a joke. He was clever enough to carry it off cheerily.

And if Betty suspected anything it could not be helped. Perhaps, indeed, it would be much better if she did suspect. It might prevent the situation from developing into something far more difficult of solution.

She would certainly speak out at once.

Having come to this resolve, she got into bed.

Lady Bettine was almost invariably late for any appointment she made. Nevertheless, Olivia was at the studio soon after ten o'clock. She took off her hat and got into her smock. Now and then she looked out of the window into the pallid morning. The weather had changed. The light gold of spring had died away into a misty whiteness. There were no heavy clouds, but the sun seemed blanched like an old man's face. Even the laburnum outside the studio window had a washed-out look.

Olivia presently had arranged everything. Her drawing board was in place on the easel; her charcoal ready. The cubby-hole door was shut to make the studio look cozier.

A motor horn sounded softly. She went to the window and saw Betty's motor stop in front of the gate. She saw Brett Arden get out of it and turn to help Betty out. So he had come! Just like him! And of course he had not told. But she would tell. And she went to the door full of resolution. But when she saw Betty's face there was something in it that prevented her.

For Betty looked strangely radiant, excited and much younger than usual, touched with that peculiar featheriness, that airy charm which happiness in love brings to some women. And Olivia knew at once that Betty was genuinely in love. It might be a passing feeling. Who could tell what that volatile nature was capable of? But at that moment

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it was horribly genuine. And before Olivia had time to speak Betty said:

"Here we are up to time! I scraped up Mr. Arden as escort. As we were both knocked out of the tournament owing to me he was at a loose end. So I brought him. He's sworn to be perfectly silent while I'm sitting, as quiet as a mouse isn't." While she spoke she looked oddly conscious, almost self-conscious. "He says he's never been in an artist's studio in his life, so it will be a new experience for him."

Olivia opened her lips to give Brett's lie the truth. But—she couldn't. She could only welcome Betty, and turn to Brett with a forced smile and some casual words.

He looked lively, cool and daring, as usual, and was evidently in the best of spirits.

"What an amusing little place!" he said, looking around like someone scrutinizing something seen for the first time. "This where you draw, is it?"

"Yes."

He put a freckled hand to the easel. "Here it is all ready for you, Lady Bettine!" he said. "You must know, Miss Mansfeld, that I've made a bet with Lady Bettine over this."

"What bet?"

"He bet me five to one that I can't keep still enough during one hour for you to make a study of me."

"That's it—a fiver to a quid. And Lady Bettine's taken me. What a jolly divan! Is it soft?" His light eyes twinkled as he asked the question.

"Test it if you like," Olivia said brusquely.

"What's in there?" said Lady Bettine curiously, pointing to the door of the cubby-hole.

"Oh, that's all in a muddle at present. But have a look if you like." Olivia opened the door. "I make tea in here."

"D'you know," said Lady Bettine, shooting a glance at Brett Arden, "there's something about this place that strikes me as naughty."

"No!" he said.

"Yes, really there is. The end of a lane—a *lane* in London! Tucked away in a corner. Nobody about. Nobody over your head. Olly, if it weren't you who had it I should have the gravest suspicions. Regent's Park your only chaperon! It's more than convenient. It's absolutely a snare. The name for it is 'The Snare.' The human being who, owning this *boite*, continues to live the respectable life is unworthy of it."

"Well, then, we must try to get Miss Mansfeld to live up to it. You're her friend. Can't you do something about it? I have a feeling that you should be a competent teacher of—what shall we call it?—the *boite* life, if you choose."

"You are doing me a wicked injustice. Tell him how utterly he has mistaken my character, Olly."

"I'm afraid I couldn't believe her, Lady Bettine. She's bound to stick up for a friend. Besides, I'm a man who forms his own judgment in such matters."

"Do you accuse me of having wasted my time in *boites de nuit?*"

"I'll bet my last shilling that there are very few of the little places in and around Montmartre you aren't familiar with. What about Ceriçot's now?"

"But that's the very worst."

"And you know it!"

"*Of* it!"

"Never been there?"

Lady Bettine shook her thin shoulders as a sort of silent laugh seemed to run all through her. Her whole attitude proclaimed an acknowledgment that she had, of course, tasted all the outrages

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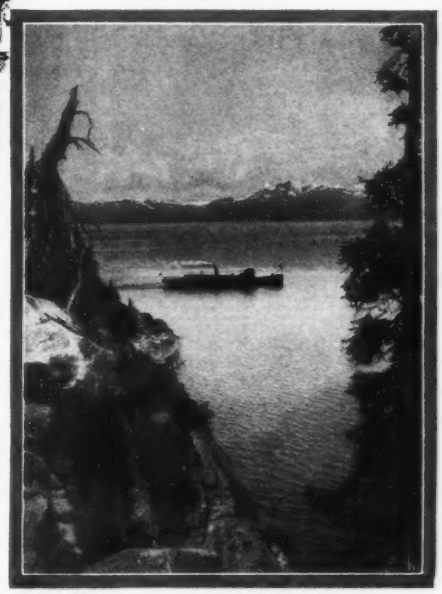

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of Paris. There was a freemasonry of knowingness between her and Brett.

Olivia's body stiffened. She felt a sort of interior burning, as if heat ran over her inner being. She was outside, and these two were inside. That was her feeling. They were kindred. She was aloof.

She despised this sort of talk, stupid chaff depending entirely on hidden implications for any savor it might have. She had always tried to turn Brett away from it when they were alone. It had seemed to her to throw a veil of vulgarity over their relation. But Betty evidently loved it.

"But we're shocking Olly!" Lady Bettine put a thin hand on Olivia's arm.

Olivia had to make an effort not to jerk her arm away. "Not a bit. But what about my work?" she said, forcing a smile. "You know if I don't do you my whole series goes phut."

"Oh, the sitting, the sitting!" exclaimed Lady Bettine, with a mockery of despair. "But come along! I must win my bet. Sit behind me, please, Mr. Arden. I don't want to see you while Olive and I are at work."

"Then I'll find out whether your divan is soft or not, Miss Mansfeld, if I may."

"Of course!" Even to herself Olivia's voice sounded rigid. "It will be difficult for me with a spectator," she added in a low voice to Lady Bettine.

"Oh, he'll keep quiet. Forget him!" Betty lowered her voice to a whisper. "I only wish *I* could! Well, where am I to go?"

"Sit here, will you, please? And please take off your hat."

"How horribly professional and distant you sound, Olly! Almost unfriendly!"

"Betty, remember that for me this is important. Are you comfortable?"

"Fairly. But I can see Mr. Arden."

"I'm afraid that can't be helped. Don't look at him."

"May we talk?"

"If you must. But if you could keep quiet just while I'm beginning."

"Hush, Mr. Arden!"

"I'll be as mum as a marmot. This divan is beautifully soft. I must say that a studio strikes me as——"

Olivia turned round sharply from the easel. "Mr. Arden, I'm awfully sorry, but if you can't be quiet I must ask you to leave the studio." She stopped, tried to regain control, and added, "This is work, money-earning work. I have to do my best. If you keep on talking and laughing I shall be obliged to give it up. Please—understand!"

He gazed up into her eyes from the divan. "I beg your pardon, Miss Mansfeld. I deserved a rebuke. Forgive me."

"Of course. There's the morning paper if you want to read."

"Thanks."

He took up the paper, seemed to read and was silent. His satirical face was suddenly solemn. Olivia felt her right hand trembling.

"What's the matter, Olly?"

"Nothing." She forced a smile. "I'm a novice. I'm a bit nervous. Now, please!"

She looked at Lady Bettine and began to draw.

Apparently Lady Bettine had been impressed by Olivia's words to Brett Arden and perhaps even more by her manner, for she, too, sat still and the smile had gone out of her eyes. Her face was set like a mask.

Olivia realized how queer and ugly it was in repose. She mustn't make Betty too ugly. This gravity wasn't the essential Betty at all. She looked now like a stranger, severe, as skulls are severe;

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looked as if some disaster had overtaken her; as if she were stricken.

"Don't!" said Olivia.

"Don't what?"

"Look tragic."

"Do you imagine I never feel tragic?"

"Do you? I didn't know it."

"But you do know it!"

Olivia remembered the Betty for whom she had made the journey to Auteuil. Betty in an apparent agony of humiliation and grief about a man. But she had recovered so quickly! Anyhow, she couldn't be tragic for long. And Olivia said:

"I must have you in your usual mood."

"And what is that?"

"Taking life with a smile if not with a laugh. That's how people know you."

"But you look so tragic yourself."

"Do I? That may possibly suit me, but it doesn't suit you. My character is more rigid than yours is. Now, Betty!"

All this time Olivia was drawing carefully and frowning over her work. "Rigid, rigid, that's what I am!" she was saying to herself. "And these two—how different they are! They suit each other. And whom do I suit? No one."

And she was full of misery and shame: of misery because she felt impotent to be what nevertheless she despised in her heart; of shame because she had suddenly discovered in herself a tremendous capacity for jealousy.

She was painfully aware of Brett Arden's presence in the studio. And now the fact that Betty had fallen in love with him, and had told her of it, made her relation to him seem disgusting to her. Community singing might be all very well, but community loving!

Betty had practically no moral sense, and as for Brett—— She knew now how profoundly she distrusted him. Could she drop the whole thing? Surely she never could struggle with Betty for the possession of a man. And Brett's attitude that day, his enjoyment of what troubled and even disgusted her, had shown her the profound disharmony that existed between her nature and his.

And yet he had this abominable and inexplicable power over her. Otherwise she could not have been in such misery.

But she must do justice to Betty, get hold of Betty's fascination somehow, and show it on the drawing board. And she worked diligently, trying to dwell on her friendship, her genuine affection for Betty, and to banish the hot, slow creeping of jealousy through her.

But Betty still continued to look severe, and too ugly, too like a skull. Olivia couldn't bear what she was doing. But she stuck to her task, tried to eliminate from her work what she actually saw and to replace it with what she had seen so many times: a gay woman with a thin reckless charm, a look of boyish daring, all the carelessness of life in her cynical, yet eager eyes.

"You can talk now," she said presently, in despair over her drawing. "Do talk! It will be better. You will look more like your true self."

"Really! That's all very well. But how can you know which of my selves is my true self?"

"It's a difficult job to get on to that with a woman," interjected Brett Arden.

"Perhaps the true self only asserts itself thoroughly when a great crisis comes," said Olivia, still at work.

"Better to keep out of crises!" said Brett Arden. "They make too much of a blot on life's manuscript. I've no use for them. Few men have. But lots of women like a good old crisis."

"Why?" said Lady Bettine.

"I believe because it gives them a fine chance to discharge emotion. It's all

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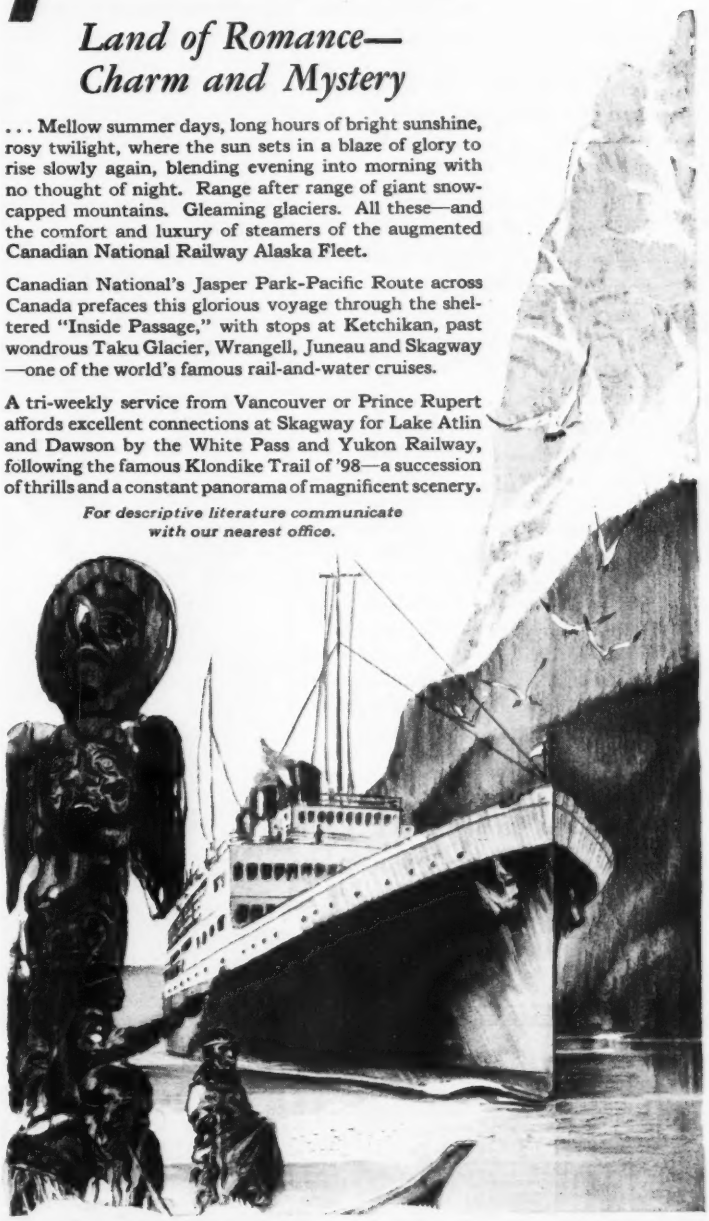

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very well to say women nowadays hate emotion. I don't believe it. That sort of thing is sexual. The female sex revels in emotion."

"And the male sex?" said Lady Bettine.

"As a rule we're afraid of it. You can take it from me, Lady Bet, that when a woman and a man get into an emotional scene the man, while it lasts, feels himself hopelessly inferior to the woman. And so he is. In emotion woman always has the upper hand. A woman doesn't feel ridiculous when displaying emotion. A man does."

"Do you?"

"Now you're personal. Trust a woman to get away from the general to the particular."

And then they were launched into chatter, and soon got back to that bantering talk which apparently suited them best. Lady Bettine now looked natural. Her severe ugliness had disappeared. The laughing skull was again in evidence and Olivia noted its fascination.

She knew no ugly woman who could be, quite naturally, so fascinating as Betty. Even a beautiful woman might have reason to fear her. She had the peculiar charm of the unvirtuous. In her fidgety smile there lurked a readiness for anything, however daring and devil-may-care. And always there was about her that schoolboy something which made her seem much younger than her years.

Betty ought never to look severe. That was certain. When she looked severe the hard outline of her jaw, the cadaverous shape of her face, was too marked. And she looked even older than her age. Then one could see ahead into the years, could see her as a hard, fleshless, withered old woman, dry as leather that has been exposed to a scorching sun, her bones sticking out like those of a skeleton.

"I've won my bet!" said Lady Bettine.

Brett Arden looked at his watch. "Half past twelve!" he said. "I never thought you could do it." He felt in a breast pocket, drew out a note case, found a five-pound note and gave it to her.

"Thanks! I'll buy a souvenir with this." She looked into his eyes.

"What?"

"A charm. A mascot. You shall protect my careless life."

Olivia laid down her charcoal.

"Is it done, Olly?"

"No; not quite. But that will do for today."

"Let us look."

"Yes."

She stood away from her easel. Then she went away into the cubby-hole and there was the noise of water. She was washing her hands. When she came back her friend and her lover were standing close together in front of the easel. She had an impression that as she came in they made a sudden movement. Had their hands been touching?

"D'you hate it?" she said.

"It's like me," said Lady Bettine.

"It's very like," said Brett Arden.

"But I am an ugly brute," she said. "I ought never to be drawn, painted or photographed. And you're right, Olly, I ought never to look severe or sad or even serious. It doesn't do. I should always be smiling, laughing, talking. I should never be still. Directly I am I become as hard as a board and as charmless as Mother Shipton. How dreadful I should be in grief!" For a moment she stared at the charcoal head. Then she shook her shoulders. "I must have a talk with you, Olly. Mr. Arden, where do you want to go?"

"I must go for a minute to the Turf."

"The car will take you there and come back for me. Make him drive fast."

She held out her hand.

When he had gone she said to Olivia: "What is it in him that's so abominably attractive?"

"I don't know."

"No; of course *you* wouldn't. Nor do I." She lighted a cigaret and sat down on the divan. "This is gorgeously soft." She gazed up at Olivia. "Olly, if it were anyone but you I should suspect."

"Suspect what?"

"This little place. It's almost too clever. There isn't anyone, is there? Who is he, Olly, you abominable humbug? Tell me! Tell me at once! I never keep anything from you, although I'm one of the biggest liars in London. Who was the man you took the snare for?"

"I took it because I found I could make some money by working. And I couldn't work at home. We are in debt. Don't tell anyone, Betty. But I'm sick of living always in that atmosphere. I don't suppose I shall make much, but I shall make something. And I shall have something definite to do."

"But darling, a few five-pound notes! What's the good of that? And there's the rent of the studio. You'll get next to nothing out of it. Why don't you marry?""

"I haven't managed to fall in love with a rich man or to make a rich man fall in love with me."

"But I know you've had chances."

"None that I could take."

"Are you seriously searching for true love?"

"Good heavens—no!"

"Are you sentimental?"

"I hope not. And you?"

"Come and sit down. Olly, I'm desperate about Brett. I know just what he is. I haven't one illusion about him. He's the most unfaithful male creature in London, and that's saying more than a mouthful. I've known him for ages in the hunting field and so on and never bothered about him. But since I've been mixed up with him in lawn tennis I've realized his physical fascination."

"Is that all he has—physical fascination?"

"Oh, you're so frigid, Olly! You're not driven by temperament, so you don't understand these things. At least half of the disasters of women are brought about by men who have physical fascination and little else. All the men who conquer have it. No woman is really conquered by the brain of a man, or by his being decent or kind-hearted or frightfully honest. The virtues in a man don't win a woman. She has to like his hands and his way of carrying himself and the look in his eyes, especially that, and—oh, a lot of physical things. Brett is ugly, but he's got 'it,' the thing that women want more than the seven deadly virtues. He keeps me awake at night."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"But you're so unfriendly today. Are you despising me, then? Are you peering down from your lofty perch on the creeping fools with temperament far below you?"

"No—indeed!"

"I can't make you out today."

"I'm anxious about my work."

"Oh, is that it? But you've finished, or nearly finished."

"Perhaps I'm not satisfied."

"But it's all right. It's like me. I'm ugly and you've shown me as ugly."

"Oh, but I——"

"You couldn't help it. Nobody could. But—I wonder if he thinks me hideous.

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He's worrying me terribly. I've never felt——"

"Oh, yes, you have."

"I may have thought——"

"You have, and you'll think again!"

"I get no sympathy from you!"

"What is the good, if he's the most unfaithful male being in London?"

"I might make him faithful." Again the unbecoming severe look took the charm from her face. "I have force. I have obstinacy. He likes me. D'you think *I* have fascination?"

"I know you have."

"You're an old dear! You're my only real friend. That's why I tell you. I abase myself to you. I've never been so mad about any man as I am about Brett. Every night now, when I'm in bed with the light on, I look at——"

Suddenly she pulled herself up and said, in quite a different tone:

"Is the car back yet?"

"No."

"Then I'll walk a little way and pick up a cab. Where are you lunching?"

"Nowhere in particular."

"Come along with me, then."

"No. I must stay with my work."

"Are you going to do something to it?"

"Yes."

But when Lady Bettine had gone Olivia only stood and stared at her drawing. She did nothing to it. Was it good—bad? She didn't know. Did she care? Perhaps not at that moment. For she was looking really at herself; was seeing herself as something small, paltry, degraded, coiled up in a lie like some creature shrinking under the earth, coiled up in its burrow.

Why hadn't she been able to be frank, according to her nature? She felt herself hopelessly involved. Now whatever Betty did, however far she went, she, Olivia, had chained herself to silence. She couldn't acknowledge the truth now. Her chance to speak had come and gone.

And how Brett had enjoyed the whole thing! All that had been hateful to her had been entertaining to him. He had reveled in the fun of deception.

She saw Bettine's motor car glide up to the gate and went out to tell the chauffeur his mistress had gone.

When she was in the tiny garden she saw that there was someone sitting in the front seat beside the chauffeur. It was Anne Marie with a couple of parcels in her lap.

"Oh, good morning, Anne Marie."

"Good morning, Mademoiselle. I hope milady has not been kept waiting."

"She's gone."

The chauffeur looked disconcerted. "I came straight back from the Turf Club, madam," he said. "Happening to meet Miss Anne on the way, I picked her up as she had heavy parcels."

Olivia saw Anne Marie's bright sunken eyes fixed upon her with a curious expression which she couldn't understand. It looked, she thought, satirical and yet not entirely satirical, as if, perhaps, some sympathetic feeling for her mingled with an irresistible undercurrent of sarcasm.

No doubt the chauffeur had told Anne Marie whom he had driven to the Turf Club. Olivia felt certain that Anne Marie had grasped the situation that Lady Bettine was ignorant of. But she hadn't told yet, so surely she wouldn't tell ever. Nevertheless, Olivia felt uncomfortably that this observant enigma in black had it in her power to complicate matters unpleasantly, perhaps even to destroy a long friendship.

"Well——" she said, and hesitated.

Anne Marie had begun to repel her. Yet she was interested in her and after a moment's hesitation she said:

"Would you like to have a look at my drawing of her ladyship, Anne Marie?"

"Thank you, Mademoiselle. I would gladly see the picture."

Anne Marie got down from the car and followed Olivia into the studio.

"There it is!"

Anne Marie stepped up to the easel and stood before it.

As she said nothing Olivia asked her what she thought of the drawing.

"Oh, it is very good, Mademoiselle; I am sure it is very good."

"But you think——"

"There seems something, Mademoiselle—but it is true milady does look a little changed lately."

"And have I put in the change, then?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. It is there." She turned to Olivia. "Milady has not slept well lately. She lies awake at night and—I do not know! It is odd, but ever since milady has had that owl in her room she has seemed—she lies awake and looks at the owl."

"Ah? She began to tell me about that today, I think. But she stopped. But why should the owl——?"

"I do not know, Mademoiselle, except that it is the only thing in milady's room that has eyes. It regards her. She can see it from the bed."

"It looks at her with its red eyes?"

"Yes, and I think it keeps milady awake."

"Well, but she can put out the light."

"But milady keeps the light on and looks at the owl."

Olivia said nothing for a moment. She was looking at her drawing. Was Anne Marie right? Was any change in Betty embodied in the portrait? There was something hard, rather photographic in the likeness, certainly. But wasn't that characteristic of Olivia's work? Or was it an unfriendly portrait, drawn by one who was out of sympathy with the sitter?

Since Anne Marie had come into the studio Olivia looked at the drawing differently; Anne Marie's sharp eyes had surely detected something that she had missed. Perhaps it was an unkind portrait. But she had done it in the midst of unholy circumstances.

"You have sharp eyes, Anne Marie. You see what I hadn't seen—I believe."

"But I have been with milady so long, Mademoiselle."

"And I'm sure you'll be with her all your life. She couldn't get on without you."

"It's possible, Mademoiselle."

Anne Marie said that without any emotion, and for the first time Olivia wondered whether she had any liking for her mistress. Heretofore she had taken liking, even devotion, for granted in Anne Marie. But she couldn't do that any longer.

"Thank you very much, Mademoiselle, for showing me this beautiful picture of milady. Now I ought to go back."

"Yes. Oh." Olivia hesitated, but had to go on. "By the way, her ladyship doesn't seem to know that Mr. Arden saw my studio the other day."

"No, Mademoiselle?"

"No. You didn't tell her, it seems."

"No, Mademoiselle, I did not. It was none of my business. Good-by, Mademoiselle."

"Good-by, Anne Marie."

From the studio window Olivia watched the car glide away.

Is Brett Arden faithful to Olivia, or is he carrying on a love affair with her best friend, Lady Bettine? Olivia seeks to learn the truth from Brett himself in Robert Hichens' May Installment